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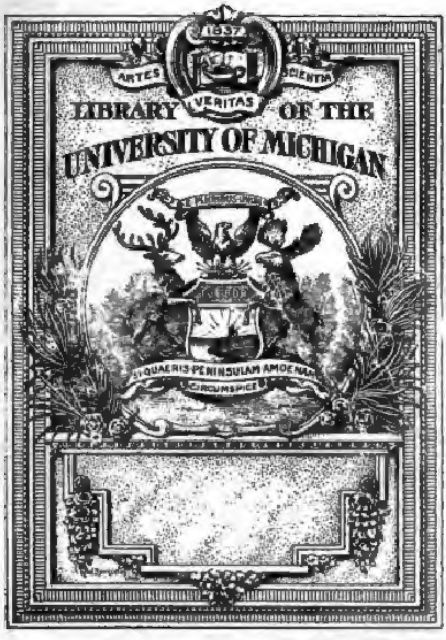
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RETROSPECTION

RETROSPECTION

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

CHAPTER I

EXPANSION AND EMPIRE

WERE we as ready as were our forefathers to see the hand of Providence in the affairs of men, some things might be accounted for which now must await further accession of wisdom. In our ignorance we might ask, for example, what possible connection could there be between a Yankee fur-trader on the Northwest Coast of America in the year 1792, the federal congress at Philadelphia, and a Corsican adventurer seeking advancement in the streets of Paris. Or, again, what could black cannibals in the jungles of Africa, or whilom importations thence in Georgia and Alabama, or the visit of a future president to Florida have to do with the late possessions of the king of Spain, or in establishing the southern limits and frontage on the Pacific of an Anglo-Saxon commonwealth in the wilds of America. And yet, enlightened by wisdom from on high, one might answer, It is the Invisible Architect of the Republic, his finger pointing out where the corner stones shall be laid, corners so wide apart, so utterly at variance, that only the eye of omniscience may trace the lines of their connection.

For at the very moment that Robert Gray of Boston

entered the mouth of the River of the West, giving the name of his good ship *Columbia* to that stream, on the Atlantic side the soldiers of the Revolution were clearing away the débris after the battle and returning to their farms and merchandise, while statesmen were fashioning forms of government to meet the requirements of a new nation.

By virtue of the presence of Jacques Cartier in the Saint Lawrence in 1534, and of the Chevalier de la Salle on the Mississippi in 1681, the king of France held Canada and the interior of the continent from the great lakes to the Mexican gulf, and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky mountains. The treaty of Paris in 1763, following the fall of Quebec, transferred to England the midcontinent French possessions east of the Mississippi, and to the thirteen English colonies bordering on the Atlantic was added this newly acquired French domain, the whole constituting the area of the United States in 1787 as won from England by the war of Independence.

Claims had been preferred by the several colonies each to a strip beyond the Appalachian range equal in width to its frontage on the ocean, which claims were ceded to the federal government.

Turning to the Pacific, we find thus early agencies at work in the Oregon country. Though fortuitous it is none the less gratifying that this unsurveyed angle should have been so accurately placed by these instruments of destiny —men all unconscious of the potential significance of their acts—that the unimaginary lines should have been so accurately drawn along the same parallels of latitude as to place their possessions on the Pacific exactly opposite their home on the Atlantic.

The shipping interests of the colonies had enlarged during the period of dependency until their vessels were seen in all ports of every sea. Many voyages since Drake's visit to California in 1579 had been made to the coast, voyages of discovery and trade, notably by Spanish,

English, and American navigators, each of whom set up rights of possession.

The coastwise fur-trade offered attractions equal to those of the forest, and the Northwest was a prolific field. Routine was in this wise: New England ships exchanged their cargo of Yankee trinkets and more substantial Indian goods for the rich peltries of the natives, then sailed away for China, where the furs were sold, teas and silks taking their place. A successful voyage of two or three years was very profitable, the return cargo selling at three to five times the original cost.

Captain Gray was the first New Englander to adventure a voyage round the world, and it was on that occasion, while exploiting the coast southward from Juan de Fuca strait, that he came to the great river.

A score of times the place had been passed by famous navigators, but the noble stream had withheld its secret until it should be found by an American mariner to be given to his country.

Not without controversy, however, for never were there lands so far away or undeveloped that men could not be found to fight over them.

After all other claimants had been eliminated by the Nootka convention and other conferences, Russia meanwhile having relinquished her rights to all lands below latitude 54° 40′, and Spain having included whatever pretensions she may have had to the Oregon country in her sale of Florida to the United States in 1819, there remained as parties in the dispute England and the United States only. The territory in question lay between latitudes 42°, the northern boundary of California, and 54° 40′, the southern limit of Alaska.

Each side claimed the whole—a truly diplomatic opening to a discussion which was to last for half a century and become famous in history as the Oregon question.

The United States cited the New England trading

vessels on the Northwest Coast since 1784; the discovery and naming of the Columbia river by Robert Gray in 1792; the government expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1805; the appearance of the Astor parties and erection of Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia in 1811; Williams, Henry, and Winship in the mountains and on the Columbia; American missionaries on the Willamette, and free trappers and traders elsewhere.

England brought forward the navigations of Vancouver and others along the coast; the adventures of David Thompson in New Caledonia; the coming of Alexander Mackenzie to Bentinck North Arm, and the doings of John Stuart and Simon Fraser at Stuart lake and on Fraser river. Then throughout the northern interior were the British fur-forts of the English Hudson Bay company and the Scotch Northwest company, with baronial halls at forts Victoria and Vancouver, ruled in state by the chief factors Sir James Douglas and John McLoughlin respectively, who bowed forth to dinner their Indian wives with all the form and circumstance due to princesses of the blood.

The British apparently getting the best of it, our pugnacious patriots sent forth their loudest argument in the war cry of "Fifty-four-forty or fight."

Doubtless some who thus shouted understood it, if not the "fifty-four-forty," at least the "fight." The question came up in a cabinet meeting in 1845. President Polk favored the popular demand, insisting upon the entire territory for the United States, but Buchanan, with more regard for the rights of others, was satisfied to divide the land at latitude 49°.

Had our belligerent progenitors won their way we should now have a continuous coast line on the Pacific side of four thousand miles; as it is the break is but five hundred miles, or thereabout, in length.

In 1803 was effected the purchase of Louisiana, by

which term was then known all that region lying west of the Mississippi to the borders of the Spanish possessions and the Oregon territory. It came fortuitously, like most of the additions to our domain, and nearly doubled the original area of the United States.

It happened in this way. The island of New Orleans in foreign hands had proved an obstruction to American commerce, and James Monroe was sent to Paris commissioned to buy it. He had no thought of purchasing half a continent, but only a small lot at the mouth of the Mississippi.

It appears that the Corsican wanted money. European rulers generally want money. When informed of Mr. Monroe's errand Napoleon saw that so small a transaction, if consummated, would not greatly help him. So he said to his agent, Marbois, "I need money in France more than wild lands in America; get me fifty or a hundred million francs and let it all go."

The price finally agreed upon was fifteen million dollars. But alas! the pity of it for the Yankee bargain-maker, when it might have been had for ten millions, even though at the price at which stolen lands were then selling it would have been cheap at thirty millions.

Two army officers, Lewis and Clarke, were detailed to examine the new purchase and report.

They ascended the Missouri to its source, found thereabout the head-waters of the Columbia, and followed that stream to its mouth.

Andrew Jackson entered Florida at the head of an expedition in 1816. Regardless of instructions he seized Spanish forts, hanged white men without a trial, slew Seminoles without quarter, and swore by the Eternal. For which piratical proceedings he was hailed a hero and twice made president, Spain meanwhile being glad to get five millions for the country and throw in Oregon.

Texas, after gaining independence from Mexico, joined

the United States confederacy in 1845, the last to be received into the union as a slave state.

After an inglorious war with Mexico in 1848, fifteen million dollars was given for the upper California country, and ten millions in 1853 for the Gadsden strip, which brought the Pacific coast line down to San Diego, and included the region contiguous to California back to the Rio Grande, thus rounding out the Republic proper as it stands to-day.

Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 for seven millions, or a little more; the Hawaiian islands applied for and received admission in 1898; Wake island was acquired the same year; part of the Samoa islands in 1900; Porto Rico and the Philippines in 1899; and the Panamá canal zone in 1904.

Thus fell into place as a compact whole the several parts of our commonwealth, from which category we may if we choose exclude our Panamá possession which was obtained for a purpose—as a place it may be for displaying before the world a specimen of American art or artifice.

It came to pass as the century neared its end that reflective minds at Washington began to consider the exposed position of our Pacific possessions as illustrated by the late civil war; also the ever-increasing arrogance and the ever-decreasing honesty of the railway magnates who usurped the government, and the advantages which would accrue from an interoceanic waterway.

Unfortunately Spain was four hundred years before us in securing all the isthmuses. For four hundred years there had been talk of utilizing some one of them as a site for a canal, and but for Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay the talk might have continued for another four hundred years. Some day our successors will clear away where the sources of three great rivers so conveniently placed in juxtaposition straddle the Rocky mountains, the Missouri

flowing eastward, the Colorado southward, and the Columbia westward, thence to dig and canalize the whole country.

The first choice of the United States for a canal site after Panamá was Nicaragua, the land-cut there being less, and the ocean travel between our eastern and western shores less by a thousand miles. The French were at Panamá though they had made overtures to sell.

Nicaragua was exceedingly solicitous; so further surveys were made and the cost estimated. The men of Managua understood what it signified to their little effervescent republic—isolation ended, the world brought to their door, employment for all their people, a market for all their products, and perpetual peace assured under the safeguard of a powerful neighbor.

So the bargain was struck; Nicaragua was to receive ten million dollars for such rights and privileges as were necessary for the purpose. The people of the lakes were full of joy.

But how now? Why do the men of Nicaragua pause; why do they whisper and look wise? Evidently a thought has struck them. There is yet time, they say. The Washington people are rich. Having gone so far they surely will not withdraw for the matter of another ten millions. Ten for us and ten for the country; that were well. Or stay, twenty for us and the canal for our country; that were better. A little diplomacy and the coup were accomplished—Spanish diplomacy, Sagasta would say, wit and wisdom, seasoned or stale, whatever it might be Yankeedom had no use for it.

Loud were the lamentations of the Nicaraguans when they learned of their loss, and loud the acclaim of Colombia on the approach of the worshipful ten millions. Washington refused Managua's appeal for a reconsideration, and Bogotá promised for the ten millions to grant all that was required, while the Frenchmen would be glad to take forty millions for their failure.

The negotiators for this right of way were learning

fast, if indeed they did not know it before, that Spanish-Americans are not conspicuous for truth and reliability in their dealings, whether at Managua or Bogotá, for after meeting the offer of Colombia promptly and fairly they found themselves subject to the same backing and filling process which had so disgusted them at Managua.

For here were the same race, the same undisciplined cupidity, the same business methods, unstable, unreliable, vapid, vain. As at Managua, so argued among themselves the men of Bogotá. Ten millions and the grand canal were good. Twenty millions and the grand canal were better, and that sum divided among the statesmen of Bogotá would be quite a windfall.

Turning their back once more upon such ill-advised dealings the Washington authorities approached the people of Panamá and said, "You are a sovereign state and no part of a confederacy. You were forced into this Colombian association by reason of your exposed position and lack of resisting force. Declare your independence, as is your right; accept this peripatetic ten millions of ours and grant us what we require for our work. We will defend you from the United States of Colombia, and cause your recognition as an independent state by the powers of Europe."

And so it was done. There were futile ravings at Bogotá as there had been at Managua, and threats of war and dire destruction, and pleadings withal that the good Washington gentlemen would reconsider, would let Panamá alone and give Colombia the ten millions as before contemplated. But all in vain. Colombia was powerless, and the United States was well pleased to be rid of so fickle and untrustworthy a coadjutor in the great enterprise. Not that the Panamá people were of different stamp, but they were near at hand and could be better managed.

"I hope in all this," said Senator Hoar, "that there is nothing dishonorable." And President Roosevelt replied "There is nothing dishonorable."

Thereupon our people dug in peace, and with far less sickness than had been anticipated, owing to the superior hygienic conditions established.

The French spent $250,000,000 on a sea-level canal 72 feet wide and 29 feet deep, and failed owing to the impracticability of the sea-level plan, their extravagant and wasteful methods, the Panamá fever, and inadequate control of the canal zone. Our canal is 300 feet wide and 41 feet deep; the cost is about $400,000,000. It is 50 miles long, from a point five miles out in Limon bay on the Atlantic side to a point five miles out on the Pacific side. From the point on the north—on the Atlantic side, in the sea, five miles out—there is a channel, protected by a breakwater 500 feet wide, that runs eight miles—five miles in the sea and three miles in the Gatun dam.

The Gatun dam is 7,700 feet long, 115 feet high, its supports half a mile thick at the bottom, 400 feet thick at the water's edge, which is 85 feet above the bottom, and rises to a height of 115 feet, with a width of 100 feet at the top. That incloses a lake 135 square miles in surface, and furnishes a channel 1,000 feet wide for sixteen miles, 800 feet wide for four miles, 500 feet for four miles and until it reaches the Culebra cut.

The Culebra cut is nine miles long and the canal has a depth across the bottom through it of 300 feet. The canal is forty-five feet deep through the lake.

The vessel making this passage is raised by three steps of 28½ feet each—three double sets of locks. It is raised to the level of the lake 85 feet, and continues on that level until it reaches the end of the Culebra cut at Pedro Miguel, where it is lowered again 30 feet to a small lake through which there is a mile and a half of a channel 500 feet wide. Then at Miraflores it is lowered again two steps of 28½ feet into a channel 500 feet wide that goes out into the Pacific ocean five miles. It will take three hours for a vessel to go up and down the steps and ten to twelve hours to go through the canal.

An achievement when completed to be regarded with pride and wonder, pride that we had been enabled so cleverly to assist nature, and wonder if Harriman were alive how long it would be before he had it in his pocket.

To the average American mind this rapid expansion of domain, trebling itself in half a century, was somewhat bewildering. In leaving their European homes to escape the tyrannies of despotism or the persecution of fanaticism; in becoming colonists, strangers in a strange land yet subjects of the ancient rule; in breaking off their fetters only to fetter others, the curse of Adam following them to the New World; in achieving independence, in spreading themselves out though as yet only theoretically over vast areas, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there had been no ambitious thought regarding rulership other than to rule themselves wisely and in a God-fearing manner; no thought of dominion over others, of protectorates, or dependencies, or subservient states; no thought of empire or imperialism if indeed such words had any significance with them.

The true American people do not and never did covet their neighbors' lands, that is to say further than such as they could take from the natives. Early statesmen on the floor of congress "thanked God for the Rocky mountain barrier which placed a limit to man's ambition." We do not want Canada or Mexico. As slavery is a thing of the past no more territory is demanded by the south for slave-holding purposes. There are always at hand political filibusters ready for any action that will bring to them personal advantage. There may have been men high in office whose ardent imaginations were fired by thoughts of universal rule, as vast acquisitions were added to an already widely extended domain, but these were not the American people.

By yet others, then as now, the cry of imperialism, or its equivalent was raised and reiterated upon every fresh

acquisition, for opinion has been and is divided as to the wisdom of expansion, though where proper republicanism ends and improper imperialism begins it would be difficult for any one of them to say.

An anti-imperialist league was organized in Boston which manifested a lack of confidence in President Taft, and in his Philippine policy. They seemed to suspect the government of sinister designs in regard to the islands; although acting at present in apparent good faith, and notwithstanding the prompt fulfillment of our promise with regard to Cuba, they feared that politicians and capitalists were so shaping the laws and absorbing the natural wealth of the Philippine country as to render rehabilitation at any time impracticable. And this, although the people of the United States are opposed to what they call imperialism.

They claimed that the Filipinos had already demonstrated their capacity for self-government by organizing political parties, legislative assemblies, appointing officials, and employing all the paraphernalia of popular government. They deprecated the disposal of lands and the introduction, under the Taft policy, of foreign capital, which acts as a menace rather than as a benefit. Their arguments from false premises were otherwise somewhat strained, as the fact remains that in the midst of internal jealousy and external rapacity the native islanders are in no condition to exercise successful self-rule. And there is no reason after our Cuban benefactions for distrusting the American people.

What evidence the Filipinos have given of their capacity for self-government it would be difficult to say. By far the greater part of them are but little better than savages, knowing no civilized people, speaking no civilized language, and thinking no civilized thoughts. They are far behind the Cubans in intelligence and education, yet the Cubans made a failure of their first attempt at self-government.

What would they, these good people of Boston? Would

they have had us leave Spain alone, leave alone Weyler, "the wickedest man on earth," to grind the Cubans into the dust, to tear them from their homes, gather them into droves and herd them in city suburbs to die of starvation and disease, all of them whom he had not already shot or imprisoned? Would they see the dogs in their streets thus treated and not put forth a restraining hand? Was it a coterie of sentimentalists who thus felt for the Cubans, or was it a protest from the great heart of humanity that compelled President McKinley to put an end to the iniquity after he had repeatedly begged Congress for a little more time in which if possible to avert war?

Compelled at last to act, not by party politicians or any special interests but by the noble impulses of the American people, he played the part of a true soldier and acted with promptness and vigor. And the fateful words once wired to Admiral Dewey, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet," where has there been a stopping-place from that day to this? When has there been a time that the government of the United States could honorably say "Here we will rest;" when it could with decency say to the half or wholly savage Filipinos, "Now look out for yourselves," leaving them to anarchy at home and the prey of designing nations?

True, when Dewey had sunk the Spanish fleet in Manila bay he might have sailed away and left them, his orders obeyed, his task accomplished. Would any of us have had it so? Would not the Spaniards there have pounced upon the defenceless natives with greater cruelties than ever, pluralizing the horrors of Cuba, were it possible, with tenfold intensity? And for how long would Japan or Germany have withheld their rapacious hands? For how long would the hungry nations have kept a promise had they made one? Being a man and an American Admiral Dewey could not choose but land and plant there his flag, the flag of his country, which pledged himself and his government to protect this people just let loose from tyranny, to

protect them from themselves and others. And since then I fail to see any time when this government could have honorably receded from that position.

And after the conduct of the United States in thus liberating one downtrodden people and protecting another, in fulfilling to the uttermost all promises of fair treatment and faithful restoration, who shall doubt the integrity of this nation in its future dealings with a weaker race? Not our own people surely, but perhaps the sage Sagasta may, he who with broad sarcasm remarked, "It will, indeed, be long before the Cubans are capable of self-government if the United States waits for that time before giving them their freedom." The magnanimity displayed by President McKinley and his coadjutors in regard to this and other measures attending the Spanish war was utterly beyond the comprehension of a Spanish minister of state.

And this is called imperialism, and lamented as such, this putting forth a hand to stop the savage brutalities committed at our door by the dilapidated monarchy of an effete civilization!

The star of empire leading westward; the star of empire which we have followed from Holland, from England, across the continent, across the Pacific sinks now as we approach the threshold of the ancient East, while we find ourselves still holding fast to our traditions.

Many of our people were fearful from the first of the results of territorial expansion; fearful of shoals and shipwreck; bewildered by what seemed to them a limitless expanse of land with its responsibilities. Jefferson was roundly rated for the purchase of Louisiana as was Seward for buying Alaska.

Said one senator, "If we want to give Russia seven millions why give it, and let her keep her frozen mountains, icebergs, and glaciers which we can neither sell, lose, nor give away."

Mr. McKinley was blamed for permitting the Philip-

pines to fall on his shoulders. But his intentions and policy and promises were sound and will be fulfilled.

No fault was found by the recipients when England gave to her seaboard colonies better land beyond the Alleghanies. But for expansion, which some say leads to imperialism, the original area would to-day mark our limits, with Florida and the trans-Mississippi region in the hands of foreign powers, of Spain, France, or England, who were wont to trade in American lands as boys swap jack-knives. But when our presidents and their secretaries began acting upon their own judgment then criticism arose. Discussion upon the floor of Congress became aggressive. "Large territory is not consistent with the spirit of republicanism," said one. "To advance the west is to retard the east," broke forth another. "To make states of Louisiana territory would be a curse to us." "Purchase Alaska? We shall be buying ice-fields in Greenland next!"

Still we will say in the face of so much mistaken wisdom that the Philippine islands, though for the time a solemn obligation, are an unwelcome encumbrance, fit only as a refuge for broken-down politicians, and now and then a little gun practice. Our position in the Orient is safe enough without them. Porto Rico is no ornament, but an appendage easily dispensed with. With regard to the Hawaiian islands, it is different. They are the natural outpost of our coast, and would be a standing menace in the hands of a foreign power.

A German colonel scents imperialistic tendencies in the fortification of the Panamá canal, which nevertheless he thinks should be done. Doubtless from a feudalistic viewpoint he is correct. If it is necessary as under the ancient régime for a nation to fence around with forts every piece of its outlying possessions, then let the canal zone be fortified, even though civilization is supposed to have reached the point where a valid compact could be made between the nations that this property, important in its use to all, should remain unmolested in war as in peace, or even though

a flock of air-ships might in a single hour drop bombs sufficient to blow it all, forts and waterways, to destruction. Farther than this, until the efficiency of these new birds of prey is tested, it seems unwise to build forts or warships at all.

Amidst the universal discussion of this subject Mr. Ralph Lane has sent forth a book, which has attracted some attention, on the abolition of war, upon the plea that all war is futile, in that it is unprofitable alike to victor and vanquished. This upon the assumption that money, lands, or dominions are the only things nations fight for. He is correct in regard to some wars, those waged for personal or political aggrandizement, such as have been most common in Europe for example; but wars for principle or for some vital policy have two sides, and it is profitable to the right side if it wins.

In every one of its wars, with the possible exception of the war of 1812, the United States has been successful; all were just and honorable save one, our war with Mexico, but which was nevertheless profitable, giving us the California country, the garden of the world.

History has given up repeating itself; change alone is constant. The philosophy of history consists no less in understanding the present and considering the future than in reviewing the past. That which was impracticable yesterday may be desirable tomorrow. The reasonable expenditures of the rich become extravagance when indulged in by others. It is no more for the United States now to control islands in the Pacific, or dig an interoceanic waterway, than it once was to buy Louisiana and Florida, make an Erie canal, or construct a Cumberland turnpike. We can no more be justly charged with imperial republicanism now than then.

Nevertheless should any one find comfort in calling this federal government imperial he may very properly do so. Imperial republicanism ought not to be a bad sort; ought

to be a little cleaner perhaps than a government by railroads for railroads.

Rising suddenly to eminence on a breath of wind blown by this petty Spanish war, never having counted our wealth nor considered our strength, we were led by advanced ideas into certain measures over which the timid affect fear, just as it always is in periods of rapid progression.

The time has passed when any nation may go prowling about the world conquering or appropriating new lands or old, and establishing dependencies and protectorates. Our people want none of these, but with a voice potential in the affairs of the world, with opportunities and abilities for the betterment of mankind such as were never before vouchsafed to any nation in any age, with the inclination and the power to employ mighty agencies for good, for the moral and intellectual advancement of the world, as illustrated under the régime of Theodore Roosevelt, we ought not to be frightened from our high privileges by the stale cry of imperialism.

In imitation of the ever-struggling powers of Europe, in their vain competition each to outdo the others in the size and efficiency of their war vessels, we spend our millions yearly in the construction of battle-ships which are obsolete almost before they are finished; whereupon we hasten to build one larger, and yet another still larger, which scramblings are idiotic enough in Europe but tenfold more so in America.

Nor should there be, nor is there any necessity for standing armies and competitive war-ship building among civilized nations, as though all were fearful of an attack in the dark, as from savages, or of sudden assassination. No unarmed nation is likely to be annihilated before it can get together some means of defense. Or if concentrated force is necessary to maintain the peace of the world, let the Hague form a war trust, each nation contributing as to a police fund.

The old adage is obsolete, and those who adopt it are obsolete, in time of peace prepare for war. Why prepare for war? Why not prepare for peace? Why should a nation any more than an individual go strutting about the world with scowling mien, upturned mustache, a pistol in each hand and a chip on its shoulder? The men of Nippon go forth to die for their country with less bluster than the Germans, and we respect the Germans no more on that account.

Far better our government should employ itself in protecting what needs protection. I need not say that without government aid our commercial supremacy on the ocean will be lost; it is already lost. From ignorance or indifference Congress has stood quiescent while England and Japan have possessed themselves of the world's carrying trade. In our kindness we even cut them a canal across our continent to facilitate their operations against us. For what can we want such a waterway when we have no ships? How is the canal to benefit our Pacific ports if we have no commerce, and how can we have commerce without either factories or carrying vessels?

CHAPTER II

UTOPIAN DREAMS

IT was an age of altruistic ideals, though it had not yet occurred to the apostles for the betterment of the race the impossible in relation to disinterested benevolence. The disciples of John Knox and Jonathan Edwards were taught to draw satisfaction from the doctrine of election, provided they were of the elect. It was bliss for the believer, the thought of sitting in heaven and complacently regarding the agonies of the doomed below, and so long as her own little ones were safe the New England housewife still might blithely sing as she went about her work, though assured by her spiritual teacher that millions of innocents, born of other mothers, must suffer forever. Here as elsewhere in those days, in its many diverse and oppugnant forms, there was an all-pervading spirit of proselyting throughout Christendom, which broke out occasionally into fierce spasms of regeneration.

The ethics of Jesus come to us in words, with a subconscious influence to the refining of the race; all the same the attendant deeds are diabolical.

Some centuries ago had been promulgated the order to go forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Obedience to which mandate led the sanctified into strange ways. Saint Peter went forth to preach, and detecting Ananias in a very little lie he straightway slew him, and poor Sapphira also, forgetting the great falsehood he himself had so lately perpetrated, receiving therefor no punishment whatever.

Pagan Rome preached the Christians into the cata-

combs; the Christians in their turn preached the pagan world into dungeons and torture-chambers. Persecution was quick to become an aid to proselyting; so that when the tidings of peace on earth good will to men reached the New World, the natives found the words of salvation translated into the ethics of hell. By the Spanish convocation these savages were endowed with souls, primarily to give occupation to the church, and secondarily to give mistresses to the conquerors, for without a soul no heathen maid might become Christian wife or concubine.

Passing the millions slaughtered for Christ's sake before the work of enforcing conversion in America began; passing the autos-da-fé and torture-chambers of Torquemada, the treacheries practiced upon her Moors and the burning of Jews by good Queen Isabella in her ardent zeal for her religion; passing also the trail of the Inquisition in Mexico and Peru, and the extermination of idolatrous innocents, and coming to our own country, what sort of altruism do we find here, what way of preaching the gospel to every creature?

John Calvin was present, in spirit if not in person, making people happy after the manner of his brother Knox, in the assurance of refuge for himself and followers in the convenient folds of predestination, with the flames of eternal fire for all others.

England had her way of proselyting, as in India and Africa, as in the American slave shipments and the Chinese opium trade. The Puritans of Massachusetts, themselves having just fled from persecution, found solace in persecuting others; they preached to the witch-women of Salem by burning them, and to the Quakers of Boston by drowning them. The planters of the south preached to the Africans by the lash of their slave-drivers, while clearing the natives from fresh lands to take the place of their worn-out tobacco fields.

It is a great comfort among the leaders of pure benevo-

lence to possess the power to compel people to do right and come within the fold whether they will or not. Yet there was a world of kindness in the hearts of our forefathers, in the hearts of the stern old Puritans, who sought only to serve God in the proper way.

True, there was the political aspect as well, the ideals of men escaped from iron bars, minds freed from circumscription and bodies delivered from the stripes, a Utopian democracy based on freedom, free hands, free thought, free lands, an obsession of freedom even though in slavery to the supernatural, a freedom on whose heels followed closely interdictions and prohibitions.

What wonder then if Utopian visions fired the imaginations of these ardent adventurers? Optimists all, with scattered hundreds of dreamers whose unrevealed impossibilities their fervid fancy carried into nebulous extremes.

Here was a world unmarred by man basking in primeval plenteousness; a brand-new continent only to be swept of its dusky denizens with their dreamy awakenings, and garnished with some small degree of the divine fire, to be fit for any purpose; a virgin land of limitless extent and surpassing potentialities, fresh from the hand of the Creator; a garden of the Hesperides, a new-world Eden, inhabited only by beings whose dim subconscious intelligence might easily be crushed, whose subordination Christianity permitted and whose removal civilization demanded. If only reason might join hands with opportunity what a consummation were here! The preservation of nature's lands, the conservation of nature's forces, not for the present alone, but for all time, not to multiply the debased but to elevate the capable and encourage the worthy, not to enrich the few but to benefit all.

Here were natural resources such as would enrich a world, and if properly husbanded give to each inhabitant, now and forever, all the requisites of life, health, and happiness. Soil and climate, sunshine air and moving waters, metals in the mountains, forests on the hillsides, valleys

prolific of every food, and underneath the surface the coal and the oil and all the vitalizing forces wherewith to forge fresh happiness.

Imagine these natural advantages, this boundless wealth, enough for all time and all people, increasing rather than diminishing if guarded and managed by all as a wise and prudent person would manage his individual affairs; imagine such a state of things, no impost duties or taxes, no standing army or criminal class to support, no ever-increasing horde of pensioners, the necessary labor coming in the form of a blessing rather than a curse; imagine this, and behold the reality!

Utopian dreams! Possible and practicable in so far as physical conditions were concerned, but alas! for the lack of human intelligence, of men or generations of men to meet the occasion; a consummation not to be expected from an undeveloped race, not to be expected until a new flood obliterates the present time and sends forth a new Noah whose circumspection and behavior shall prove better than those of the old Noah.

Such was this fair Altrurian land with all its sublime potentialities. Never before had men and conditions so met, and never on this earth can they so meet again. But is this the end? By no means. Life is a running conflict with no prospect of rest, no expectation of the realization of our early dreams of Elysian fields, or even of our old, long-lost home contentment. Yet hope never dies; or if it does all is dead. All around us always the air is swarming with Utopias, fresh ones coming on as the old ones pass away.

Thus it was that instead of the one dreamed-of and all-glorious Utopia there was an epidemic of Utopias running through the early centuries of American occupation, *ignes fatui* chasing after the everlasting good, hunting for happiness in the wilderness, a straining to achieve the ultimate best on this earth, which has yet by no means ceased.

nor ever will cease, and which we cannot say that under any circumstances should we like to see come to an end.

Let us look at some of them.

What better place than Florida where might be flowing the fountain of youth which Juan Ponce de Leon failed in 1512 to find in Bimini?

And on the Atlantic side of the Darien isthmus, not far from the entrance to the present Panamá canal, no less a personage than William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England, undertook to establish a Scotch Utopia along industrial lines. His intention was to make his settlement the entrepôt of the Pacific, the pivotal point of the commercial world, where merchandise might be interchanged, and cargoes transferred, and whence Europe and all the Atlantic and Mediterranean seaports might be supplied with the products of North and South America, of Japan, China, and the South sea isles.

"The settlers of Darien," he said, "will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar, without fatigue, expense, or danger."

Nor was Patterson the first to dream this dream. Vasco Nuñez thought of it, and Pizarro's people, as their treasure-laden mule-trains jingled their bells along the trail to Nombre de Dios. The Manila merchants thought of it as their annual galleon filled to the hatchway with gold and silver, the teas and silks and carved ivory of the Far East anchored off Panamá.

All this is nearer realization to-day, for in Patterson's dream were no American canal-builders to take up the failure of the French; no United States canal zone, with a city at either end, though he called Acla landing New Saint Andrew, and the region thereabout New Caledonia, where, he said, might be profitably grown indigo, sugar, tobacco, and all the tropical plants.

They liked Scotch names, those Scotchmen, and besides that the Scotch names caught Scotch investors; indeed, there was later another and much broader New Caledonia

in the Oregon country, and beyond, whereof the Scotch fur-traders might dream as inhabited by good Indians with boiled shirts and non-intoxicating whiskey, and innumerable bands of gentle beasts with long silky fur glad to yield their skins to the grand dames of civilization.

Patterson was the son of a Dumfriesshire farmer, and a genius, as Cortés and Columbus were geniuses. Besides achieving the bank of England and attempting the Darien Utopia, he roamed for a time about the West Indies, like Francis Drake's chaplain, Fletcher, as part missionary and part buccaneer.

Under royal sanction "The Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies, and their Colony of Darien" was formed, and in 1698 were landed on the Isthmus 1200 shrewd Caledonians, insanely shrewd, half of them at least young men of good Scottish families; also English gentlemen, retired army officers, and others, all envied at departure by thousands of eager aspirants obliged to remain at home. A capital of £400,000 with £600,000 for expenses of the expedition was quickly subscribed in Edinburgh, London, Hamburg and Amsterdam, one hundred pound shares quickly advancing in price to £1000 and £1500.

More vessels were sent out and more money invested, until when the inevitable crash came, the loss from fever, famine, and shipwreck amounted to a score of ships, 2000 lives, and several millions of money.

Similar schemes were concocted, one in London and one in Paris, with similar results, narration of which would be but repetition; the former, called the South Sea bubble, being the creation of the South Sea company in 1711 by Lord Harley, earl of Oxford, for trading into South America, and for the extinction of the national debt; the latter called the Company of the West, originating with John Law in 1719 for the easement of French finances. A royal bank with Law as director-general issued currency to the amount of 2,700,000,000 livres.

The province of Louisiana, which gave it the name of

Mississippi bubble when it burst, was thrown into the scheme, the strange part of it being that the property represented was worth the money, and is to-day worth a thousand times the money.

Sir Thomas More's material rather than spiritual speculation chose for its ideally perfect place an island, which might easily be enlarged to a continent, or if successful in a small way why should it not embrace all the world? His ideally perfect conditions referred to social and political systems, whence we might infer that the social and political systems of our present civilizations are not perfect but to be improved, or, being necessary evils, if to be dispensed with altogether, as in Eden or in aboriginal lands, so much the better. Therefore we may not be so sure after all that the naked savages of the two Americas were not nearer Utopia than Sir Thomas More's galvanized civilization.

It is so small an affair, a few years of life on this planet as compared with an eternity hereafter, that it seems out of place spending all of our time in perfecting earthly conditions; hence the wisdom of adding to our efforts heavenly benefits.

And yet religion seeks an earthly Utopia as well as a heavenly one, and finds comfort in the seeking, as Salem and Boston found comfort in reclaiming humanity, while these and all the rest were easily reconciling themselves to the passing of the Indians.

The Puritans colonized religion and adapted it to business methods, and while they anchored it to the soil a score of ephemeral efforts were made, like that of John Kelpius' Pietists, who established a brotherhood in 1694 at Wissahickon, or like Peter Sluyter's Labadists, colonized at Chesapeake bay, soon to die out and be forgotten.

Most successful of all was William Penn's Utopia, which went well as long as its founder lived, but fell in pieces afterward like all others. Pennsylvania flourished

in fanaticism following the decline of Quakerism. A German, Beissel, established at Ephrata in 1728 a monastic society of celibates, which naturally came to grief. Jemima Wilkinson flourished for a time as a divine emissary in central New York. A society of French aristocrats and army officers labored with their hands for the common good on the Susquehanna in 1793.

Ann Lee came from Manchester, England, to America in 1774, and established the Shaking Quakers at New Lebanon.

Count Zinzendorf's Bohemian brethren, or Moravians, in Georgia, Pennsylvania, and among the Indians, in 1741 numbered 94 colonies with 11,781 members, the chief settlement being at Bethlehem.

George Rapp, a persecuted preacher of Württemberg, in 1803 brought to America 750 of his Separatists, and founded the communal settlements of Harmony and Economy in Pennsylvania, and New Harmony, Indiana, afterward sold to John Owen, a proselyting Scotchman, who before he failed founded eleven other communities. Another society of Separatists was established in 1817 by Joseph Bimelar at Zoar, Ohio. Swiss Inspirationists in 1842 founded the community of Ebenezer, near Buffalo, afterward removing to Iowa.

Other apostles of economic religion were the Franciscans of California, the missionaries in Oregon, and the Mormons in Utah. There are also to this day schools of divine healing, schools of mysticism, and scores of other associations seeking for the unattainable good.

Even philosophy and learning come forward with Utopian plans to try, notably the Brook Farm coterie of intellectually refined New Englanders, whose fantasy was the union of learning with farm labor, devoting half a day to each. They carried the matter along in a desultory sort of way for four years, when it fell in pieces, their philosophy being no better than their farming.

The one all-powerful instinct of individuality, the one all-pervading human desire of personal possession, possession of property, of wife, of children, of home, have always stood, and will so stand until man's nature changes, in the way of universal brotherhood and the communal life.

The Franciscans in California present somewhat of a unique picture, and so long as they had the country to themselves they came as near as it is possible toward establishing a Utopia among savages.

Their one object, a safe seat in heaven for themselves and their converts, appeared under three several phases, self-sacrifice, the sacrifice of others, and absolute rule. Even Junípero Serra, the father president, was not above self-flagellations before the Indians for example's sake, as the medicine-men of native tribes mutilate themselves with sharp stones to impress their fellows. And death, why should they fear it, which was but opening the door to paradise?

Very low in the scale of humanity were these whom the priests had come to save. Entirely naked, skin black and coarse matted hair, eaters of snails and grasshoppers, with holes in the ground and huts of brush for houses, were it not better to leave them as God had made them, God who should know why he had made them so, rather than cast reflection upon his work by attempting to improve upon it? Not so. For where then would be the church, the missionary work, and this preaching the gospel to every creature?

Two years after the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767, and the occupation of the Peninsula by the Dominicans, the order of Saint Francis built the first of its score of mission establishments in Alta California at San Diego. The father president was personally in charge of exploration and construction in this the first invasion of this region by Europeans.

The missionaries aimed as nearly as practicable to plant an establishment every fifteen leagues, which should

give them about twenty to San Francisco bay, their ultima thule of present endeavor. Each mission claimed proprietorship half-way to its neighbor on either side.

First they must impress their mastery upon these dull clods—why should omniscience have given this lowest of intelligences the fairest spot of earth? Surely not for development, not for appreciation; during the thousand years more or less of their occupation of this garden they had not advanced an iota; they could not retrograde being born at the bottom. As for subconsciousness and oversoul or other involved psychology of savagism, they had none, save such as they held in common with the jack-rabbits around them; and when it came to a realization of the blessings they enjoyed, they could appreciate an uncooked rattle-snake steak but they did not understand the stars.

Thus the poor padres found their work of conversion much the same as if their neophytes had been drawn from these same jack-rabbits, into whose patient ears the streams of salvation must be poured.

Nevertheless with good heart they went about their work, for he that believeth much loveth much. The mission site was carefully selected at some little distance from the boat-landing and presidio, or fort, so that the influence of the wicked ones might not reach their innocents. Then building began, sun-dried mud mixed with dried grass being the principal material. The padres had no difficulty in bribing their neophytes to work a little, their preference being material rather than spiritual rewards.

The natives at each mission numbered from two to five thousand, lessening one-half every twenty years. The men and women occupied separate quarters until properly married. In due time they found courage to do a little fighting, but for the most part they were peaceable.

Issues frequently arose between the temporal and spiritual powers, but were settled in the main without

serious controversy. The military was its own master, yet it was there to serve the church, which was all powerful up to the time of secularization in 1834. Mission property then fell into the hands of the government, or to those who were able to seize and hold it, the missionaries still retaining sufficient for their purposes, while liberal grants of land were made to whomsoever asked for them.

Some of the missions became wealthy in cattle, sheep, and horses, raising besides more than they could sell of fruit, grain, oil, and wine. They had their workshops, some of the natives becoming quite skilful workers in iron, wool, and leather. It was common for the missions to have running at large of cattle 1000 to 5000; of sheep 1000 to 12,000; of horses 100 to 1000; also mules, goats, and swine. They raised from 5000 to 100,000 bushels of wheat per annum; 1000 to 25,000 bushels of barley; 1000 to 20,000 bushels of corn; and 50 to 2500 bushels of beans.

Thus under the happiest auspices, and with the fullest enjoyment of their Utopia, did these indigenes of California achieve civilization, or would have achieved it had they lived, and not have died from protection and kindness; for when taken in their low estate and placed in contact with civilization the savages are killed as surely, if not as quickly, by kindness as by the sword of their conquerors.

The Perfectionists, in an attempt to live a sinless life, were driven from Vermont because of their free-love proclivities, and in 1848 settled at Oneida, New York. Mormonism arose in western New York, became infected with polygamy in Illinois, and in 1848 fled into the deserts of the Great Salt Lake.

The origin and exodus of the Mormons, their ethnic evolution and occupation of Utah, if analyzed as a problem and not indulged in as a prejudice forms an interesting study.

Theirs is one of the few religions of the century which seems to have come to stay. It is remarkable primarily in its indigenous origin and logical development, attended by the usual signs and wonders, miracles and revelations, and, in spite of a crude mystic mechanism, all visible to the naked eye. Springing up in a field fertilized by stupidity and credulity, it has grown to become a great tree, bringing forth fruit after its kind. Although accidental and spontaneous in its inception, without premeditation or design on the part of any artificer, it was unfolded by palpable means, the work usually occupying five centuries being accomplished in half a century. Even such parts as appear more like modern invention, with mechanical contrivances so gross as to be revolting, display little ability or constructive skill.

It is a theocracy singularly devoid of originality. In quality it is second rate as religions run, yet more pronounced in its several parts than any of them; Hebrew of the Hebrews, more Christian than Christianity, more ethical than Buddhism, more involved than Mohammedanism. It is essentially an imitation, and as is common in imitations, inclined to outdo its exemplar. Less than a century old, of tough, coarse fiber, with all its secrets laid bare before an enlightened world, it yet displays unmistakable signs of endurance, with flame enough in its fanaticism to warrant its burning for awhile with the best of them.

This is how it came about. At Palmyra, in western New York, not far from general intelligence and puritanism, lived a common-place family by the name of Smith, who had floated thither from Vermont. One of the members, Joseph, born in 1805, set himself up as a Messiah, for which he was killed at Carthage, Illinois, in 1844.

In common with many of their neighbors, the Smiths were poor and shiftless, with a faculty for believing to be true whatever they were told, and as ready to delude as to be deluded. Wealth without work, and a short and easy

road to heaven, comprised their philosophy of life. Hidden treasure, with supernatural means for its discovery, was ever a favorite theme. The boy Joseph, with his magic peep-stone and witch-hazel divining rod, could make the other boys, and even his elders, follow him and dig as he directed. Of a harmlessly dissolute disposition the youth delighted in tricking his companions, and playing upon the credulity of the community by telling fortunes and reeling off yarns as the fantasies arose in his vagrant mind.

Into this caldron of malodorous conceit was presently projected an element whose effect might be little dreamed of. It appeared in the form of an unpublished book by a Presbyterian clergyman, the Reverend Spaulding, entitled *The Manuscript Found*. It had been sent by the author, just before his death, to a printing office in Pittsburg for publication, but was thrown aside, and soon became office rubbish. Later it was unearthed, and after passing about as a thing of no value, it finally fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, and became eventually one of the sacred books of the Latter-day Saints, under the title of *The Book of Mormon*.

Its apotheosis was in this wise. Opening the book and glancing through its contents, Joseph found written, in biblical style, a sort of religious romance, being a hypothetical account of the migrations from Babel, and subsequent adventures in America, of the ten lost tribes of Israel, whom the author made progenitors of the Indians. Joseph read and pondered. Though cunning, he was not wise, still less learned.

Was this book part of the Bible? No. Why not? The Bible is made up of parts, or books, thrown together. Perhaps this is a book of the Bible left out. Or it may be another Bible. If not, might it not stand for another religion? The counterpart or companion, perhaps, of the Hebrew scriptures. Put the two Bibles and the two religions together,—there is an idea! What an opportunity for a grand coup!

Here comes in the mystic machinery. This book looks like a Bible, or part of one. To make it so in the eyes of men, and as a guarantee of its inspiration, it must have divine origin and supernatural advent. Moreover, if there is to be a new religion a personage must appear, anything will do, even a Joseph Smith, prophet priest and king of the early and later dispensations, so that he be in direct communication with heaven and able to prove it. The pretended original of the Spaulding manuscript, the manuscript which as was alleged had been found, might serve an important purpose if it could be made miraculous. And so on.

It is safe to assume, judging from subsequent developments, that by some such train of reflection Spaulding's *Manuscript Found* was transformed into the *Book of Mormon*, Joseph Smith into a new Messiah, and the church of aboriginal Israel into the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for that such transformations were made is a historical fact.

To imagine Mormonism the invention of Joseph Smith, or of any one else, a scheme or premeditated plan wrought out from its inception by a subtle and prolific brain, or by any number of them, is as far from the probable as to refer its authorship direct to supernatural agency, with the prophets and apostles as media for all the miracles and divine manifestations they claim to have been accomplished through them. The true disciple solves the problem by uniting the mysteries and making God the author of all, the prophet and his performances included.

Nor is it impossible that Joseph at a later period, from deceiving others proceeds unconsciously to deceive himself, thus becoming his latest and most important creation and convert.

It is not impossible, as time passed and new and wonderful happenings fell upon him, that the vagrant youth into whose hands thus accidentally fell the Spaulding manuscript, and whose only thought at first was to

amuse himself at the expense of his parents and neighbors,—for his parents it is said were among the first to receive his words as truth, or to pretend to do so,—after many iterations of his fable, and seeing the seriousness with which it was accepted by his elders, forgot the manufactured part, whose details grew dim with time and religious fervor, forgot Joe Smith and remembered only the prophet of the Lord. An idealist, and essentially visionary in both sacred and secular matters, as time passed on toward the later periods of his career he may have fancied himself in truth the recipient of messages direct from heaven. Since so many united in asserting his divinity, was it not possible that he was indeed divine? Though known to him, as to no one else, were all the falsehoods he had told and the fantastic tricks he had played, yet might it not be that these lies and tricks were of the Lord, their proper use thus given to him, Joseph, for a mighty purpose, as a means of grace, and for God's greater glory?

Nature had endowed the prophet thus improvised by fate with shrewd wit; and though of somewhat shallow mind he possessed a vivid imagination and magnetic personality. That he was successful shows that he was not without ability, though he was far less capable in certain directions than some of those who succeeded him. That he was unscrupulous did not trouble his conscience, for such had been his training from his youth up, and his conscience, moreover, was from the Lord and for his work. And the thought of his proposed work was not so discomfiting to his mind as might be imagined.

There should be no great difficulty in achieving the supernatural on the part of one who had practiced miracles all his life, still less in making people think they believed in it, for great is the gullibility of mankind!

A plausible account must be given of the coming of this gift from heaven, this book of Mormon. We have it here.

And now a vision fell upon Joseph. The angel Moroni appeared and directed him to a cave on the hillside, where he found metal plates, on which were inscribed strange characters, which by the aid of his peep-stone he was able to interpret. From behind a screen, with such interpolations as seemed to suit his purpose, the prophet read off from Spaulding's manuscript his *Book of Mormon*, which was taken down by an amanuensis just outside the sacred precinct, and published by "Joseph Smith, jun., author and proprietor, Palmyra, New York, 1830."

The work finished, the angel closed the cave and carried away the metal plates.

Thus was evolved this latter-day theocracy. Doubtless if the truth were told in relation to the origin of any other religion nothing more wonderful would be found, nothing more worthy of credence. All religions are patchwork, but all religions are not all patchwork; few have been so nearly so as Mormonism, which had been better with some of the patches omitted, parts such as civilization had some time since compelled the older religions to eliminate.

The tenets of the Mormon faith are derived entirely from the Old and New Testaments of the orthodox scriptures, principally from the former, which are accepted literally and followed to their logical conclusions. The *Book of Mormon*, which is annexed to the Bible as a part of it, is a crude romance, a mere flight of fancy, but to one who had never known aught of either there is nothing more unnatural, or more difficult of belief, in the books of Nephi and Alma, in the book of Moroni, who was the angel, or in the book of Mormon, from which the volume takes its name, than in the books of Genesis and Joshua; nothing more difficult of belief in the revelations of Joseph Smith than in the revelations of Saint John the Divine.

Feeling his way, sounding the credulity of his followers and searching his scriptures for models for his hierarchy, Joseph was able in due time to present his forms

and rituals, temple tabernacle and holy of holies, priesthood and tithing, constitution and council, blood atonement anointment and twelve apostles, miracles and all sorts of spiritual manifestations and revelations, all drawn from holy writ, all in strict accordance with the sacred scriptures of the orthodox Christian sects.

Obviously miracles, the vital requisite of every new faith, must be at hand; also revelation and every celestial telegraphy. For if all this was once wise and beneficent, God being God, it is the same now.

The Almighty, immutable and unchangeable, having once established a decree, it must stand forever. Customs once having had divine sanction cannot be obliterated by civilization.

They held it unreasonable to accept the scriptures as the word of God, and then explain away such parts of it as from time to time became intolerable to ever-unfolding human intelligence. If polygamy, slavery, or other alleged abomination were once right in his sight, and stand as they do unrebuked upon the pages of scripture, then they are right now; if miracles and revelations once obtained, they obtain now; if the law limits a man to one wife, then it should compel every man to marry, else many women are unjustly deprived of husbands, and the millions of disembodied spirits seeking incarnation are defrauded.

In which Mormonism makes the not uncommon mistake of investing religion with the superior force in psychic development, and the dominant influence in ethics. It does not recognize the fact that civilization ever precedes and regulates religion, toning down its asperities and eliminating its barbarities; also that the powers of light and darkness are with law and progress, and not with superstition or fanaticism; that this power no religion can withstand and being absolute is right and must be obeyed.

Nor can it be denied that of all interpretations of the scriptures this is the most logical. To every religion the beliefs of every other religion are a bundle of absurdities,

while to the uninfected agnostic they are all equally absurd. Orthodoxy has cut loose from the restraint of the written word, so that every Sunday throughout the Christian world ten thousand preachers of the word ascend the pulpit and in half an hour tell God more about himself than he ever knew; tell the people what God sees, how he feels, what he loves and hates, what he wants or does not want, until Deity himself thus recreated stands agape.

A church was organized with priests and presidency in 1833, the twelve apostles being added two years later. Miracles were then in order; and it is to be regretted that the angel declined leaving the metal plates with Joseph, but spirited them away as soon as the *Book of Mormon* was finished, for every one knew well that nothing short of a miracle could have brought so much gold into the Smith family.

The mantle of the prophets fell on Joseph, and he prophesied and spake in tongues.

Which assumption was a little too much for some of his neighbors, this and the fact that the brethren were always united, politically and industrially, clannish they called it and un-American; more un-American, perhaps, than was the killing of Mormons in the Carthage jail.

We fancy that we hate the Mormons because of their polygamy. It is not so. Up to the time of their fiercest persecution in Illinois there had been no polygamy. When they were driven from New York, from Ohio, from Missouri, there had been no polygamy. They were hated first as one religion hates another, as Jews hate Christians, and as Christians hate Pagans. Then they became a power in politics, dominated a county, voted together and filled the offices. Like Chinese, they were temperate, kept to themselves, worked hard, and were thrifty and honest, and so were hated by the lazy and licentious.

This was the real cause of their offending, as it was with the Chinese. Politicians fanned the flame, and so

made votes for themselves; the public press joined in the cry, as on the side of the stronger lay their profit.

For I have noticed that it is the lazy and worthless who shout loudest against the Asiatics, and it is often the immoral men and women of so-called respectable society that are the foremost in denouncing the Mormons.

In Ohio, in 1832, appeared among the brethren Brigham Young, seeking truth, later to be high priest of the people, a Moses in the coming exodus, and in the flowery desert of Utah chief of the hierarchy. He found Joseph chopping wood, and hailed him as prophet of the Lord. He had seen and read the *Book of Mormon*, and pronounced himself converted. He was a native of Vermont, four years older than Joseph, which made him at this time thirty-one years of age. They became warm friends; such was Brigham's policy. Punctilious at all points as before a divine master, he nevertheless made the prophet his protégé, several times saving his life in the persecutions that followed.

Brigham plunged at once into the midst of things, his dominant will carrying all before it, yet with such judicious tact as not to cause offence. In his first prayer in public he spoke in tongues, as he expressed it, and on being questioned as to the language, he soberly declared it to be pure Adamic.

The prophet consulted with him as to church policy and revelations. They discussed polygamy as a tenet of their faith and resolved on its introduction by divine revelation, which was done in 1843, only a year before the prophet's death. It was practised in secret at first, and only appeared in full bloom after reaching Utah; hence, contrary to popular impression, it had little to do with their expatriation.

"Yet what would you, Brother Brigham?" we might have heard Joseph say, when, on the 12th of July, 1843, came the revelation commanding polygamy. "What

would you when man comes into existence as a disembodied spirit, of which the universe is full, seeking incarnation? To advance this purpose is to give God and man the greatest glory. Hence the sacred obligation on the part of woman, one of the rewards attending it being plenary indulgence; all sins heretofore committed forgiven. Think of it, Brother Brigham. Unmarried women cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The wrath of the Illinois gentiles was somewhat appeased on the promise of the Saints to go, but that did not prevent them from taking every advantage of the Mormons while disposing of such property as they were unable to take with them.

In June, 1844, a riot occurred from the suppression of an abusive gentile newspaper by the Mormons, and among those arrested were Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram, who were soon after assassinated in Carthage jail.

The followers of the prophet were now counted by thousands, though there were many apostates who declined polygamy. In the coming exodus, unless the main body could be kept united the society would break up and probably drop out of existence, as so many others had done. There were several claimants for the leadership, some of them with pretentions superior to Brigham's, but none with his rugged genius. He established a rule of succession, giving himself the first incumbency, which he felt sure he could make last a lifetime.

Thus fell the prophet's mantle on Brigham Young, but for whose deep insight into human nature and shrewd ability Mormonism at this juncture would probably have fallen in pieces. Whether or not he was the original instigator of polygamy, he now favored the measure, foreseeing the results which would accrue in a far away wilderness, whither he hastened to conduct his people.

He could not foresee, however, the acquisition of California, the discovery of gold, and the tide of emigra-

tion destined so soon to break in upon the peace of Utah. Meanwhile he became what Joseph Smith never was, absolute master of the Mormons—dominator and lord of every man and woman of them, of their lives and fortunes, of their bodies and souls. Marriages and massacres he ordered at pleasure, divine revelation of whatsoever quality desired being ever ready at hand. He could preach and pray and prophesy, interlarding his discourses with maledictions dire and deep, which rumbled through the Rocky mountains to the east and to the west.

It was the cardinal error of this rough-hewn theocracy, making all its women wives, and that so openly as to bring down upon its church the censure of the immaculate world. Had each patriarch presented to the public one wife only, and sealed the others as concubines, following scriptural methods, or as mistresses after the manner of orthodox immorality, much trouble might have been saved.

The assassination of Joseph strengthened if indeed it did not save the church. As Christ had died so died Joseph for his people. A stronger than Joseph must now guide the multitude and establish the church in the wilderness.

So Brigham led them forth, resting over winter at Omaha, and reaching Salt Lake valley in 1846. There he possessed himself of that people, ruling with a rod of iron for thirty-three years and filling his harem. Isolated from the world he was his own master, and their prophet priest and king.

His absolutism was as complete in financial as in ecclesiastical affairs. Following the announcement of a revelation, never-failing and effective as a means, tithes were brought in to him; he never sent out a collector; the faintest hint was sufficient to bring a delinquent to his knees. Of that which was brought he took what he wanted for himself and devoted the rest to the church and to the people. He rendered no accounting to any one, though after his reign church account books were kept.

He cared nothing for personal wealth; why amass for himself when all was his? He cared greatly for the welfare of his people. He considered their interests, after considering his own; he was fair to them, after being fair to himself.

In the eyes of his many humble subjects, there were united in him divine and temporal power. His word was law even in matters of life and death. A contrast in every way to the prophet Joseph, he was a born master of men, shrewd and bold yet cautious and considerate.

He was founder, ordainer, and preserver of the Mormon church in Utah. Against the enemies of his church he would rage like a wild beast, filling his tabernacle with loud and vulgar denunciations, to the edification of the brethren. For six years, from 1856 to 1862, he stood in armed opposition to the United States.

It is no great praise to say, simply, that he did good work in the transformation of the desert, for to him the country is indebted for the organization and development of one of its finest cities and states. As Collier says, "There is no Rocky mountain community that shows more growth and vigor than Salt Lake city. The streets, laid out by the early Mormons are broad and straight, and the modern buildings that are now going up will help to make the coming city one of the foremost in the entire west. The streets are filled with crowds of busy shoppers and active business men. This city, in the heart of what was, a generation ago, the great American desert, is now the common pride of Mormon and gentile. It is a monument which will be enduring, to the spirit of the far west and the wisdom of the pioneers."

In 1882 the government disfranchised polygamists, and in 1890 the church being in organized rebellion, its property was confiscated. A thousand polygamists were arrested and sent to prison. The church surrendered; the extinction of polygamy was promised. Monogamist laws were accepted by president and conference. Acts of

amnesty were passed in 1893-4, and Utah was admitted as a state in 1896.

The Edmunds law making plural cohabitation a crime, though made in Washington was not for Washington, and it never was applied elsewhere than in Utah. The Mormons in a measure disregarded it, as the legislators who made the law disregarded it, as all the people throughout the land disregarded it, each and all practising their pet wickedness in secret while denying it openly. It was surely a crime thus to break their promise and defy the law, but they had learned iniquity of late in the high-school of the nation. Hitherto they had pursued their tranquil way amid their flocks and families, whom they dearly loved, until their eyes were opened by the law-makers in Congress, where they were taught all the latest methods of how to fix things.

We all know that religious fanatics, Christian as well as pagan, will break the laws of man rather than the laws of God. But evolution is inexorable, and in giving religion the precedence over progress as refiner of the race our plurality friends reverse the natural order of things, and they must needs be told what more enlightened people know, that all along the ages religion has befogged the minds of men, leading them into fields of Golgotha, and inflicting on humanity every species of cruelty, wrong, and injustice, until seized and forced from its barbarities by civilization, by the unfolding of that saving grace which perforce must prove the redemption of the world.

When paganism says, "You can find no word in your scriptures against slavery, polygamy, and other like enormities," civilization can only reply, "Then there is somewhere in the universe a more refining influence than that derived from the old testament."

This ever-progressing force pronounces slavery and polygamy abominations whose sanction would bring ruin on the race. And if it is an evil in the open, how much more is it in crowded habitations.

All this, however, need not prevent a charitable view of the case. The sins of the righteous are many, and need forgiveness; they afford, however, no excuse for the sins of the wicked. But beneath the velvet robes of convention which enwrap soul and body who shall tell sheep from goats?

Sensualists you say? Not so, my friend; sensualism has small part in Mormon marriages, which are indeed a religious rite. Your true sensualist is not one with many wives, but one with many women and no wife.

It is the fashion for women to shriek and men to bluster at mention of the words Mormon, polygamy. It is well. Virtue must have its vindication, and the lack of it still greater vindication. But should we not remember that vice unmentionable has permanent lodgment with us? We know it and know it not. We shut our eyes and there is present no evil. High society sanctions it, loftily indifferent; respectability harbors it, apparently unconscious, while ministering to its high priests within the inner temple. Husband and son smile and frown, the wife and mother look the other way. Over the portal, invisible to all save those who fathom it, is written: There are more unchaste persons in every large city in Christendom than there are Mormon wives in Utah. Wherefore good people all, be as charitable as you choose to your lecherous loved ones, at the same time be a trifle fair to the much-married Mormon.

CHAPTER III

THE SILENT MYSTERY OF THE UNTENANTED PLAINS

TO the slowly unfolding intellect of early Mediterranean peoples, with their narrow horizon and dim self-consciousness, the world beyond their ken was not a world. In the north was a wall of ice, at the south a belt of fire, while all around and beyond were spirits of evil omen floating in space. There were assigned for departed souls a special place of torment for some and a land of happiness for others, and thus for the archaic ages all was properly arranged.

Far advanced from these limited imaginings were the minds of men when ages afterward the Atlantic became the Sea of Darkness with its island of Atlantis, its frozen north and melting south, and over beyond visions of Fair Cathay with the fragrant isles of the Celestial East; later to become a sea of light and pathway to an ocean beyond, the greatest of oceans, but destined for a time longer, like the others, to sit in darkness.

And for a century or two after the shores of the Pacific were well defined, and ships could sail about with confidence, and through these waters might even circumnavigate the globe, the interior of America remained as great a mystery as any of the mysteries preceding it.

Long after the settlement of Jamestown, or the coming of the Pilgrims from Holland, wild tales were current regarding the lands newly found, brought back to Spain and England by mariners from both oceans, who frequently paid no more regard to truth than suited their fancy or convenience. This might the more safely be

done as there was no one present to contradict their report.

Thus California was mapped as an island and peopled with Amazons. It was situated "on the right hand side of the Indies, very near the terrestrial paradise."

While journeying overland through Texas in 1535 Cabeza da Vaca heard of large cities toward the north, and when Friar Marcos de Niza was sent to investigate he deemed it best to find something; wherefore he discovered the seven cities of Cíbola, which he saw from a hill, the smallest of which was as large as the city of Mexico, he said.

It may have been an enlargement of the tenements of the Zuñi in the good friar's imagination, or it may have been pure invention. Whatever it was, or, rather, whatever it was not, it so fired the cupidity of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado as to lead to his famous expeditions to New Mexico in 1540. And although this conquistador could find no opulent cities he saw Niza's Cíbola, which were seven Pueblo villages, more or less. The houses were of dried mud and not worth destroying.

Then Coronado was told of Quivira, a brilliant city beyond, but on reaching the place he found it of straw. Yet he could not return empty-handed and with silent tongue; so another mythical Quivira was improvised, richer and more beautiful by far than any hitherto thought of, while the country around was a paradise.

Alonzo de Parades placed Quivira in Texas, Jefferys in Oregon, Purchas in the northwest, Acosta in Florida, Avity on the California coast below Mendocino; for did not Padre Freytas find the flitting city and write a full and true account of it, telling of all the magnificence he saw there, and of much that he did not see?

This myth was wholly a myth, a beautiful city made out of nothing and belonging nowhere, a living lie—if lies live—for two and a half centuries, as all that time all geographers charted it and all scholars accredited it.

In Hakluyt's edition of *Peter Martyr*, 1587, the great

northwest is an unexplored blank, with a *mar dulce* at latitude 60°, about midway of the continent, California is a peninsula, Quivira is on the coast at about latitude 40°, while a great lake stands over the name New Mexico. The coast of Cathay is about fifty degrees west of Drake's Nova Albion.

So the magic ball of mystery was kept rolling about upon the land as on the sea, and the cosmographers were not up to date who had not on their maps a fine broad channel cut through the continent in its widest part, and an *Anian regnum*, a *Quivira regnum*, and a *Tolm regnum*.

If so much was to be made out of the travels through the waste places by land, how much more might those who first sailed along the borders of the two Americas let fly their imagination over the land and write as the spirit dictated. Wherefore many were the apocryphal voyages to the northwest and through the strait of Anian, and many were the bungling falsehoods told, until when the truth began to appear the Northern Mystery was more mysterious than ever.

A dozen navigators testified as to the mythical strait; some had seen it, some had seen those who had seen it, some had sailed through it, and the king of Spain took steps to fortify it. Drake and Cavendish heard of a large inland sea in the north; Pedro Menendez saw not only the strait but a great city beside it; Maldonado sailed on it through the continent and back, both ways. The libraries became filled with such reports, and the most famous cosmographers always threw into their maps a plentiful supply of conjectural geography.

The subject again presents itself in the last chapter of this volume.

Next to send forth a written report on the coast of California after Cabrillo's survey to San Diego and the islands in 1542 was Francis Drake's chaplain, Fletcher, ready to turn his master's piracies into picnics, or sail his

ships through the Rocky mountains, at the cavalier's good pleasure.

It was a day long to be remembered when Drake beached his vessel in the cove above the Golden Gate, and Fletcher seated himself on the shore, fancy free, to write up his notes. As well make a good story, one that will please both Sir Drake and his gracious queen, Elizabeth.

So here it goes.

While thus engaged "came a man of large body and goodly aspect bearing the Septer or royal mace . . . whereupon hanged two crowns, a bigger and a lesser, with three chaines of a marvellous length. There is no part of earth here wherein there is not gold and silver. Infinite was the company of very large and fat Deere which there we saw by thousands, besides a multitude of a strange kind of Conies, his tayle like the tayle of a Rat."

The natives received the words of salvation with rapture, listening attentively to the reading of the scriptures, and when the strangers took their leave "with sighs and sorrowings, with heavy hearts and grived minds they poured out wofull complaints and moanes with bitter teares and wringing of their hands, tormenting themselves."

So like the California Digger, the lowest in the scale of humanity, eaters of mussels and grasshoppers, neither gold nor ground-squirrels being within many miles of them. Then as to the language, or of such speech as these clods were capable, the Reverend Fletcher forgets to mention how he managed it.

Some excuse was now wanting for discontinuing the voyage of discovery farther north, for as there were no treasure ships to capture in that vicinity, a change in the ship's course might prove advisable. Something startling to satisfy the queen must be found. To be frozen up would do—as they were sailing north, and no one knew that the icebergs of Alaska did not extend south to California in midsummer. And once free, the captain might

return to England through the strait of Anian,—Mr. Fletcher could easily make it read correctly in the narrative—or take a junketing trip around the world, as he should elect. Whereupon the worthy chaplain continues. They "used to come shivering to us in their warm furres crowding close together body to body, to receive heate one of another. Oh! how unhandsome and deformed appeared the face of the earth it selfe." Having set sail, the ice so covered the ropes and clung to the rigging that the sailors could not navigate the ship. Hence the captain was actually compelled to turn back and watch the Manila galleon on its way to Acapulco.

Other navigators following in Drake's tracks to the coast of California passed on and spoke to the Chinooks of the Columbians and the Aleuts of the Hyperboreans, but none of them ventured inland.

Therefore two and a half centuries after the coming of Cortés to Mexico the vast northern interior slept on in silence, unknowing and unknown, all without a mystery to those within, all within a mystery to those without.

Cárdenas, one of Coronado's captains, in 1540 saw the Moqui towns in latitude 36′, and the grand cañon of the Colorado, while another of his officers found the mouth of the river and ascended the stream nearly to the Gila.

Juan de Oñate was on the Colorado in 1604, fifty years before the organization of the Hudson Bay company, more than fifty years before either Père Marquette or La Salle were in the Mississippi valley, and 188 years before Alexander Mackenzie ascended Peace river.

All this time the great interior Plains of North America, prairie mountains and desert, particularly such parts as are now of the United States, remained if not unknown to at least untenanted by civilization.

We call them untenanted; civilization so calls them, because in our arrogance we hold all the works of creation as nothing beside the white man. As nothing this

great continental amphitheatre, and the amphitheatre of ocean beyond, silent, mysterious, the one as the other, yet full to the brim of nature's handiwork, musical with the voices of nature, beings reveling in the joys of life, reveling in the jaws of death, yet empty, we say, because the rapacious European man is not there to kill and eat, or to destroy. A waste of land and water, and all that therein is, if peradventure the white man cannot use it all.

There they were these few short centuries ago, as nature made them. Nature, who made us all, and who filled the earth and sea with living things to kill and eat each other, and the European to kill and eat all. This we know because it is so, and because the white man, having no master on this earth, must incontinently fall to and master and kill each other.

Were it not for this bad habit which men have of domestic destruction, a habit still in vogue among nations of the foremost civilization, such as was practised in the primitive days of savagism, these Plains might thousands of years ago have been stocked with humanity thicker than Europe contains, while if the Europeans, with civilization and Christianity, had become what some would consider reasonable, and stopped hacking each other in pieces while inventing machinery for expediting neighborly slaughter, many additions would ere this have had to be built out into the sea to give the people standing room, which would have been harder work and not half so pleasant as killing.

Strange that man should be the only animal that makes war upon its kind. Had the savages of North America been content to live as the buffaloes live, they might have covered these Plains as the buffaloes covered them; in which case again there would have been too many men in the world, which would have made the task of their extermination more difficult, if indeed the Europeans themselves had not been long since exterminated by the aboriginal Americans.

Great was the waste of the buffalo, the grandest animal of the Plains, having been for ages the food and clothing, the providence and protection of millions of humanity, serving God also in feeding the hungry wolf and the lonely catamount. Of the sixty millions of this noble beast which were rollicking over the prairie when the white man came there were scarcely six hundred living at the end of the century. Under new conditions the number is now slowly increasing.

Thus the Plains were an enchanted land, a land of mystery and romance, full of toil and adventure, full of life and death, the perils of the wilderness only adding to its charm.

Untenanted. No one there, no person and no thing that counts. Myriads of wild beasts were on the land, and birds and fishes in the air and water. Many bands of wild men roamed hither and thither, all rejoicing in life, all snarling in death, each striving to escape destruction while destroying the others.

The savages are silent in their wars as in other things, no noise of guns or clash of steel, but only the death-rattle and scalp-halloo. Ages upon ages, like the fishes in the sea, they rollicked along, happy in multiplying their kind for others of their kind to destroy.

Useless asking whence they came and when; useless asking why they kill; they were made so, as white men are so made. And as for age, they have been there ten hundred or ten million years; they may have been there always, whatever that should signify. Of their death we can predict with some certainty, for civilization blasts savagism; the two cannot breathe the same air.

Your true savage is not a subject for civilization. Once a savage he is always a savage. A veneer of culture does not constitute civilization. Centuries of use may improve his skill with the weapons of his ancestors, but he invents no new weapon. He carries the same spear, the

same bow and arrow, the same tomahawk and knife that the ancient warriors of his people carried a thousand years ago, though iron may have taken the place of flint. The invention of a new instrument or agency when it comes must come as the precursor or product of civilization, which springs from another and a different germ dropped into the same or other soil, a germ instinct with the element of self-development.

There is a large unoccupied waste of water in the south Pacific where might be placed a continent twice as large as South America and leave around it ample space for navigation. Doubtless land stood there once and may do so again. The place is now used to grow little fish for the big fish to eat.

Whence it appears that the sea was not made for man but for fishes, of which it keeps fairly full notwithstanding the insatiate feedings one upon another. Then were the savages made for naught, and the wild beasts in their devourings, or only to be supplanted by creatures with a will and capacity for still greater devourings? And this civilized creature who has tamed the Plains, will he some time tame the sea, and then on sea and land continue forever his self-spoliation and beastly devourings?

We cannot clear the ocean of its inhabitants as we have cleared the Plains, else we would; we would clear off and appropriate the sun and moon and stars if we were able; there is no limit to our greed.

Very like the ocean were the treeless rolling lands of the fertile prairies, with their coarse grain feeding countless beasts to be served as food to other countless beasts. Then come the mountains, as one goes west, and after them the desert, then other mountains and deserts and valleys.

East of the continental axis the low lying prairies roll eastward from its feet a thousand miles to the waters of the Mississippi system, whose fall is less than 1600 feet in their sluggish flow of over 3000 miles, the fertile soil capa-

ble of feeding all Europe. On the western side the Pacific highlands, swells of table-lands and deserts, rich in minerals and fertile enough for growing food with the artificial application of water.

There were in the southwest the fierce Apaches, who under a famous chief brought formidable forces into the field; hundreds of tribes of nomadic Algonquins, chasing their perpetual enemies the Sioux, Foxes, and Iroquois around the great lakes; the Cheyennes and Blackfeet watching from their retreats in the mountains and along the streams the long line of emigrants in their toilsome journey; many there were like the Missouri, the Iowa, the Kansas, the Omahas, the Dakotas who gave their names to the white man's towns and states; then the Crows, Utes, and Sheshones farther west.

Down from the far northeast many thousand moons ago came a great people, perhaps from somewhere, say the tower of Babel, by way of northern Europe to Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, thence southwest through the valley of the Ohio and on to the New Mexico and to old Mexico, a thousand year pilgrimage, perhaps, leaving on the way mounds of various devices filled with arrow-heads and other implements, and on which great trees are growing; also Casas Grandes, and towns and tenements of sun-dried brick, and other evidences of their former presence.

Gradually during the latter part of the seventeenth century the Northern Mystery began to disappear, not by inroads from the sea but from land excursions along the coast, thus making way for the expulsion of the greater Mystery of the Plains.

For example, Père Marquette passing down the Mississippi in 1673 noted the mouth of the Missouri, and wrote, "Through this I hope to reach the gulf of California, and thence the East Indies." Baron la Hontan, in the account of his famous imaginary journey to the far west in 1688,

was obliged to retain the myth of the Northern Mystery with its Anian strait and flitting Quivira, though he had myths enough of his own at hand for substitution had he so desired. For only twenty-six years prior to the baron's alleged journey Governor Diego de Penalosa had made a trip to New Mexico in which he claimed to have reached the original Quivira somewhere to the northeast of Santa Fé.

Padre Kino in his pious labors in Pimeria Alta became deeply interested in the Northern Mystery. With Captain Mange he visited the Gila and Colorado, and two years later, in 1701, stood with Salvatierra on the mainland shore of the upper gulf, in latitude 31° or 32° still discussing the questions whether or not California was an island.

So late as 1768 Jefferys riddles his map of the northern part of North America with bays and straits, making of the country more than half water. Fuca strait is a broad waterway extending from the ocean to Hudson bay; another strait lies to the north of it, widened in the middle by the lake de Fonte. Anian and Quivira are given, as well as "Sierras Nevadas, 1542," "new Albion," and "Mountains of Bright Stones."

Entrances to this inland amphitheatre on every side were provided by nature. Nor were the Plains without their pathways. Roads there were, thousands of them thousands of years old, each significant of something, but to be read only by the initiated, roads along the rivers or to and from watering places, through mountain gateways and over sandy wastes; roads cut broad and deep into the tough earth or obliterated here and there by action of the elements. These tracks the traveller could find and follow for half his way across the continent.

Trappers and fur-hunters were the first of European origin to break the spell; after them at intervals came the emigrant, with his long lines of ox-teams and hooded wagons, passing on to the western beyond, leaving the land

in the same primeval stillness in which he had found it. Then came the settler, decades after it may be, and broke that stillness forever.

When the great fur monopolies of New France fell in pieces private adventurers skirted the great lakes and percolated southward through the mountains. From the Montreal fair every summer many young men, fascinated by forest life, returned with the savages to their distant homes in the mountains or on the plains, and became almost as wild as their native associates, hunting, trapping, paddling canoes and roaming the woods. Thus came to the front the class of *voyageurs* and *coureurs des bois* which became a fur-hunting feature of the century.

Movements in the fur trade were made in 1762 at New Orleans by Laclède, Maxan and company and at St. Louis by Auguste and Pierre Chouteau. Their operations carried them northward toward Michilimackinac rather than westward beyond the Missouri. The Northwest company ruled in state at Fort William, on Lake Superior; their rivals were the Hudson Bay company in the north and northwest rather than the French in the south.

Independence and St. Joseph sent American trappers up the Missouri and into Oregon, comparatively few of them finding their way along the Platte and into Utah and the great desert. The Missouri Fur company operated nearer home, chiefly in the Rocky mountains. As John Jacob Astor failed to carry out his project of a line of forts to the Pacific, the traffic of the intermediate plains was less in consequence, and left more to individual operators, as Ashly, Sublette, James Bridger, and Jedediah Smith, the last named later conspicuous in the Santa Fé trade. Operating in the Colorado basin at one time were James P. Beckworth and Bill Williams, trappers and explorers.

Nothing was more significant of the primitive condition of the Plains so late as 1832 than such expeditions, half military and half commercial, as those of Major

Pilcher and Captain Bonneville. Pilcher's adventures took him to the upper Colorado; thence he trapped northward to Fort Colville, and after an absence of two years returned by way of the Athabasca, suffering severely meanwhile from famine and hostile natives.

Captain Bonneville with a force of 110 men visited Utah, Nevada, and Oregon, sending his guide, Walker, with a division over the Sierra into California. So strong was the opposition he encountered in the Hudson Bay company and others, and being inexperienced in both hunting and trading, the enterprise ended in failure. Another larger undertaking meeting with a similar result was that of Captain Wyeth. Thus these expeditions by their wide attempts and failures tended to discourage enterprise in that quarter and lock up the interior from development for some time longer.

CHAPTER IV

MIGRATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT

THE New England colonists were a thrifty people. They preferred to labor with their hands rather than keep others to do it for them. The natives were averse to labor; the colonists had no desire to fight them; they wanted only that they should go farther back into the woods and keep out of the way. They did not care to engage them in fur-hunting, as in Canada, nor to employ them on plantations, as in Mexico. There were a few negro slaves at one time scattered among them, but human slavery was an institution that did not appeal to them. They were an agricultural people and preferred farming their lands in a moderate way themselves; when they required help they called in a neighbor, and it was help, not servitude, that rendered the assistance. The hired man sat at the table with them, and it may be married the daughter.

Children came to them; they learned to love their New England home; they loved their freedom and enjoyed the exercise on their own behalf of the persecutions from which they had fled.

This for a time. Then as they cleared away the trees and laid bare the scanty soil, the stones grew heavier as they gathered them for fencing, and their minds reverted to the rich lands to the westward where their toil should secure better results.

In Virginia it was different; the gentlemen planters were not accustomed to manual labor. Their sons regarded work as beneath them, and it was left to imported African

slaves and the poor white trash who owned no land, which rendered labor still more degrading. Slavery flourished; larger plantations were wanted for cotton, and the tobacco plant soon exhausted the soil; so the southern colonists also turned their eyes westward, thinking all the while how best to rid the land of the red man.

Meanwhile society in the south became quite aristocratic; the planters built sumptuous homes, and lived regally, returns from their cotton and tobacco bringing them all the requirements of pomp and luxury. They arrayed themselves in the paraphernalia of wealth, the men in three-cornered hats, velvet waistcoats, and knee breeches, the women in stiff brocades, hoop skirts, feathers, and furbelows.

Had the *Mayflower* pilgrims made their settlement at Jamestown, and had the gentlemen adventurers from England landed on Plymouth rock, history would have a different tale to tell.

Independence secured, the birth of a new nation accomplished, and the active mind of the American people took a look around to see what next should be done. The view was dim from the vastness of its surroundings. New conditions brought new trains of thought. Statesmen and business men were alike perplexed. There was practically no currency in the country, no proper measure of values, and no way of determining what things were worth even if money had been plentiful. On one side of the ocean were the old homes of the colonists, the land of their forefathers, overcrowded with people, the poor hustled aside by the rich, the weak preyed upon by the strong. On the other side were lands of limitless vistas, all their own, dropped down upon them as from the sky.

A spirit of conservatism fell upon them, not quite natural and by no means enduring. They were timid yet curious. Like a maiden on the verge of matrimony they were fascinated by the unknown and yet repelled by the

inevitable. They thought of where they might go and what they might do; they thought of the application of industry to their wild domain, of farms and factories, of unbuilt cities supplanting transitory wigwams.

Small bands of neighbors crossed the Alleghanies and penetrated north and south and west. The great valley of the Ohio, the first New World tribute won from France, was as yet but little known, and the wooded hills and rich valley lands compelled their scrutiny.

Beyond the Mississippi the government sent out expeditions to see and report what this Louisiana land was like,—Lewis and Clarke, and Long, and Pike. The border lines of Mexico were vague; already her hold on Texas was weakening. On the Pacific, the forty-second parallel should be her limit. The government explorers saw much, but there was more which they did not see.

These new Americans had their work before them; they had an empire to build and they must be about it. Land was their basis of economic prosperity. In the old country land was limited and difficult for the poor man to obtain, but here it was almost free. Nothing so valuable and yet nothing so cheap. The old ideals must be readjusted to fit new conditions. The hesitancy, which indeed was nothing more than proper reflection, soon passed away as potential paths of prosperity appeared leading westward.

On one side was the old land and the old life, on the other an unexplored world of romance. During the first hundred years of colonial occupation little attention was given to metes and bounds. There was land enough for all. The New Englanders were restless. The Dutch at New Netherland had only to sail up their beautiful Hudson to a charming country beyond. The Friends were quite content with the allotments of their great chief, while the Virginians, the most migratory of all the colonists, could drop down into the Carolinas should they desire a change.

As time passed by many began to consider yet more earnestly their limitations on the coast, and to think more of the rich valley of the Ohio which still served the purpose only of a French and Indian hunting ground, having so remained since the fall of France in America, which gave England the entire country back to the Mississippi. The several colonies were quite ready to take possession of these newly acquired lands, since some one must own them, and parcel them out among themselves, giving to each a strip westward equal in width to its ocean frontage. As Massachusetts then comprised the entire northern end of New England abutting on the province of Quebec, created by the English king for the occupation of his new French subjects, the Saint Lawrence and the lakes still intervening, she was obliged to make the Detroit river the initial point of her western possessions, carrying the northern boundary line up to the middle of Lake Michigan.

Connecticut came next with a claim covering parts of what are now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Then followed Virginia marking out a large area which included Kentucky. In like manner the Carolinas claimed Tennessee and Georgia, all that was left down to Florida, which was still occupied by the Spaniards. After the organization of the federal union the boundaries of the several states were defined, and all the surplus territories heretofore claimed by them were ceded to the United States, thus becoming federal domain.

It was natural enough that in their migrations westward the inhabitants of the original states should keep for the most part each along its own lines of latitude, climate and other conditions being more like those of their own homes than were to be found north or south of those lines. Thus it was that the northern part of the Ohio valley was settled largely from New England. Indiana was tinctured with driftings upward from the south, which indications were yet more pronounced in Illinois, though

cotton tobacco and slavery never flourished in the lake states.

Westward migration thus made its first halt in the valley of the Ohio, where it rested half a century. Beyond the Mississippi another half century was occupied in planting settlements and making states in the region extending back to the Rocky mountains, and in looking after California and her gold.

With the acquisition and occupation of the Mississippi valley the feeling prevailed that the limit had been reached. The Alleghanies and the great lakes were at first regarded the proper and natural western boundary, between which and the Atlantic was ample room for the expansion of a great nation. Compared with European powers its area was larger than the largest of all save Russia, whose vast holdings were an element of weakness rather than strength. Fortunately the Americans did not realize all that was before them, else they might have shrunk from responsibilities to which they were not yet accustomed. But human progress at best is but a blind stumble forward; we work for the present while building for the future. Every decade of the century has its own period of transition, and it is not easy to say which is the most important.

A Yankee schoolmaster, in 1792, invented a machine to pick the seeds from cotton, and Eli Whitney's cotton gin doubled the value and importance twice over of half the nation's greatest industry.

Robert Fulton, in 1807, attached to the sides of his Hudson river boat paddle-wheels driven by steam, and soon on all the great rivers and lakes of the United States were steamboats, stirring up traffic and carrying civilization to remote regions. In 1819 the steamer *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic, and behold! a hundred years later a hundred king's palaces upon the water, two hundred mighty vessels of war, a thousand transportation ships, all

threading the paths of ocean as if following the streets of a city.

In 1831 cars were drawn by a locomotive over fifteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. At this time there were in all, horse and steam, thirty-two miles of railroad in the United States; three quarters of a century later, there were of horse, steam, and electric roads more than 250,000 miles.

In 1837 Samuel Morse came forward with his telegraph, which was the beginning, after Benjamin Franklin's kite-flying, of applied electricity, which led to those wonderful discoveries under Edison. Then, just where the century hinges, within little more than a brief decade, we capture California, scoop up millions of gold, fight to a finish a war for the Union, giving up thereto a million of the finest young men north and south that ever lived, emancipated and enfranchised four millions of slaves, practically placed their masters in subjection to them, and then——! Then what? A carnival of crime, and which alas! is not yet ended.

Looking back over the first half of the century under consideration times may seem dull, methods crude, and progress slow. But in truth, great as were the works of the second half, the works of the first half were relatively greater. For it was then that was conceived and brought forth by the American people certain industrial achievements, to say nothing of politics and society, which exerted a powerful influence upon the advancement of the country in peace and prosperity, and which, considering the time and place, and the result of human effort with the resources at command, may be likened to work on the pyramids of Egypt or the great wall of China. These enterprises were the construction during the years 1806 to 1838, of a national turnpike 834 miles in length, from Fort Cumberland on the Potomac through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Jefferson city, Missouri; the Erie canal, in 1817-25, from the Hudson river to Lake Erie; with other

important toll roads and canals, and the opening of rivers and lakes to steam navigation.

An important part in the many and widespread migrations was played by these and other historic highways, the wagon-roads and canals through and around the Appalachian range, as the Braddock road from the Potomac to the Monongahela, which for a time was the only highway into the upper Ohio country, and the most important thoroughfare into the west.

Soon after the revolutionary war the Pennsylvania state wagon-road, known as the old Glade road, was built through the glades of Pennsylvania, changing Fort Duquesne to Fort Pitt, and becoming an important factor in the expansive movement that followed.

The widening of the Delaware Nemacolin's path by Washington in 1754 exercised a marked influence on what followed. Boone's wilderness road to Kentucky from Virginia through Cumberland gap was one of the most difficult to achieve of any, and at the same time the most important, as it opened to the Atlantic seaboard the great west and made possible the settling of Kentucky. The social movement thus accomplished was one of the marvels of the eighteenth century.

Though for the most part long since forgotten the military roads of the Mississippi basin after serving their purpose in the conquest of the old northwest proved important in the subsequent settlement of the country.

An extraordinary spasm of emigration, brief but powerful, broke out just prior to the purchase of Louisiana, owing to the brilliant prospects in that region incident to the close of the Indian wars and the possible acquisition of a foothold in that country by the United States.

A commerce of the prairies with Mexico set in over the Santa Fé trail while Santa Fé was yet in Mexico.

Already at the opening year of the century the waterways of westward expansion had been sought out and

proved, and the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri became the great highways of emigration. Then came the great canals, the Chesapeake and the Ohio, the Pennsylvania and the Erie. And then the Cumberland turnpike, the first national road, using in its construction whatever was available from the Washington and Braddock roads, and carrying into the west when completed thousands of aspirants for greater things with all their wealth of intellect, energy, and material effects.

The Cumberland national road was constructed by clearing of trees a space sixty feet wide, in the middle of which thirty feet were leveled, and in the middle of the thirty feet a strip twenty feet wide was overlaid with crushed stone eighteen inches thick in the centre, sloping to twelve inches on either side. The largest pieces of the broken stone were seven inches in diameter for the bottom and three inches at the top. Tolls were collected over the greater part of the road.

Ninety and more appropriations, state and congressional, were required to raise the requisite ten or twelve millions, as difficult a matter and imposing a greater burden upon the people than any four hundred million Panamá canal appropriation of the present day.

Over this thoroughfare poured a stream of population, thousands from Europe as well as those from the Atlantic states, which, percolating through the minor channels of intercommunication, multiplied the midcontinent inhabitants, and overspreading the plains beyond crossed the mountains and deserts, finally debouching upon the golden shores of the Pacific.

All along the length of it, like the paved street of a city cut through the wilds of country, were seen families and associations rolling their great wagons westward with ease and comfort, the men attended by women and children, mounted and on foot, with cows and sheep and chickens, and all the concomitants of settlement and civilization, meeting on the way droves of fat cattle, and wagons

piled high with food products for the markets of the east. For this highway of happiness, the medium of wealth and progress at a critical juncture in the development of the country, thanks are due in greater part to Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin.

The Erie canal, then the largest in the world, and of which Governor Clinton of New York was father, stimulated progress at the east and in the lake region by bringing the Atlantic into water communication with the great inland seas. The effect on New York city was marvelous, causing it to shoot forward rapidly in population past Philadelphia, doubling the distance in 1830, trebling it by 1840, and having four times the population of the Quaker city in 1850. Meanwhile manufactures developed in New England, and transportation was further facilitated by the construction of other wagon-roads and canals.

A thousand flat-boats and barges floated down the Ohio carrying empire to the prairie-lands beyond the Mississippi. These were followed by the steamboat, which marked an era in midcontinent progress. Steamboating on the Mississippi, all in the roaring forties, the tales that are told!—tales of racing, betting, drinking, a plantation lost and won at a single sitting, tales of love and crime, of broken heads and broken hearts.

As an epoch in the evolution of our commonwealth, the pathways of the Plains, their utilization and obliteration, will ever stand unique. A single decade defines the period, from 1846 to 1856, and includes the hegira overland, to which indeed another ten years may be added for exploitation and yet further development.

The time is somewhat long it is true, to serve as a turning point in our country's short history, were it not that during this period events were introduced which made the difference in the end as between a rather commonplace American republic and a great nation potential in the affairs of the world.

A great nation, the greatest of nations, though it was some time before we found it out, some time before the other nations found it out, though the latter may have been first to realize the situation.

First there was the war with Mexico. Looking back to that time we were indeed, as it seems to us now, a petty power, with no small bluster of fledgeling generals and captains going to war with what we knew to be a weaker fellow than ourselves, and for the noble purpose of giving to southern chivalry more slave territory, though the great state of Texas had but just been secured to the south for that purpose.

The Mexican war. Oh, yes! we fought and bled and died for our country there, at Monterey and Chapultepec, and the rabble that won easy victories over the half-clad, ill-armed, and ill officered Mexicans have been boasting of it and drawing pensions ever since. However this may be the result brought us California; California brought us gold; gold brought us to the attention of the world, and to our Pacific shores a good class of representatives from all the nations, many of whom remained, and after the first flush of mining fever was over turned their attention to finance, merchandise, and agriculture, lending their aid to the upbuilding of a commonwealth of which they were among the most valued members.

Then came the war for the Union, which brought an end to slavery, and citizenship to some millions of an alien servile race. And graft came also, glorious graft! Our country, great in all things, greatest of all in graft; and the monster is still with us.

To return to our pathways of the Plains, whose obliteration wipes out the only record coming to us of the ages of darkness, and whose utilization marks the incoming of another race with other life objects in view. Here was a vast amphitheatre lying between the two greatest oceans edged by civilization but wild within. In this wilderness

was little that was visible of human life or design. In the vicinity of the streams, running mostly east and west, were clearly marked paths, or series of paths, sometimes in single ruts of two or three feet in depth, sometimes in broad roadways a hundred feet in width.

These pathways extended at intervals across the continent for a thousand or two thousand miles, over plains, mountains, and deserts, the continuity frequently broken but only to be resumed, and always in the main trending east and west. Lateral lines of lesser mark ran off to north and south, but soon terminating in the hills, or in some woods, or in grassy meadows; there were no main aboriginal thoroughfares extending north and south.

Plainly these roadways were first made by the wild beasts, notably by buffalo in their daily stampede for water. Then they were used by the Indians, then by the fur-hunters, and finally by the wagon-driving emigrants, the overland stage, the pony express riders, and the railways.

Overland motorists are becoming interested in these ancient pathways, which will doubtless exercise an influence in the proposed construction of a national automobile highway across the continent, just as the attention of European motorists was attracted by the Roman roads in England, begun by Julius Cæsar and afterward extended into a network covering the whole country with a line 2500 miles in length.

Scenes of the century pass through the mind with transformations as startling in their rapidity as they are inexorable in their decrees. As something present they are romance; as something past, a dream.

A wide spread of sage-brush desert banked on the east by mountains, wooded or treeless, and on the other sides by more desert, with salty lakes, and sluggish streams, and alkaline water-holes, and yet other far away mountains. Oases here and there, with fresh-water wells, and an opalesque sky spreading across the cactus plain the seductive

mirage, while beyond are brown hills rolling in the pellucid air.

A garden of the gods with far away stretches of land and water, of mountain foliage and burning plain under a low-lying sun, with its unclad humanity moving among strangely named beasts and plucking the unforbidden fruit. A hundred different tribes with a hundred different faiths and languages and customs, each with an unwritten history running back into an eternity of darkness for thousands of years, but now to be rudely terminated, nations thrust out over the brink, and all primeval life strangled.

This is to make room for the second part, an ethnic miracle here to be wrought, not only the incoming of a new race, but the creation of a new race, the west-American man, quite as different from the east-American as from the southerner.

Wide over these plains we see nothing to mark the presence of any former people; we see nothing to denote the migrations of any present humanity save these fine interlacing lines denoting the pathways of nature, and the line of earth-work before mentioned slanting down from Labrador to western Mexico.

Game of all sorts was there, each kind choosing its own habitat. Elk and deer in the mountains, antelope gliding gracefully over the rolling prairie, horses broken loose from Mexico that freedom had made wild, herds of bellowing buffalo stampeding at evening in a cloud of dust down to the river to drink. With the wild beasts were mingled wild men, while between all crafty fortune-hunters threaded their dangerous way to spy out the land and gather from its hidden treasures.

This continental interior, regarded at first as a worthless domain, and called in various parts bad lands, waste lands, great American desert, and the like, was found on exploitation to be full of natural wealth, gold silver and copper, iron and coal, stately forests and succulent grasses. The soil which on the surface appeared like drifted sand

in the sage-brush, was found upon the application of water to be rich in alluvium, and fertile beyond belief. Even in the denuded mountain region emigrant stock reduced to a skeleton and turned loose in the autumn to die, found under the snow which they learned to scrape away with nose and feet, and also where the wind had laid bare the ground, a dry nutritious grass which brought out the animals in the spring to the eyes of their astonished owners sleek and fat, and opened the way to those great cattle-ranges which brought wealth to so many. Each of these several industries evolved a new order of sovereign men, and the mountains became alive with magnates.

After 1830 the paths of the fur-hunters were relegated back into the hills, and the wagons of the emigrants began to mark out roads for wheeled vehicles over the prairie, to be followed forty years later by the railroads. It was not an uncommon occurrence in early railroading experience for trains to stop to let pass a stampeding herd of buffalo, while shooting game from the car window was sometimes permitted.

Along the too often waterless wagon-trails to Oregon in the early forties and to California in the early fifties, poured a stream of west-bound emigrants seeking land and gold and adventure. Long lines of creaking prairie schooners behind strings of yoked oxen, or of mixed teams of mules, horses, and cows, with piled-up household paraphernalia, all of their belongings, attended by women and children, men and boys, on foot and horseback, rolled out from Independence and St. Joseph into the wooded borderland, and on into the broad prairies, over the snow-clad mountains through the torrid heat of the desert, with its sage-brush foliage, and on to the shores of the Pacific, where the tide of travel was thrown back upon itself and the hardy adventurers, scattering themselves up and down the coast, were forced to work out their destiny without further cavil.

For material progression has ever been toward the west,

the intellectual closely attendant, and the ultimate west attained, there comes the unfolding of a new civilization, a western development. There is no eastern civilization; it is long since dead. Hence on reaching the eastern shore of the Pacific, westward civilization ceased to be migratory. The old East is met by the new West, and comes to it to school; and the new West still has before it the greatest work ever undertaken by man, the intellectual conquest and economic reduction of the half-civilized peoples bordering this mightiest of oceans.

The routes overland are essentially the same to-day as were those marked out first by the natives and the fur-hunters, and later followed by emigrant-wagons, stages, and steam-cars.

Fifty years before Lewis and Clarke set out to explore the region purchased from Napoleon, the scientific savage Moncacht Apé had made the same journey, up the Missouri and down the Columbia, an account of which is given by the French savant Le Page du Pratz. Not long afterward Jonathan Carver made his way into the land of the Dacotahs, and mapped the Shining mountains veined with gold, the River of the West flowing into the Western sea, and New Year's Haven, as he called the bay of San Francisco.

In 1745, and again in 1776, England offered a reward of £20,000 for the discovery by a British ship of a strait from Hudson bay to the Pacific, and the land journeys of Hearne and Mackenzie followed.

At the same time Lieutenant Pike and Major Long made expeditions to the Rocky mountains for the United States, as before stated. All along down the lines of the great ranges routes were established through the passes, as at Peace river, Kootenai, Cajon, Klamath, South pass, Wahsatch, Mimbres, Tehuantepec, and scores of others.

From the Missouri river the Oregon and California emigrants took the same trail to Fort Hall, whence the

California-bound followed the direction of the Goose creek mountains, and of the Goose creek and Raft river branches of Snake river to the rim of the Great Salt lake basin, and by an easy though desert road to the sources of the Humboldt near Humboldt wells. The rush of emigrants over the Oregon trail in 1845 proved an important factor in securing that region to the United States.

After the Mormons had made their way into Salt Lake valley, Weber pass was found, and through it the road went from South pass to Salt Lake by a more direct route than by the old trapper trail via Fort Hall. The California-bound who rested at Salt Lake sought the traverse from the Malade valley along the rim of the basin, striking the old California road from Fort Hall at the source of Raft river, following up that stream and then over the Humboldt divide.

There were many roads and passes in the south while yet California was a territory of Mexico. Conspicuous among them the Santa Fé trail, as gay with traffic and equipage as the treasure-train road across the Panamá isthmus. Santa Fé was reached by wagon road from Independence, the trail thence to Los Angeles bearing northwest by the Calinas and Wahsatch mountains, and through the Cajon pass to San Bernardino. Below this was the Zuñi road from Santa Fé to Albuquerque and the Gila road by Apache pass.

The influence of natural conditions on routes and settlements was paramount. Water and grass were of the first consideration, after these altitude, roughness, and woodiness were taken into account. The emigrant road through the Rocky mountains to Oregon was in open country most of the way, with wooded hills in the distance.

The desert road to California, rendered less dangerous by the Humboldt river, was marked out by Walker, chief of the notable Bonneville expedition in 1833, an actual path-maker, Fremont who followed in his footsteps being at best but a path-finder, as he has rightly been designated.

The Oregonians who accompanied Marshall to California, and there made the gold-discovery, were not governed by considerations of wagoning, and simply retraced the trail of the California and Oregon herders with pack-animals.

Sutter had not long been established in the Sacramento valley before discovering the advantages of the northern and southern routes for a road from the east, as he pointed out to Wilkes on his visit to California in 1841.

When the Central Pacific railroad was begun at Sacramento the wagon-road which led up to the ridge forming the northern rim of the American river basin was followed instead of that ascending the valley of that river. The wagon-road was completed through Donner pass several years before the railroad was built, and was known at that time as the Dutch Flat and Virginia city wagon-road.

In the fifties railroad extension brought new economic conditions and a marked intellectual expansion. In the sixties were moral and financial revolutions, arising notably from the creeping in of political and commercial corruption.

For half a century after the Louisiana purchase, and for ten or twenty years after the acquisition of the California country, the Plains were held by their aboriginal inhabitants, whose normal attitude was one of hostility, first as among themselves, and always in regard to strangers who entered their domain. Ever watchful, ever alert, like the wild beast that shared their home, they perforce must guard their lives night and day, without cessation, from the beginning to the end.

Among the habitants of this region was the same physical uniformity, modified by individual environment, to be found throughout the two Americas, the same difference from all other peoples with the same likeness to each other. Yet in no other quarter could greater disparity be found than between the Iroquois and Seminoles of the

east and the western Shoshone of the Nevada desert and the nameless Digger of the California coast.

The Chinooks of the Columbia were mild and intelligent as compared with the fierce Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico and the roving Comanches of Texas, while the Sioux of the Missouri and the Zuñi of the Colorado differ still further in their ways, yet all with resemblances enough to make of them one people.

By far the largest of American migrations in a single body was that of the Mormons to Utah. The movement was not unlike that of the Puritans from England and Holland; the cause, religious and social persecution; the result a new and flourishing commonwealth established in a desert country.

It was a stirring eventuality in overland travel, the presence of the Saints in Utah, by whose door the emigrant trails led. Driven from their several abiding places at the east, they had longed for a resting-place in a land beyond the limits of the United States. In pursuance of this desire they had turned their face westward. There were islands in the Pacific; the California country of which Utah was a part belonged to Mexico, though the war was now tamely raging which was to result in its dismemberment.

It was the spring of 1846, and they set forth to the number of 12,000 in three divisions, their objective point, or rendezvous, being as yet undetermined. One detachment sailed in the ship *Brooklyn* from New York in charge of Elder Samuel Brannan; another detachment was formed into a Mormon battalion, and took the Santa Fé trail to fight battles for the people who had cast them out; the main body crossed the plains from Omaha in 800 wagons under Brigham Young, who as he entered the valley of the Great Salt lake, said "Here we will rest; God so wills it." And he sent word to all his people to come to him there.

But meanwhile changes had occurred. The Mormon battalion were surprised on reaching San Diego to see the American flag flying there. Elder Brannan after touching at the Hawaiian islands came to San Francisco and set his Saints at raising grain on the San Joaquin. Some of them were digging at the tail-race of Sutter's mill when Marshall found gold. Then broke forth bedlam indeed among the brethren. They called the place Mormon bar where they could pick it up by the handful, Elder Samuel standing by taking tithes.

In vain Brigham called, they would not come. Gold was a stronger magnet than godliness. Some of them later, either filled to repletion or broken on the wheel of misfortune, made their way to the City of the Saints, but most of them turned renegade.

Elder Brannan gathered an ample harvest, none of which ever entered the valley of the Saints' Rest. Saint Sam was now a convert to Californianism. Finally one of the innocents picked up the courage to ask a lawyer, "How much longer can brother Brannan collect tithes from us?" "Just as long as you are fools enough to pay them," was the reply.

Sam was well satisfied, however, having by this time scraped together a fortune. It was no small thing to have two or three hundred able bodied men, obedient to his call, to reap the first crop from rich placers around Coloma, and Sam blossomed out into San Francisco's first magnate.

Everybody called him Sam, and smiled at his late following of polygamous saints. For a time he had more ready money than any other man in California. He sent to China for chiseled stone and set up several four-story granite front structures on Montgomery street, which rose up out of the mud, great pillars of prosperity, the wonder and envy of the home-returning diggers.

He went in for banks, for express companies, for gambling emporiums. He learned to out-do in blasphemy Brigham Young, who from his great tabernacle on the

mountain heights was hurling far-reaching maledictions against the United States and all therein, even while he was honored by said states with an appointment as governor of the territory. At length Sam took to farms and town-building, and finally came to grief. Sam laid out the springs of Calistoga, when, alas! absinthe caught and laid out Sam.

After the Mormon exodus from Illinois, came to Utah that constant succession of caravans which were enticed westward by California gold. The fierce antagonisms already existing were intensified by the abusive language of the emigrants, and a disposition on the part of the Mormons to take advantage of the travellers' necessities.

The valley of the Great Salt lake was well situated as a half-way house between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast. The plains and great divide had been traversed by the weary emigrants, the desert and Sierra yet remained. The Mormons were on the ground two years before the heaviest travel to Oregon and California had begun, time sufficient to plant and harvest enough and to spare. Amicable treatment and fair exchange were to the advantage of both. The emigrants wanted rest and refreshments for themselves and cattle; the Mormons, poor and lacking everything, were glad to get whatever the emigrants could spare. Both people were likewise in the main honest, kind-hearted, and thrifty.

But the demons of prejudice and hate had become so fastened on all concerned that they could not meet and part in peace. The emigrants swore loudly and were abusive, the Saints were secretive and retaliatory. And all along the way, at both ends of the line, coming and going, tales of imposition and reprisal kept alive the enmity, so that theft and murder on both sides were not of uncommon occurrence.

The tragic story of Mountain meadow massacre is well known, but there are many unrecorded fatalities charged

to the Indians in which none but white men were engaged. It is safe to say, however, that there never has been a time when peaceable travellers, behaving themselves and attending only to their own affairs, were not safe from outrage in Utah.

CHAPTER V

SOME OHIO YANKEES

AMONG the many settlements beyond the Alleghanies was that of Granville, Ohio, one of the brightest of the New England colonies planted in this western wilderness. It was somewhat different from the many similar swarmings from the Atlantic seaboard, straggling along down between the great lakes and the gulf, a class by itself, and a trifle more backward, perhaps, than some of the others to join later in the great amalgamations of the Mississippi valley.

While the followers of Daniel Boone were making their way along the wilderness road from the exhausted tobacco fields of Virginia through Cumberland gap into the blue grass region of Kentucky, where a Virginia court with courthouse jury-rooms and jail had been established since 1776, restless New Englanders were turning attention to their possessions in the valley of the Ohio and along the lakes.

Characteristic of the time and place a story is told of a little Massachusetts boy who was out on a rocky hillside one day helping with the planting. Presently he was observed quietly crying, as if with vexation. "What is the matter, my son?" asked the father. "I can't get dirt enough to cover the corn!" was the reply. Thereupon that father resolved to go to some country where there was more dirt to the acre.

All along the Atlantic seaboard, in all the states north and south, emigrating companies were formed, and soon the entire country east of the Mississippi was dotted with

settlements. In 1787 was organized at Ipswich, Massachusetts, the Ohio Association, and the colony of Marietta was established on the Ohio at the Muskingum. For the nominal price of seventy cents an acre the associates secured from the United States north of the Ohio a million acres, with a bill of rights guaranteeing freedom of religion; rights of person and property; fair treatment of the Indians; no slavery, but fugitive slaves to be returned, which last stipulation the people of Ohio gave themselves little concern about. The price per acre was several times lessened by the acceptation in payment of government bounty land certificates, which fell at times as low in price as twenty-three cents on the dollar; so that in reality large blocks of land passed into the possession of the settlers at as low a rate as ten cents an acre.

Three million acres were secured for the Society of the Scioto, and emigrants brought from France to serve as colonists. Some of this land was sold to Massachusetts people, notably to a company from Granville of that state, $1.67 an acre being the price paid. But notwithstanding these several settlements, and many others from New England, more than half of the Ohio valley was finally occupied by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia.

In 1803 Ohio was created a state, with one section of land free in each township for schools, and land hitherto bought from the United States for settlement to be exempt from taxation for four years

At Granville, Massachusetts, in 1804, was organized the Licking Land company. Being neighbors living in a small village the members and their families were well known to each other, and being of like faith customs and traditions, harmony and happiness resulted. It was a thoughtful and thrifty community, with an intelligent understanding of all questions of the day, firm convictions and fixed principles, and rather high ideals, though tinctured with the fanaticism of the time.

Although it was now nearly two hundred years since

the *Mayflower* came, the incidents of that coming, as well as subsequent events, stood as clearly defined in their minds as if they were of yesterday.

The business of the Licking Land company began with the payment by each member of eight dollars for expenses of viewing and selection. Meetings were held and details discussed from time to time during the year, until a thorough understanding existed as to life and occupation in their new home. In all this the men's faces wore an aspect of serious concern, the wives and grown up children giving intelligent sympathy and assistance.

At length they were ready to start. All were neatly but plainly clad, and the household effects were carefully bestowed in large covered wagons to be drawn by six or eight stout horses or twice that number of oxen. All their belongings were useful and of good quality; wagons, harness, and horses of the best.

The caravan presented quite an imposing appearance as it swept down through darkest Pennsylvania, bringing to the doors of their dwellings the mild-eyed Quaker and the stout German housewife, the urchins shouting "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

It was essentially a Massachusetts association, named for the Granville of that state, though it welcomed as one with itself a fair contingent from Vermont. The site chosen was charming, as in common with their cousins of Boston they had an eye for the beautiful—a tract of choice hill and valley land, "the hills for health and the valleys for cultivation" as they expressed it; malaria in the form of fever and ague to be specially guarded against. Though hitherto unknown to the aborigines, like most of the white man's ailments, it was common to all new settlements, and especially virulent among the sand eruptions and sunken forests along the Mississippi river.

The Granville people took possession of their Scioto purchase in 1805. Two years later Granville township

was formed, and in 1808 Licking county was proclaimed, so called from the deer licks in the vicinity. The township tract was five miles square; in the middle of it was laid out the town with 100-acre farms around it.

In this Ohio Granville met and married Ashley Bancroft and Lucy Howe, the former from Massachusetts the latter from Vermont, and there was born from this union on the 5th of May, 1832, Hubert Howe Bancroft, the writer of these annals, sensitive and shy as a boy, without sufficient assurance for any thing very good or very bad; as a man much the same—and that is all.

They called the land new, and so it was new to them, though in truth a thousand years older than Columbus, as shown by the year-marks of trees standing on the fantastic earth-mounds in the forms of eagles, alligators, squares, half-moons, intermingled with fragments of aboriginal weapons, cooking utensils, and stone walls, which adorned the hill-tops of this township, marking the sometime presence of a departed people unknown by and apparently unrelated to the native Shawnees that the Europeans found there.

A wild, hilly, thickly wooded section adjoining the New Englanders was secured for a trifle by a Welshman, who planted there some of his people, an honest, thrifty race, the region being known thereafter as the Welsh hills.

An early experience of the writer was a visit to these people, invited thither by one of their number who worked as hired man to my father. It was Sunday, and I was permitted to go only on the ground of attending church. As I was so small that I had to be carried part of the way, and as the services were wholly in Welsh, I was not greatly edified, and could hardly have repeated the text had I been asked to do so. Nor so far as I could judge was my soul greatly imperiled.

The town was laid out after the manner common to New England villages, a broad street running from end to end and connecting with the county roads to the towns

on either side. On this main street were the stores, churches, public offices, and best dwellings, those of lesser importance occupying side streets. At an early day communication with the world at large was secured, notably with Cleveland on Lake Erie and Portsmouth on the Ohio river, by a series of canals cut in different directions to the extent of eight hundred miles of artificial navigation.

It was a picturesque spot; on one side a range of well rounded hills, and on the other, running through low rich meadow land, a small river, navigable as a canal in places, elsewhere bright and rippling, turning here and there a grist mill and in later times a factory or two. At one end of the village near where the country road passed out of it was a steep conical hill, sugar-loaf it was called—every well-regulated hamlet had its sugar-loaf in those days, the name being common from the only form in which white sugar was then served to families.

An atmosphere of serious austerity pervaded the place. Well away from the influence either of commerce or manufactures, yet possessed with an aggressive economic unrest, their industrial pursuits at this early date could find expression only in agriculture and home-building, which with a lively interest in the political questions of the day, and their township affairs, tended to foster thought and independence.

Values were rated according to supply and the currency measure of the time. Wages fifty cents a day; board at the hotel a dollar a week; chickens ten cents each; butter fifteen cents, salt six cents, beef four cents, and venison three cents a pound. While peaches, quickly grown, sold at twenty-five cents a bushel, apples were three dollars; while wheat was a dollar a bushel, corn was twenty-five cents, and a bushel of it was exchangeable at the distillery for a gallon of whiskey.

For whiskey was friendly in those days, not the devil incarnate of to-day. It stood in a pitcher on the table, and

old and young might help themselves. And there was likewise a patriotic rum called New England. Playing cards and dancing were anathema; novels, tobacco, slavery, and fiddles were Satan and his angels.

When change was scarce the silver dollar was cut with an axe into halves and quarters; in the absence of silver, skins were the currency, and whiskey an article of exchange. Wolves, bears, and panthers yielded their skins, the buffalo, wild turkey, and opossum their flesh; the rattlesnake was an unmitigated nuisance.

My father's youngest brother received as his inheritance a chest of carpenter tools. And he said, "With these I will carve my fortune. I shall marry me a good wife; I shall build me a good house, and for ten years I shall save up one hundred dollars each year." This he did; then became merchant, then banker, and was finally gathered to his fathers. Did Rothschild or Rockefeller more?

Recollections of my Granville life began with a pet lamb, grown impudent by indulgence, butting me down from a pile of sand, later sacrificed for his sins, and eaten by the younger sort all unconscious of cannibalistic devourings.

Among my several youthful accomplishments was reading the Bible at the age of three years, which saved much reading of the book later; stealing bright new rake-teeth from a factory near by and then lying about it. In answer to the question "Where did you get them?"—two lies, one, "I found them," the other, "A man gave them to me"—bad even for an infant grafter, two lies where one were better, one worse than wasted, not to be winked at by the high-crime court, but to be promptly dealt with by the rod, three several applications, one for each of the two lies, and one for the stealing, all attended by prayer and supplication, and all because of so much early Bible reading.

The discipline though drastic was effective. The boy pondered; he could hold only three of those rake-teeth in

his little hand. One whipping a tooth, and prayer and exhortation thrown in. More than that, he must return the rake-teeth and say he was sorry. He concluded that wickedness did not pay, at least on so small a scale, and thereupon he gave up the business.

Another curative method for lying, milder, modern, perhaps as effective.

At the family farm in California happily lived four youngsters, three boys and a girl, ages seven to twelve. The father discovered one day on the porch floor a puddle of ink with a mat thrown over it. The parents were at no time terrific in their expostulations, and but for the secretiveness attending what was no doubt an accident the father would have thought nothing of it. Calling the children to him he mildly asked who had been spilling ink, and instead of washing it away had covered it up. All disclaimed any knowledge of it. As the mother was absent and no one but the children about the house, it required no great reflection on the father's part to see that a fib was hidden away somewhere in the little fold.

"Well," said he, "let us draw up our chairs around this black blot upon our family escutcheon and talk it over.

"Of ancient origin, this dismal fluid, one of grand achievements as well as dastardly deeds—a page of adolescent poetry, for example, a conspiracy discovered, a marriage contract, a death warrant. Many strange revelations it has made, many a man it has hanged, and many a woman undone."

Signs of unrest broke out in the little audience during this highly instructive and lucid discourse, manifested by shiftings of position, stabbing mosquitoes with a pin, and contortions of features while watching the interesting convulsions of spider and fly.

"What's it all about any way?" pipes a little one; and another, the reckless, devil-may-care sort of fellow, of all

the four always the suspect. "I say, Papa, how long are you going to keep us here? I want——"

He bluffs well, the little cuss, the father thought.

"Only until the ink or something speaks," he said. Then, continuing, "Queer stuff, ink! Compound of lamp-black and glue, logwood and potassium, acid or oxide or what you will. Pliny employed nutgalls and iron sulphate, Cicero squeezed cuttle-fish; but howsoever engendered, always the messenger of life and scavenger of death, always breathing love and hate, always evolving comedy and tragedy, healing hearts and breaking them, helping some to their Nirvana and others to their Styx crossing; a wonderful thing this black liquid that writes itself on the porch floor to tell some little innocent that it was a sort of mistake to throw a mat over it. For like Gehazi's adventure, you cannot hide it; like Banquo's ghost, it will not down; a good friend in the Lamb's book of life, a terrible enemy midst the thunderings of Sinai."

A sob, a burst of grief, a flood of tears from a source the least expected. And it struck full upon that father's breast. Was there aught of petition or of punishment in the parental heart? There was not. Chastisement inflicted at this most critical moment of the child's life would seem like striking down a soul hovering on the verge of the infinite.

"There, there," said the father, throwing his arm over the child's shoulder, "its all right, only a little mistake, it was the dirty door-mat that somehow got over the ink, wasn't it? Now come away and think no more about it."

But the little one did think about it. It was the first and last lie the child was ever known to tell.

On another occasion, another of the young philosophers, hearing some remark on the obedience of children, exclaimed, "Mind my father! Why shouldn't I? Papa makes us want to do what he wants us to."

To return to our Ohio affairs.

At the age of five years the farm demanded my services to the exclusion of school in summer. I remember one day riding the horse to plow between the rows of corn under the hot sun, my bare legs chafed by the harness and smarting from the animal's sweat. I burst out crying, for I was but a baby. My father kindly inquired the cause, for he was by no means a harsh man. "I think it is pretty hard work for a little boy here all day," I said. "I think so, too, my son," was the reply, and straightway I was released.

Memories more or less tender or tough come to me of orchard and meadow and deep tangled wildwood that were there, and the veritable old oaken bucket itself that hung in the well.

How I hated milking the cow, hoeing in the garden or field, raking hay in the scorching sun, and going to school —though there were many compensations, cracking nuts and popping corn by the fireside winter nights; camping in the snow under the maple-trees sugaring time; sleighing, skating, or fishing; bathing, shooting squirrels, or for further excitement catching and mounting an unbroken colt only to be thrown as fast as repeated.

Our farm was but half a mile from the village, a hill intervening, from one side of which my father took stone and built him a fine house, while on the summit stood later the baptist college which gave Mr. Rockefeller a good president for his Chicago university.

Indeed, this little New England oasis was from the first quite educational in its way, when not too absorbed by fads and fanaticism. Besides district school and academy there were two large female seminaries, baptist learning not at all fitting Boston congregationalism.

Evidences of the intellectual life and its aspirations were elsewhere visible beyond the Alleghanies. With the Ohio company of 1787 from Ipswich had come the Ohio university, whose personnel consisted largely of Yale and Harvard men. Then not far distant were the Miami uni-

versity, the Western Reserve college, the Oberlin ultra abolition institution, and others. As in New England religion and education went hand in hand; a town without its church and school was a barbarism.

Here indeed were both heredity and environment, even if not under the most favorable conditions, eugenics and eutherics, not in opposition but working in harmony. And the doctrine thence emerging was current there, though the people did not so express themselves.

They knew themselves to be well born, these sturdy New Englanders, of pious and thrifty ancestry, thinkers of their own thoughts, and right thinkers according to the enlightenment of their understanding; and yet with all their necessity, free-will entire, the will to do, to improve, to accept the best and profit by the good things God had given them. They knew it to be a favorable atmosphere for the making of men, as were also conditions of their kind along the Mississippi, but different. Ohio has furnished her full quota of scholars and statesmen, not to mention fighting men and money-makers.

For a long time after railroads and steamboats came into vogue my grandfather Howe refused to trust himself on any of them, using only his one-horse springless wagon for his limited travelling. He was told every Sunday, and often repeated the precept to others, that God's arm was not shortened that it could not save, yet he did not feel quite as safe trusting to it where steam was concerned. It was not until he lacked two years of being a hundred years old that he was persuaded to make the journey by way of the Isthmus to California, where were many of his descendants whom he greatly desired to see. He enjoyed his trip thoroughly, and after his visit returned in safety to his home in Kansas, where he then lived with his youngest daughter.

He was one of the best and purest men that ever lived, even if California did seem to him a little beyond the pale of providence. Even the debtors' prison at St. Albans,

Vermont, did not affright him when lodged there for a thousand dollar obligation incurred as surety for a friend. And as for faith, where were the mountains it would not remove? Novels were his special detestation; the black man an ebony idol.

"But grandfather reads *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that is a novel."

"A novel! What do you mean? It is true, every word of it."

I do not pretend to any remembrance of it, but I may state the facts as history, that when I was four years old, while yet Abraham Lincoln was playing seven-up with slave-holders in his back office, and William Lloyd Garrison was being mobbed by the good people of Boston, since then evolutionizing themselves into a state of sympathy and sentiment regarding the poor people of color, there came to our town certain zealous men to hold an anti-slavery convention, the first in central Ohio. The use of the church in which town meetings were held being refused for the purpose, my father offered his barn, a nice new one, and as yet unfilled with hay, which was gladly accepted. All went well until the meetings were over. Then as the chief speakers on their horses were slowly wending their way out of town, a one-horse wagon filled with bad men and bad eggs was seen following them. Notwithstanding the vile odors which filled the air, and the slimy substance dripping from men and horses, not the faintest shade of annoyance was seen on the faces of the strangers; not the slightest increase of pace was discernible.

They went their way, these early Ohio martyrs, none the less true though tamer perhaps than the fiery Wendell Phillips, who shouted to his Boston audience that tried to stop his speaking, "Howl on! Howl on! you contumacious curs; I speak to forty millions of freemen"—pointing to the reporters. He might almost make it a round hundred millions to-day.

And that from Boston's solid men in Faneuil hall assembled; too much like the solid men of San Francisco of to-day, our most worshipful apostles of high crime; they, Boston's apostles of high crime, loath to offend the white men of the south, later eager to place over them these same black men to grind them into the dust.

Some six years after this black baptism of the barn, a small boy might have been seen, had it not been midnight and rather dark, driving a big two-horse wagon filled with straw on the way to Fredonia, distant six miles toward Canada. It was his first all-night out of bed, and the bumps of the wagon as the old plow horses followed the road sadly interfered with the snatches of sleep taken at his peril on the slippery seat. Why the enthusiasts should send forth this babe as director-general of a wagon of human estrays fresh from Kentucky—for the straw was alive with them—instead of one of the grown-ups going himself, may not be surmised unless it arose from the well-known modesty of the Yankee in matters of charity and good deeds; or should the slave-hunters catch on such an errand a little fellow like that, all they could do would be to send him home and to bed.

It will be remembered that at the time of the discontinuance of the slave-trade in 1807 negro slaves numbered nearly one-fifth of the population of the United States, and were fast increasing, to the peril of the Republic. The Anti-slavery society was formed in 1833, under the auspices of Arthur Tappan, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. Public sentiment, carrying with it the churches, was against the movement. "It hurts business," said the thrifty New Englander, the Quaker silent but assenting, "thus to stir up the enmity of our customers in the south," forgetting that the American revolution hurt business, likewise the war of 1812. It was the same cry which we hear to-day in the streets of our cities over the prosecution of rich criminals.

After mobbing those reformers the friends of the slave-holders felt better, and later we find New Englanders in the front rank, fighting slave-holders, emancipating the slave, giving him the franchise, and taking him, with all his evil odors, to their sensitive hearts—metaphorically, though pausing in consternation before the reality.

As for the churches, they could be conducted on any required principle, for slavery or against it, according to the demand. Pew-holders can always have any kind of religion they want and are willing to pay for.

It was a straight-laced community, but by no means saturnine. On the contrary, meeting as neighbors they were rather disposed to be jovial, old people particularly, often making sport of their ailments when they were in reality anything but a joke. Puritan ancestry was still insistent where conduct and belief were concerned.

To the ever unfolding subconsciousness of the younger members of this society the atmosphere was perhaps a little stifling, but upon the elders, whose women were positive and argumentative while the men were deliberate and judicial, the effect was exhilarating.

In an atmosphere of serious concern, slowly and reverently along the rough streets on the Sabbath-day walked the towns-people to the village church; from the distant farms came worshipers in springless wagon, or mounted on a pillion behind the saddle for the matron or maid. Always present were men and women well along in years, meeting at the meeting-house being part of the last drama of their declining years.

It was scarcely a day of rest, this New England Sabbath, whether in Massachusetts or Ohio, what with physical and psychological purifications, head-scrubbing and heart-cleaning, private prayers morning and night, family prayers morning and night, two sermons, a Sunday school and some sort of evening meeting. Yet the Ohio pilgrims were long since emancipated from the blue-laws of Con-

necticut, which forbid that any one on the Sabbath-day should travel, cook, kiss, shave, walk or ride, except to meeting, buy or sell, dine out, or wink, except reverently.

They were a century away from those halcyon days of enforced religion and the fiercer forms of persecution. Yet without stocks and the whipping-post there were still ways enough left by which unbelievers and backsliders could be made to suffer. From the more repulsive forms of their ancient beliefs, as predestination, election, and infant damnation they were slowly emancipating themselves; they had much left to learn and unlearn, and one or two centuries were scarcely sufficient to wear away the stern rectitude inherited from their ancestors.

Other infamies, or shall I say infirmities, were absent, as the debtors' prison, the witch-ducking pond, though Luther's personal devil sometimes displayed himself; while yet to arrive were applied steam and electricity, the telegraph, telephone, railroad, sewing-machine, automobile, farm machinery, gas and water systems, and graft. Later quite liberal views obtained; the bass-viol was allowed in church, a young man bowing it during singing and reading dime novels behind it during service.

Though as a whole full of the cool illogical antis and isms of the day, and faithful to doctrinal religion as expounded by their good pastor, they were delightfully individual and independent of thought at times. More than one mother as she gazed at her infant was heard to exclaim, "You can say what you like, but I cannot believe that my babe will be forever punished for sins it never committed."

It was an intensely political and patriotic community, the men often riding twenty-five miles to Columbus to hear campaign speeches. And when the presidential election came around, a Roman carnival was a tame affair beside it. I well remember the campaign of 1840; with one of our own Ohio men as the whig candidate, Granville,

with all her many other graces and virtues being intensely whig.

On the day appointed for a grand celebration an elaborate procession marched to Newark, the county seat, distant six miles, with ceaseless blare and oratory, with barbecue, hard cider and fist fights, and songs.

"Hurrah for Tom Corwin the wagoner's boy," and then for Harrison, who lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider,

> "And Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
> And with 'em we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
> He's a used up man,
> And with 'em we'll beat little Van."

At an early hour the procession formed in the village square under a jointed liberty-pole 270 feet high. There were log-cabins on wheels, some of them drawn by twenty yoke of oxen, crowned with wreaths and decorated with ribbons; Indian camp-fires and skulking warriors; canoes thirty to fifty feet long, each out of a single tree; barrels of hard cider, that wickedest of tipples, on tap, with cup attached; ginger-bread and lemonade, pie and cheese, roast fowl, boiled ham, nutcakes, coffee, and endless like things to eat and drink lasting for the festival all day and far into the night.

With bands of music, banners unfolded, and shout and song, men and boys, mounted and on foot, marked with the pilgrimage a day long to be remembered. Another day came also, a year later, when funeral obsequies were held for the dead president with similar intensity.

A common-school education at public expense in those days did not include modern languages, Greek or Sanscrit, piano-lessons, dancing or sword exercises, but was rather confined to those studies of which some practical use could afterward be made.

I aspired first to go through college, and then to Congress, my father giving his consent, even to my achieving

the presidency. But we were not rich; there were no rich men in those days, all being honest. And long years of study would impose a burden upon my parents for my maintenance to which I could not subject them. I soon saw that to accomplish much in any direction I must put money in my purse. A little would suffice, but that little was necessary.

At this juncture fate interposed in the form of a young red-headed Buffalo bookseller, fine of form and feature, good-hearted, ambitious in his calling, and free of speech. Visiting our town, where lived his parents, he fell in love with my charming eldest sister, and some time after their marriage he offered me a place in his store as clerk, which I accepted, thus terminating my studies at the academy, and my life in Ohio.

CHAPTER VI

THE CALL OF GOLD

"IT looks like gold," said Sutter.

He poked his finger through it, took up a lump and bit it, laid it on the anvil and hammered it. He dropped acid on it; it stood all the tests.

"It is gold, very sure," quietly observed the Swiss; and there was no smile upon his face, no gleam of triumph in his eye.

"My Gord!" cried Marshall, "and I can fetch you a hatful of it."

It was in the morning of the 27th of January, 1848, three days after the specks of yellow in the tail-race had attracted the attention of the mill-builders. Marshall had ridden in from Coloma, some forty-six miles distant, during the night, sleeping part of the time in the chaparral.

The two men were radically different in form and construction, physically and psychologically. Marshall was a big, burly, coarse-grained west-American jack-of-all-trades, a mixture of Methodist and Mormon, spiritualistic tendencies mingling with his many minor superstitions. Among his assistants in setting up a saw-mill for Captain Sutter were some of Sam Brannan's disciples, and certain deflections from the missionaries in Oregon.

John A. Sutter was a German Swiss, small in stature, educated and refined, of a retiring disposition, but filled with ambition in which visions of empire faintly mingled. He left home in 1834. He never told me why, but permitted me to infer that the doses of Calvinism, as administered by parental authority, were a little too strong

for him, especially when interfering with unorthodox love.

He studied America for four years in the Santa Fé country. He realized the significance of the frontier, both sides of it, as it drifted slowly westward from the Atlantic seaboard; he saw the potentialities of the Plains. Crossing to the Pacific he took a look at the Sandwich islands, as the Hawaiian group was then called; whence, proceeding to Alaska, he dropped down the coast to San Francisco bay, and paddled up the Sacramento to the head of tidewater, where he rested content. He found there all that he wanted, more than he had expected ever to see combined in one spot, absolute primevalism with soil and climate unsurpassed, bright sunshine under the snowy Sierra, and the grassy plain alive with nature's best creations—animals, wild fowl, and fishes for food, and a native humanity of just the consistency for his purpose, mild, tractable, and with proper handling, useful.

Obtaining from Mexico a grant of ten leagues of land as a gift, with another possible ten leagues, he built a fort, and set in motion his dusky retainers toward the achievement of a personal principality in this charming lotus-land, where he might be near the white men yet remaining apart from all complex organizations and systems.

He knew what he wanted, and it was not gold. Some men are made that way, howsoever difficult for Wall street to understand.

The call of gold, yes, blind and beastly as a god, some it calls up and others it calls down.

We should scarcely expect in the history of the world to see emphasized as a great event the finding of gold in the tail-race of Sutter's saw-mill. We should hardly classify it with such happenings as the Crusades, the discovery of America, or the battle of Waterloo. Yet when we can clearly see in this gold discovery, with the developments in Australia, in British Columbia, and in all northwestern

America which followed, an intellectual awakening, a new departure in the world's advancement, we cannot look upon the affair as one devoid of special significance.

Three events, pregnant with future unfoldings, came simultaneously, no one of them known to or dependent upon either of the others. The war with Mexico was not brought on, nor the acquisition of California secured because of gold in the Sierra foothills, as the fact was not known at the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The line of steamships from the Atlantic seaboard across the famous Isthmus to San Francisco and our northwest coast possessions was not established because of the acquisition of new domain on the Pacific, though it may have been done anticipatory thereof. The first steamer for Oregon was arrested in her course at San Francisco by the startling intelligence of the acquisition of California and the discovery of gold, and she proceeded north no farther. The three events coming together exercised a powerful impulse on industrial development, but without the discovery of gold the other two would have made but a slight impression upon the affairs of the world.

The inrush of miners gave California the opportunity of adopting a constitution and applying at once for admission as a state, without undergoing the usual probationary territorial period, but the question of slavery arose causing delay. It was for more slave territory that southern politicians had brought on the war with Mexico, and not for gold to be gathered by world-wide adventurers.

It is not safe to say that but for the gold California would have been admitted in time as a slave state, for I can scarcely believe it to be true; but there is no question that with the strong southern influence in Congress, and the plot carefully prearranged on the Pacific coast, matters might have been delayed and manipulated so as to bring about the most serious consequences but for the large mixed population that suddenly appeared in California who were opposed to slavery.

As it was, the state of California started off promptly with a good constitution and a good law-making body, which soon earned the cognomen of "the legislature of a thousand drinks." Whether this number was regarded as large or small, and whether it was a thousand a day or a thousand for the entire term, the record does not state. A thousand would give only five or ten drinks to each person, which for some would be scant allowance for even half a day.

It is safe to say that the gold event gave rise to many political and economic developments; that its effect on industrialism was as great as the effect of the Crusades on feudalism. It revolutionized values throughout the world, and infected every civilized nation with an aggressive economic unrest. It rendered obsolete ancient usages and established new methods. Great in war as in peace, if it did not actually save to the United States the union, the steady inflow into New York of five millions of dollars a month during the entire period of hostilities, and before as well as after, saved the country from dire distress if not from financial ruin.

The effect of the gold discovery on the Pacific coast, though mild at first, in the end was magical, bringing together at San Francisco bay representatives from all nations, and huddling humanity in promiscuous heaps along five hundred miles of Sierra foothills. It opened to all mankind a new field of romance, with endless economic potentialities, establishing on the ocean lines of steamships, and on the rivers inland traffic, overspreading the land with agriculture, with irrigations and reclamations, weaving a network of railways throughout western North America, and hastening forward slow civilization a hundred years with its blessed ages of gold and grain and graft.

The time was ripe for something new to appear in the world's work. The timidity of an earlier day was forgotten; adventure was in the blood. The advantages of

industrial specialization were beginning to be seen; success in this new field of untried issues came rather by concentration of mind and energies on some one thing, and becoming expert in that, than by dissipating energy and enthusiasm in dipping into many things. Skilled labor came to the front and with it fresh adventure and wider speculation.

The first to feel this impulse as in the olden days was transportation. Whatever else there was to be done men must be moving about. Hence on all the lines of overland travel emigrant trains were to be seen, hundreds of whitehooded wagons and creaking prairie schooners, and thousands of cattle and horses—the Oregon movement repeated but with greater intensity than ever. Over the central and southern routes to California soon appeared lines of stages, in which passengers rode for twenty-five or thirty consecutive days and nights, the fare being at the rate of about ten dollars a day. The Butterfield and Salt Lake stages reduced the time from the Missouri to Sacramento to twenty days. When the pony express was established, letters were brought from New York in ten days, an accomplished marvel of speed.

Numberless sails appeared upon the ocean and craft of every sort on inland waters. Shipbuilding felt the impulse in a manner never before dreamed of, resulting in the beautiful Baltimore clipper, a work of art as of ocean architecture never surpassed before or since. Every line a line of beauty; every curve a curve for speed. They used frequently to make the passage via Cape Horn in sixty days, turning out the cargo without a stain.

The moneyed men of New York came out of their back offices and took a look around. They did not stop to build new steamers, but took whatever was available, giving to the old craft fresh paint and new names. For the Pacific side several new steamships were built of a pattern more spacious and pleasant for tropical travel than any which

has yet been seen; vessels of the *Golden Gate* type, two or three decks above water, made thus high owing to the early reputation of this ocean for quiet waters, which, however, may lash themselves into fury upon occasion.

Thus it was that when the traveller from New York had reached and crossed the Isthmus and was seated in his steamer chair under the awning of the well-polished upper deck of one of these new ocean palaces, awaiting the transference of mails and baggage, the soft air from aromatic isles lulling to rest and reflection, little wonder that he fancied the worst of the voyage was over, and that the remaining two weeks' sail under such charming conditions would be nothing but a pleasure trip.

He had endured enough on the Atlantic side from the avarice and rascality of the New York magnates, who had hastened to throw into the traffic all the old craft available, sail and steam, ill fitted and ill-provisioned, and were selling tickets for the Isthmus, and even for San Francisco, often without a sleeping berth on the Atlantic side and no means of continuing their journey on the Pacific.

Most of these travellers were inexperienced, many of them fresh from their country homes, and the boats put upon the Panamá and Nicaragua routes by Howland and Aspinwall, and others of that stamp, were supposed to be safe, when the owners well knew they were not. Many thousand passengers were thus thrown into the pest-hole of Panamá, there to contract lingering disease or mercifully to die quickly, by the shipping men of New York, indifferent alike to the miseries of the voyage or the intervening deaths laid at their door.

One instance out of many was the *Central America*, an old condemned steamer whose name had been several times changed, which sank on her way up in September, 1857, with 579 returning Californians and about four millions in treasure.

Over 400 of the finest specimens of American manhood were sent on this occasion alone to their deaths; $100,000

profits on the voyage went into the pockets of the ship owners.

A Havre liner was lost from collision about the same time, and it was remarked the difference in the behavior of the respective passengers and crews. On the French vessel pandemonium reigned. Officers and sailors, and such of the passengers as were able to fight their way through, rushed for the boats, leaving the weaker ones to perish.

On the American vessel calm courage and order prevailed. The orders of the officers were promptly obeyed. Rough bearded men quietly drew their revolvers and formed lines between which the women and children were conducted to the boats, and not until the last of them were thus bestowed did the men consider themselves. The boats being already filled they had only to go bravely down to their deaths, while a thousand loved ones at home awaited their coming. Captain and officers were also sacrificed to the cupidity of those whose names are at this day sometimes mentioned in honor.

How they felt, these same rich men, while passing the plate in church the next Sunday no one knows, but probably they were reconciled to the dispensation of providence, provided the ship was properly insured.

And the late heart-rending disaster of the *Titanic* shows that Anglo-Saxon courage and chivalry has in no wise diminished in half a century when America's foremost and wealthiest men could calmly take their place among those doomed to die that the frivolous French maid and Sicilian fish-wife might live.

It was a tame enough affair, so it seemed at the time, this finding of gold by the Oregon interlopers and Mormon renegades. All around was the quiet of the wilderness, all save the voices of nature. The secret of the Sierra had been kept long and faithfully, and it came quietly before the world, not with the rush of wings or blare of trumpets so important a discovery might have justified,

the knowledge of gold in California. A score of times similar reports had been heard of places elsewhere in America, some of them even in the United States, and little having come of them little attention was given to new announcements.

Coolly and critically Captain Sutter reviewed the situation. He knew that he was ruined in so far as the purpose for which he came was concerned. Should the mines prove permanent, opportunities for vast wealth lay before him, but not the peace isolation brings.

Ardent for empire he had wandered west, had entered the unknown, had touched here and there, and passed on. He had found what he wanted; he did not know this until some time after he had found it. An island would not have sufficed, nor yet lands torrid or frigid, nor yet a country of half civilized heathen. From such places voices of the mountain, voices of the desert warned him away. The land of his adoption must be a plain, a valley of good air, good soil, and properly watered. It must be absolutely primitive, inhabited if at all only by an aboriginal race of a low vitality with a disposition not too fierce.

He had found the spot here on the left bank of the Sacramento—blessed name this that was given to the stream by the friars though they had seen it only at its mouth. The land was free, and yet he could secure with it titles, valid titles if he possessed sufficient strength to make them so, all to be had for the asking.

The second ten leagues he seemed to want more than he had coveted the first. Strange how this Teutonic land-hunger increases with possession, limitless lands within his grasp and his hands could hold so little! And he so little! Why would he have more land? Did he want the world? Yes, if he could carry it away and keep it. But he could not keep it. Though he later laid out and established on this river bank a great city, the capital of a great state, every foot of it originally his own, yet he could not keep it.

He was doomed, he and his life's dream, doomed by the infernal power of this gold, doomed to die in poverty, the last of his Sacramento leagues lost to him; to die in a dreary Pennsylvania hamlet, where the writer of these pages found him, and talked with him, listening to his last lament during these his last days, and offering such poor consolation as he was able.

He saw, this shrewd Swiss, shrewd though so weak, as in a vision, as he gazed upon this gold and thought of its transmuting properties—he saw vanish his dream of empire, his kingship over some thousands of naked, mild-mannered red men; he saw his lands usurped, bands of lawless in-rushing gold-hunters, squatting here and there and everywhere, killing and scattering his great droves of cattle, killing and demoralizing his people.

"Ah, yes!" he complained pathetically to a stranger who later came down out of the mountains soliciting relief for snow-bound emigrants, "those poor fellows, I send them beef, I send them venison, then they kill and eat all my good Indians!"

Great is gold, the god of gods, who visiteth with vengeance his votaries; great above all gods, who destroyeth all those that faithfully serve him!

So was stricken down this greatest of Sacramento magnates, although no votary; stricken down and ruined by the tidings shouted out by these flakes of gold picked up one afternoon in January, 1848, by Mormons creeping over toward the Saints rest at Salt Lake, and those fellows who had drifted in from Oregon,—stricken down, this broad-minded constructionist, by the overwhelming weight of his economic environment.

Yet the ruin of Sutter came slowly, slowly for those swift days of transformation. At first he expanded, became great, Sutter's fort famous the world over as the fortress defending illimitable wealth,—leagues of land with vast droves of cattle tended by dusky servitors; miles of metal in the mountains; a great city standing by a broad

stream—bearing up alike inland crafts and ocean vessels, all his yet not his, for he could not hold it; the gods of the Sierra, the demons of its gold, shouting in their glee at the confusion they had wrought, at the first grand coup thus early made upon this nearby Swiss adventurer.

Then for a moment silence fell on Coloma and the Foothills around; after that a great noise; and the saw-mill site remained a site while Mormon and Oregonian gathered gold, Mormon hallooed to Mormon, the brethren taking their stand at and around a little island in the river, calling it Mormon island. Through them next to be stricken, and for the moment palsied by this gold discovery, was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints, whose banner of Holiness to the Lord was here on the American river struck, and the flag of fealty to the devil hoisted in its stead.

Ere long the news was carried down the river to Sonoma, where General Vallejo held sway, and to sleepy San Francisco, a hamlet of mixed white men and Mexicans, storekeepers, cattle-men, priests, politicians, and loafers, the alleged gold discovery awakening little interest.

It was only when plethoric bags of the yellow stuff, coarse and fine, with some great chunks of it picked up in the placers were displayed in the towns about, that the somnolent Pacific awoke to some faint realization of what had come to pass.

Although always the friend of Americans and American progress, Vallejo like Sutter, and in common with most of the Spanish Californians, suffered from the inrush following the finding of gold. Their wealth was in land and cattle, and they were loosely served by the mildest of Indians. They occupied the fertile coast valleys which had formerly been held by the missions, now some fifteen years secularized. The gold mines were far away; they had no desire to participate in the harvesting at the Foothills; they felt the adverse influence of the gold in the pressure of strangers on their privacy, the inroads on

their lands, the scattering of their stock, and the demoralization of their Indians.

Accustomed to half-tropical airs, they and their progenitors, they were not strong enough successfully to cope with northern peoples. Gradually came upon them the evil days, and they were practically ruined before they knew it.

Beyond the precincts of California, slowly during the winter of 1848-9, filtered the news through the mountains, the winds carrying it over the seas with specimen bags of gold-dust and gold nuggets, until by the early spring, the revelation came with full force upon the minds of men that this new region of gold was above the common, or mythical, and a veritable land bearing substantial metal.

With time and distance the movement increased; men of commerce and finance, those of the cities and the industrial centres, saw more clearly than the less experienced people near at hand the economic revolution that must ensue should this accession to the world's currency prove to be as great as it now promised.

Ships came in from every considerable port on the globe, until five hundred of them lay at anchor in San Francisco bay, more than ever were there at one time before or since, most of them quickly deserted on arrival, officers and crew being off for the mines.

In the mines; what shall I say of the complex conditions there? Out of ethnic combinations never before so much as dreamed of was quickly evolved a new society, nay, more, a new race, for the developments of that day remain, and will never pass away. Every conceivable thing in the shape of humanity was present, good and bad, white black and yellow, hearts of heaven and hearts of hell, all mixed up and stirred together in a great cauldron of social unrest, without law, without restraint, all cut loose from home, from civilizing, humanizing influences, all here at liberty to let loose the deities or demons that possessed

them without question and without restraint. And the impression thus imprinted on the soul of humanity still remains; go to the uttermost end of the earth and you will find it there.

Australia came forward with a great yield of gold a few years later, when there was another upheaval, and another at South Africa, and others all over western North America. These were in due time followed by other demons and demonstrations of cupidity and human greed, displayed at this day in a mighty menagerie of oil-men, iron-men, labor-lords, railway-kings, and money gods.

Many companies or economic associations were formed before leaving the east, mostly for mining, but some few for commercial or manufacturing purposes. They sometimes chartered a vessel to carry them with their machinery or other effects to their destination, or took passage in sailing-vessel or steamer in a body.

It was a trying ordeal, men of various minds and moods, assertive and independent, and finding conditions so strange and interests so diverse it was no wonder that the companies broke up on arrival, not necessarily in enmity, yet each preferring to go his own way.

New economic developments and new industrial relationships sprang up on every side, while all commercial and financial arrangements must be adjusted anew.

Extensive shipments of goods were made on a venture from nearly every port the world over to San Francisco bay, consigned to some merchant or commission house or to master. It was a precarious business, very like gambling. If the goods were wanted and there was a scarcity they brought fabulous prices; if not wanted they could not be sold or scarcely given away, as this would involve drayage and storage, and might amount to more than the goods would ever fetch.

It was easy to corner the market, especially in small things. Some capital might be required to purchase all

the house-lining, and the speculation would be attended by risk, but a little money would buy all the tacks, without which the cloth would be of no use. So with regard to oil and lamps, the wicks alone controlled the situation.

Enterprising San Francisco brokers would often go out in a pilot boat beyond the Golden Gate to meet and board an incoming ship with a much desired cargo and purchase the whole of it before the ship came to anchor.

So many desirable and undesirable articles being thus constantly thrown upon the market led to the establishment of numerous auction houses where large and small invoices were disposed of daily.

Thrilling romances might be sent spinning out of this classic epoch, of which I can give here only the background.

The native Californians reveled in this plethora of gold. General Vallejo's house at Sonoma was the frontier post in those days. It was always open to strangers, whether immigrants or returning miners. A considerable business in cattle, horses, and farm products was transacted there.

A cavalier of the old school, handsome and debonair, it pleased his very soul to fling to the man who held his horse a Mexican ounce, or a like coin to the barber and tell him to keep the change. On the hall floor of his house, at one time, stood a row of pickle-jars filled with gold-dust unprotected night and day. At another time, and not so very long afterward, this same Sonoma dwelling housed a bankrupt, a prince among bankrupts, who once controlled every foot of the dunes on which San Francisco now stands, and all the vast region beyond up to the Oregon line, and who after dispensing an empire to impecunious strangers for nothing, lived out his time and died happily without a dollar in the world he could call his own.

A real or affected indifference to money matters in detail pervaded all classes. Miners would leave their gold-dust on the shelves of their vacant cabin in tin cups, or in

dishes, without any attempt to conceal it. Merchants would sweep into the till a pile of mixed large and small coin without counting it.

For a while amounts less than a dollar were not recognized in writing up accounts, or in buying and selling. Then drinks at the bar could be obtained at fifty cents each, and later at twenty-five cents. It was a long time before anything could be bought for a "bit" or a "picayune,"—terms brought in from the south, especially from the New Orleans country, a bit signifying twelve and a half cents and a picayune half that amount.

None the less potential for being proximate was the achievement of gold in founding new institutions and organizing societies to meet the various conditions.

The first impulse toward a fusion of the better elements in early California life arose from the kind-hearted benevolence exercised one toward another among these strangers thus strangely thrown together, and practised alike in the towns and in the mines.

In 1846 there were in the state 2000 Americans and 2000 Mexicans; in 1848, population 6000; in July, 1849, 15,000, in December 92,597; in 1852, according to census taken, 269,000, including 30,000 Indians, 20,000 Chinese, and 2000 negroes. With the movement to the west coast gold mines the United States centre of population shifted 81 miles westward before 1860.

Few were satisfied without a trial at gold-mining; indeed, such was the sole object of all those who came during that year, though by many the mines with their trials and uncertainties were soon abandoned for agriculture or business in the towns.

Family expenses in San Francisco in 1849 were—house rent $200 to $300 a month; servants, housemaid $100, cook $150; water $150; milk $150; wood $40 a cord; flour $50 a barrel. Wild game meat was plentiful and cheap; potatoes $1 a pound; for the rest almost everything was a dollar a pound,—except some things which were two

dollars a pound. Interest on money five to fifteen per cent. a month.

It was an uncomfortable California, this winter of 1849-50. It rained almost every day, and all day, and all night, so it seemed to those caught in the mountains, who had to sleep on the bare soggy earth. Some of them had a blanket, or half a one; some found a thicket to crawl into, some a log to crawl under, some had food to eat. Toward the last the snow melted in the mountains, and through the swollen streams the water made its way down into the valleys, overspreading the plains, drowning the cattle, obliterating the incipient town sites, and washing away the emigrant camps which lined the roadways.

How did they live? They did not live, not all of them. Many died, parents and children, and for the first time since they were born there were some thousands in the city and country who had all the gold they wanted. All who were able came down to the Bay, for the interior towns were wiped out, even Sacramento was navigable only in boats.

San Francisco streets were bogs swallowing vehicles and breeding fever. The inhabitants gathered firewood in the chaparral, brought water in boats from Sausalito, and ate bear and deer meat, with rabbits and salt pork. Potatoes were scarce at a dollar a pound.

Tobacco had been five dollars a pound; it was cheap enough before the winter was over, however, as cargo after cargo arrived, sent out by speculators who seemed to imagine tobacco-chewing a special aid to gold-digging. The ships must be unloaded, and there were no longer warehouses in which to store the surplus; whereupon wagon-loads or boat-loads of fancy plug in boxes were dumped at the street crossings for the benefit of pedestrians, thus serving a good turn for the citizens.

The little town was full of good citizens that winter. The well cared for the sick, those who had food gave to the hungry; they improvised a city hospital, and organized

a Stranger's Friend society. All were strangers that winter, or nearly so, and all were friends; whether a stranger or not benevolence showed no distinction.

The April of 1906 saw suffering, but at least the ground was firm enough for the people to sleep on without its giving way under them, and they generally had something to chew for breakfast besides plug tobacco. The years of '49 and '50 could boast their conflagrations as well. Cholera and intermittent fever also came, brought in by ships as well as by overland immigrants, and there were burial places on the hillsides and in the valleys of the dunes. An officiating clergyman speaks incidentally of a burial on Russian hill, where he walked in the rain sinking to his knees in the mud at every step, and returning home with the fever.

All through this strange time, as I have said, in the midst of cupidity and crime, underlying all was a substratum of deep human sympathy and kindness. One rule, one faith, one principle pervaded all, finding expression in these words: whatever the emergency it must be met, whether shipwreck, flood, or famine. There were always present the strong to care for the weak. Or if a wave of wickedness, an episode of high crime, there were always enough just men present to overcome the vicious.

The cholera reached its height in the autumn of 1850, anxiety and exposure supplying many victims in the mines as well as in the towns. Sacramento and San Francisco both suffered severely.

Religion was respected, so was three-card monte; in the towns the Sabbath was observed more religiously than now, though by many made a day of sport.

Fashion, dominant everywhere, ruled in the mines with sterner sway than in the cities, even. A slouched hat, woolen shirt, and breeches tucked into high top cowhide boots were safer in the city than top hat, white shirt, and patent leather boots in the mines. To the economic disciple of Confucius boots were boots when he learned to wear them;

he used to take the largest pair in the case, the price of all sizes being the same, so as to get the most for his money.

If the flush times presented a seamy side in loud roysterings, free pistoling, and easy hangings; if also a pathetic side appeared, and there was at hand plenty of pathos, there was always on the surface jollity and good fellowship.

An eastern gentleman in shiny top hat and black coat landed from the steamer one soft hazy morning, and seeing a rough though honest looking fellow, red-bearded, with long tangled hair, sang out pleasantly but plainly, "Here, you! here's a half dollar," pitching him a coin, "take this bag up to the hotel, will you?" Quick as a flash came the response, "Here, you! here's a dollar, take it up yourself."

Before houses were built, or the sand anchored in place by the grass roots, the winds from the ocean, which set in every summer morning about ten o'clock, had a clear sweep over the northern end of the Peninsula, and took advantage of it by stinging the face with the flying sand and playing havoc with things movable. A witness in the Limantour land suit when asked what he was doing at Yerba Buena at that early day said, "I thought I would buy some lots there."

"Well, did you buy them?"

"Who, me? No."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you why. I wouldn't have 'em. I was walking along down by the water and the wind blew my hat off, and I couldn't catch it in less than half a mile, and I said I wouldn't live in the damned place."

In one of my visits to Coloma, I asked:

"Who is the lord-aboriginal of this domain?"

"George Washington."

"Tell George Washington to come to me and get five dollars."

Next morning a prostrate form was seen sleeping in

the hotel yard face downward in the grass. Stirred gently with the foot, his Excellency sat up, with a grunt, rolled some cut plug tobacco in the form of a cigarette, and striking a match on the sole of his bare foot, began to smoke.

"You high muck-a-muck here George?"

"Yas, gotambread?"

"Ah, your Excellency has not breakfasted. Kindly go to the kitchen and tell them I sent you."

He had trotted in from his camp twenty miles away during the night.

He spent the day entertained and entertaining. Among the questions asked:

"Your people burn their dead, do they not, George?"

"No, no burn 'em now. One time burn 'em. Mlis'nary man, he say, burn 'em, no come up, no burn 'em, come up; we no burn 'em now."

After the first year of flush times, while yet the population was rapidly increasing and before reaction set in, the laying out of town-sites was of frequent occurrence.

Places which for a time were of some pretensions were New York-of-the-Pacific, at the junction of the San Joaquin river and Suisun bay; Boston, at the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers; Vernon on Feather river, and Sutter on the Sacramento. A hundred mining camps sprang into life; a few of them remained and became towns, but the most of them soon disappeared, leaving neither name nor mark of any kind to denote their brief existence. Three soon became conspicuous as points of departure for the northern, central, and southern mines respectively; that is to say Sutter's Sacramento; Marysville, so named from an early Mary on Yuba river; and Charles Weber's Stockton.

Quite an epidemic of speculation sprang up at near and distant points.

The instincts of the town-site hunters which led them to and beyond Carquinez strait were by no means mislead-

ing, for there is no spot on earth more favorable for an imperial city than that.

Thus commerce and industries in California displayed their vagaries in common with all else. The presence of gold did not permanently enhance the value of the land, but it hastened its occupation and development.

Nations are made as forests grow, a perpetual dying down and rising up. All along the Foothills, in the vestiges of the mining camps and in the towns below are remnants of the old days, human débris, broken on the wheel of adventure, failures they are commonly called, and are in so far as they themselves are concerned, but not failures in the building of the commonwealth, for the commonwealth is established by those who fail.

Shall we call the life of a Napoleon one of success or failure? If the former, then we may ask what is success and what is it worth, ministering as it does to personal greed and public debauchery; if the latter, then failure is more successful than success.

The Pacific Mail Steamship company was an influential factor in the early affairs of the Pacific coast. At first a benefit to the people who supported it, later a curse to the country when the railway took possession and used it to assist in defrauding the people.

Land titles were a source of endless litigation, as well in relation to Mexican grants as to pueblo lands and the mines. As soon as anything became conspicuous in value it was not difficult to find disputants. So much was acquired by simple seizure that squatter rights became an influential element of possession, yet there was but little disturbance in regard to these titles in San Francisco until after the district assembly had been dissolved by Governor Riley.

Titles to property, or the lack of titles, were early and for a time continuously a source of trouble to many, and proved a fruitful field for the lawyers. Chief among these in land cases was Gregory Yale, a ripe scholar and

able lawyer, and a gentleman in any one of his ever-varying moods; short, thick set, and demonstrative; drank like a fish but was never drunk; face fat and red as a lobster, mind alert and sharp as steel, and tongue as eloquent as any that ever charmed a court.

In the country were the Mexican allotments, and in the town alcalde grants, all disturbed by claimants of many sorts, as settler, squatter, purchaser, and thief. Lacking valid titles were city slips, water lots, pueblo grants, and a score of others.

Another incident upon which turned the destinies of the nation, the writer of this *Retrospection* cannot pass by without mention. For one may truthfully claim, as I have already done, that but for the loyalty of California as well as her gold during the civil war it would have gone hard with the federal government.

But why California more than some one of the other states? Because, first, San Francisco was the headquarters of the army of the Pacific. Secondly, because of the isolation of the western coast, with no available communication save the coaches from Independence. Thirdly, because of the ease with which California could have thrown off allegiance to the federal union, so many of secession proclivities being present who would gladly have declared for independence and slavery. How well the two words sound together! General Johnston, at the head of the army in California at the time, was himself chief of rebels. Fourthly, as some think of the great hearts then throbbing in California for freedom and a united country, so others will remember the gold we gave and place it to our credit on congressional records, and the pages of presidential messages, even though the proverbial ingratitude of republics should not fail when asked for a temporary remission of duties on lumber, as a deliverance from the unjust exactions of material-men combined against the rebuilders of the city after the catastrophe of 1906.

Missionaries of ardent imaginations thought they saw in a journey to Washington by Marcus Whitman the saving to the United States of Oregon, a land never lost or saved by any one, least of all by Mr. Whitman.

E. R. Kennedy has written a book to show how "E. D. Baker saved the Pacific States to the Union," a pretence somewhat startling to those who knew Mr. Baker as a seedy politician who sometimes paid a bill, a man of little weight or standing in the community, though a good talker, and as a soldier reckless enough to get himself quickly killed.

Foremost in every good work was Thomas Starr King, who probably did more than any other one man to make sure of the loyalty of California. Night after night he thrilled the hearts of the multitude that thronged his lecture-room with eloquent appeals for a free and united country.

At the first Sanitary Commission meeting held in San Francisco, in September, 1862, at Platt's hall, after stirring speeches by Eugene Casserly, Frederick Billings, Edward Tompkins, and others, Starr King arose and said: "After what you have heard, words of mine were superfluous. Deeds, however, are in order, though no one will be asked for a subscription here to-night. But when the time comes —turning to Mayor Teschemacher who presided,—"the president will give one thousand dollars, the Pacific Mail Steamship company will give one thousand dollars, the Ophir Mining company will give one thousand dollars, and every vice president on the platform—there are about seventy—will give five hundred dollars each."

Thus was set the pace of this philanthropy. The several persons and properties gave about as Mr. King had suggested, and these contributions considering the men and the times, were equivalent to ten times the same amounts to-day. Thus did California, while the rebel southern state whose brutal senator treated with insult our request for protection from avaricious material-men at the time

of the fire of 1906 was playing the part of renegade and traitor. Our lawmakers had sold themselves to the spoilers, and our state had no redress.

The reaction of California on the eastern states was in some respects not unlike the reaction of the New World on Spain. There was a general awakening to the importance of the present and the probabilities of the future. In Spain, manufactures which at first were stimulated by the influx of gold went over to France and England when idleness and luxury came. In the United States commerce and industries everywhere started up afresh, and although cotton manufactures drifted southward and westward, the civil war came on to give a still further impetus to business before it had time greatly to languish, though over-trading began to be felt in the early fifties.

As the gold-seekers began to return, some with well-filled pouches but more with lame excuses for failure, a feverish desire for speculation overspread the country and led to all sorts of industrial ventures.

Queer conceptions at home—home always meant the eastern states—were formed from various reports of the conditions of things in California, often without much discernment between life in the towns and in the mines.

For example, the impression formed of life in the mines from the earliest pictures and reports were hatless bearded men, in woolen shirt and cowhide boots, standing in the water and washing out gold from a tin pan. Or it might be cooking in the open, before a brush hut, or washing dishes—though for that matter the dishes were often left unwashed—or at a stag dance in the saloon, or in a hanging affair or a shooting scrape; so that at the New England homestead, some day when a fine groomed figure rushed in clasping mother and sisters in his arms, the father with uplifted hands might well exclaim, "Well, I swan, if you don't look jest like other folks!"

He could not avoid a little swagger, this returned Cali-

fornian, as he "chucked" his metal money about, regarding "shinplasters" with contempt and refusing to handle copper cents. No wonder that visions of opulence arose in the minds of those hitherto content with moderate aspirations as this lordly individual, fresh from the gold-fields, affected to hold their poor riches in such light esteem, though he himself might not have ten dollars left in his pocket.

As a rule the master minds of the fifties and sixties first served a shorter or longer apprenticeship in the mines. But whether for a shorter or longer period, the head soon got the better of the hands, the latter refusing to dig, the former demanding to do all the work.

D. O. Mills and Lloyd Tevis met there and talked about the future, building air castles in the river bed, and laying out plans over the sluice-box, speculating as to what they would do in the city when they had gathered some gold. Meeting later they compared notes, and remarked how nearly their lives had been squared to their earlier ambition, and how much more satisfactory the gold-fleecing of men in town was to the argonaut business in the mountains.

Collis P. Huntington was there and soon claimed everything in sight as his own, and by the mere force of his dominant will and shrewd tongue was able to hold a sufficient share of it. Stanford was there, only to look wise while others did the work. Flood and O'Brien, also Mackay and Fair, came forward later, but were none the less in evidence. Sharon and Ralston manipulated banks and mines in unison, yet were at arms length apart; one went up and the other down, the latter, by playing deity at large, was caught at last in the toils of his former drink-sellers. Lucky Baldwin, not so lucky in love as in lucre, made and lost many fortunes, yet leaving enough for claimants to quarrel over. Mike Reese, grub-staker, put up money against the other fellow's life and sent him forth to find gold. Mike's title-deeds were the bulkiest,

his features were the most brutal, and his raiment the filthiest of any in the city.

Another, bankrupt banker, wherefore a rich man; a ladies man, wherefore a book printed and published by one of his ladies, entitled *Love Life of an Ancient Charmer*, brought shame to him, and the gay though gray deceiver sought to repress it, but with indifferent success. Strange a man so conspicuous in high society and so iron-bound in low, could frame such silly stuff as this that in his *Love Life* he pours forth to his dilapidated divinity. When the civil war broke out he disappeared for a short time, and on his return he called himself general; why, he did not say.

Samuel Brannan did not himself work in the mines; working his Saints was pleasanter and more profitable.

Many of the best business men of the cities had their fling in the Foothills, as Peter Naylor, D. J. Oliver, W. E. Rowland, A. A. Austin, G. B. Post, W. H. Davis, J. B. Bidleman, Thomas H. Selby, George B. Gibbs, H. F. Williams, A. R. Flint, G. E. Tyler, J. W. Tucker, E. H. Parker, W. H. Mosher, John C. Fall, of Marysville, H. A. Roberts, of Sacramento, and hundreds of others.

Such were the real representative men of the mines, in greater or less degree, with greater or less force and purpose—a gathering most remarkable in quality and variety, and one such as had never before been seen. These, graded up to the United States supreme court, and down into the ditch, and out into the eternal darkness, were the true men of the mines, and not the dilettante gamblers and gunners of argonaut story.

CHAPTER VII

AN ARTLESS ADVENTURER

TWO *Years Before the Mast;* and because the boy was of Harvard and the Mast of Boston the book lived, and still lives, immortal upon Doctor Eliot's five-foot shelf.

There was nothing remarkable about the boy, or the mast, or the voyage. Scores of vessels had traded along the coast of California before the year 1835 for hides and tallow, dry, crackling, bad-smelling cattle-hides and greasy tallow, and found nothing romantic or specially instructive in the traffic. The missions were still in their glory, before the despoiling of secularization had come to them, while the bright-eyed dusky señoritas might still be seen peeping out from arbors of luscious grapes,—ardent grapes and ardent señoritas, all too dusky maidens with maidenly yearnings for something white of skin to marry.

It was some time in March, 1852, that I first landed in San Francisco. I was not yet twenty years of age, and too absolutely fresh and inexperienced to be anything but honest. Why my late employer, supposed to be possessed of ordinary bookselling sanity, should have sent me at such an age, to such a place, and for such a purpose as to sell and publish books, I could never imagine.

That he had married my sister was scarcely a sufficient reason, for during the entire four years I was with him in the Buffalo bookstore, or until his younger brother came to relieve me of the infliction, he put in train and kept in motion a most extraordinary nagging and petty persecution such as set my sensitive soul on fire, and kept it ablaze during all these tormenting days and years.

Also I felt it all to be so unjust, for I was on my metal to do my best. I was ambitious and conscientious, not too amiable or respectful; yet in my efforts to get forward I found him always in the way, a snarling post of obstruction.

I threw up the situation and went home, but I was not to escape so easily. He took too much pleasure in my misery to lose it in that way. So when he called me back, knowing as I did that at heart he was a good fellow, kind and liberal, and that he applied to me his erosive methods only because he thought them the right way in which to bring up boys, I returned.

And I met my reward. It was in the form of the aforesaid younger brother of his seated at the table and receiving on his devoted head, with an air of impudent indifference, the caustic criticisms hitherto so liberally bestowed upon me; for it was in the family circle that the master was pleased to shower upon us his business benedictions.

The brother was quite lame, with hair of a rustier red than his brother's; hearty, heartless, immoral, and by nature bad throughout. Older than I, much older in sin, I did not greatly care for his society, but I felt always grateful for the peace I found through his vicarious sufferings at the dinner-table.

The evolution of population, the blending of races following the discovery of gold in California began with the journey thither, which exercised as marked an influence upon the young and inexperienced adventurer as anything that followed.

The world was larger then than now, and the mind of man was smaller. To the verdant youth fresh from inland pastures ocean life was a revelation; to an unenlightened inhabitant of the wintry north tropical life was a garden of the Hesperides. No one ever left New York by any route and arrived at San Francisco the same person, but the changes wrought in mind or imagination by the strange sights along Panamá way and across the

Isthmus were more sudden and overwhelming than those experienced in the long monotonous voyage round South America, or even in the vivifying scenes of overland phenomena, with its return to primitive life, and the ever varying displays of shifting frontiers and a dissolving wilderness.

Life on the steamer,—generally overcrowded with its three grades of passengers, cabin, second cabin, and steerage, with stifling tropical heat and sickly smells, poor food badly served and the jarring thud of the never-resting machinery; always every day to see the same tired and tiresome faces of the passengers and the coarse ill-natured features of officers and crew—was productive of many original reflections.

I sailed from New York in February, and was about six weeks on the way, spending two of them on the Isthmus. Three or four days brought our steamer, the *Ohio*, to Havana. Shedding there the outer skin of rusticity, our passengers were transferred to the steamer *George Law*, which came from New Orleans to meet us there and carry us to the Isthmus, stopping at Jamaica for coal, so that on this my first voyage I saw more of the West Indies than in any one of my several subsequent voyages made in the capacity of San Francisco merchant.

The observant eye of the youthful traveller was quickly taken by the dark lowering features and light summery dress of the Spanish men, and the bright features and sombre robes of the women. Attention was also attracted by the all-compelling voiture, with its large wheels and small mule at the end of the long shafts, which gave the little beast all the room it required for kicking when prodded by its large heavy driver, sometimes astride its back, sometimes perched upon the whiffletree.

With a dusty tramp to the bishop's garden and a frugal repast the day came to a close, and with it my first insight into Spanish colonial life. I was quite ready for a continuance of the voyage.

As I sat on a coil of rope watching our passengers coming up the gang-plank of the *George Law* prior to sailing, I was unwittingly a witness to certain kindergarten lessons in graft, the first, but I am sorry to say not the last similar experience of many of the young Americans of that day.

Cigars were the chief temptation then. For twenty dollars a thousand better cigars could be purchased in Cuba than fifty dollars would buy in California, or than could now be elsewhere obtained for a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand. Naturally, therefore, the California bound bought cigars, one, or two, or three thousand each, and when they inquired of the affable seller as to the export duty, "Oh," he said, "just give the customs officer on board half a dollar and you will not be troubled."

What I saw as I sat there was this officer, jabbering and wildly gesticulating with outstretched arms as he pocketed the half dollars thrust upon him, one after another, by the passengers, each with his load of cigars. Afterward I learned that this petty bribery was but a part of a system extending throughout Spanish America, and indeed throughout the Spanish world, it being the custom of masters of vessels on entering a port to pay, in the form of a bribe, one half or one quarter of what the duties would amount to, or pay the whole of the duties in the legitimate way, as his honesty or cupidity dictated. Afterward I learned further that in American ports there was not so much Spanish jabbering and gesticulating over much larger amounts than half a dollar, which were promptly pocketed all the same.

At Jamaica, where we stopped for coal, which was carried on in sacks or baskets poised on the head of half-naked females of ebony hue, we saw the African at his best, or worst, laziness and licentiousness being the chief characteristics.

But they were happy. The women enjoyed their immorality and the men their laziness, especially the laziness

of officeholding, where there was little work and much authority.

Here was the result of an experiment which had given the race an opportunity to vindicate the claims set up for it by the benevolent, but which they had employed to little purpose. But is it not expecting too much of human development that it should produce in the unfolding what is not to be found in the germ?

Arrived at the Isthmus, preparations were made to disembark at the mouth of the Chagres river as usual; whereupon we were informed that the Panamá railway was in operation for a distance of five miles, and that instead of taking boat at the mouth of the Chagres we were to be landed at Colon, and carried over this five miles of rails for a fare of five dollars each, paying the same for boat hire from the terminus of the railway as we would have paid from the mouth of the river. The latter-day policy of corporate honor was not yet known in railway management. Upon the completion of this the most remarkable road in America the fare was reduced from a dollar a mile to twenty-five dollars for forty-eight miles.

Were it possible to write the romance of the Isthmus, to tell the tales of brave adventure and give the experiences of priests, traders, and conquerors, President Eliot might omit from his list the *Arabian Nights*, and fill his entire five feet from what here might be gathered.

It was along these shores that Columbus sailed seeking a waterway to India. Here Rodrigo de Bastidas traded and Juan de la Cosa made explorations; here Alonso de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa indulged in their memorable quarrel, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa gaining the supremacy. It was from this narrow neck of land, on the 25th day of September, 1513, that Balboa first saw the Pacific ocean, into which he waded, and with drawn sword, and the bombastic declamation of the day took possession for the king of Spain of all those waters, shores and islands. Building

boats he fished for pearls at the islands off Panamá, and made discoveries up and down the coast, affianced the daughter of Pedrarias, the governor, who became jealous of the dashing young cavalier and finally wrought his ruin.

It was from here that Francisco Pizarro sailed for the conquest of Peru, Gil Gonzales for Nicaragua, and Andrés Nino for the Spice islands. It was from Darien that the several expeditions in search of the golden temple of Dabaiba were made; it was at Darien that the Scots colony of well-born Scotch and English adventurers came to grief, as we have seen. It was from Nombre de Dios that Gonzalo de Badajoz set out on his expedition for the South sea.

The mule trail from Nombre de Dios to Panamá was cleared of obstruction, widened and erected into the first official interoceanic roadway over which passed the product of the American mines and the rich cargoes of the galleons from Manila and China.

Then came the long period of piracy, fostered by the exposed wealth on land and the richly laden ships at sea. There were Morgan and his men, and Francis Drake, and Oxenham, with endless thrilling accounts of sacked cities and captured treasure trains.

When Vasco Nuñez descended from the hill of Quarequá to gather in his arms the great South sea, he came upon a collection of huts by the water's edge which the natives called *panamá*, afterward seized and held by Tello de Guzman.

This was the site of old Panamá, which in 1517 the governor, Pedrarias Dávilla, determined to make the seat of government, and entrepôt for the gold and merchandise of the Pacific destined for Spain, with a chain of posts to Nombre de Dios.

Mention is made of this road and this city by the chronicler Benzoni, who travelled in Darien about 1541. He says that the Panamá hamlet consisted of about 120

houses built of reeds and boards and roofed with shingles, in and around which lived 4000 people.

During the first day's journey to Nombre de Dios, the road, about 50 miles in length, was fairly smooth, the remainder being rugged and the streams almost impassable during the rainy seasons. The forests were dense and forbidding, and of the Benzoni party were twenty negro slaves to clear the path of under-brush and fallen trees.

Though doomed ere long to die, this ancient Panamá was destined first to become the richest and mightiest metropolis in all the two Americas. Before the end of the century the isthmus of Darien had become the gateway between the two seas, and Panamá the most important place in connection with the economic development of the New World. Situated upon the world's highway, in the centre of the Spanish colonial possessions, through its portals must pass the treasures of the northern and southern coasts, the islands of the South sea and of the Indies beyond. It was the half-way house and the toll-gate between eastern Asia and Europe, the mart of the western world where men of all nationalities and colors met and made their exchanges, the merchant princes of the east and the west, the raw adventurer outward bound and the returned fortune-seeker, elated with success or broken-spirited through failure.

The key to commerce, Panamá was likewise the key to political supremacy. By holding the Isthmus, the king of Spain held the Pacific. Expeditions for conquest were here fitted out where they might fall back for support and supplies. Without Panamá Francisco Pizarro never could have conquered Peru, still less have held the country in the face of the brave Manco Capac.

The central position and the command of both oceans which gave to Panamá her wealth and power also exposed her to political convulsions and attack from foreign foes. An insurrection in Guatemala, a rebellion in Peru, a change of restrictions in Asiatic trade were immediately felt at

Panamá, and upon her fell the heaviest blows aimed by the English, French, and Dutch in the West Indies against Spain. The city was several times captured by pirates and held for ransom or burned.

Such was the ancient original Panamá of three hundred years ago; will the Panamá of the canal be able to make proportionately as brilliant a showing three hundred years hence? Let us hope that it may.

A morass on either side with deadly malaria its native air, there had long been talk of moving the city of Panamá to a better locality; or rather of obliterating the old and building anew, for cities are not among things movable, unless under absolute or imperial rule, as in the case of Nombre de Dios, where the surveyor reported, "If it might please your Majesty, it were good that the city of Nombre de Dios be brought and builded in this harbor," and the thing was done.

Andagoya was not in favor of the change. "God himself selected this site," he says, though he does not give the source of his information. And further, "There is no other port in all the South sea where vessels can anchor alongside the streets."

Nevertheless, upon the capture and burning of the city by the pirate Morgan, who also carried away for sale or ransom six hundred prisoners, it was ordered by the Spanish court that the city should be rebuilt on a new site which had been selected some two leagues away. The new Panamá was laid out in 1671 in the form of a square, with moat and walls so costly that the council in Spain wrote asking if the fortifications of Panamá were of silver or of gold.

There were many schemes afloat for an interoceanic waterway prior to the French failure, of which an account is given in a subsequent chapter.

Among the passengers for California were many thoughtless and careless young fellows giving little heed to health,

and adopting no measures for its preservation. The Isthmus malaria, in its effects then called Panamá fever, found easy victims. Embarking at night on the river we had the full benefit of its deadly vapors before morning. Nevertheless we lived—some of us.

These boys of sixty years ago, now for the first time from home, young men or men of middle age, knew little of the dangers from disease to which they were exposed. The general hygiene of the later canal builders who lived as safely here as in the northern latitudes would have been beyond their comprehension.

It is said of the Chinese who worked on the Panamá railway that they died of malarial fever and other diseases incident to the climate in such numbers that their bodies laid at length would have extended along the whole forty-eight miles of track, and that hundreds hanged themselves for fear they should die. The natives of the island in the days of Columbus, driven by the Spaniards, hanged themselves to trees rather than work. The feeling in both instances was similar yet not the same; they were all alike victims of discouragement.

During the time of this my first Isthmus transit, as well as in the years that followed, all who fell sick were treated by their fellow-travellers, though strangers to them, with unselfish kindness. Only the transportation company's officials and servants were indifferent or brutal. This insidious disease, thus picked up at Panamá, remained in the system dormant often for months, and then broke out in virulent form in the mines, or elsewhere. Sometimes it remained with its victims through life.

Forced to part with their baggage, many of the travellers never saw it again, piles of it going to swell the profits of the native transportation contractors.

Disembarking at Gorgona the passengers took the trail, on foot or mule-back, twelve miles to Panamá. There they must remain for days or weeks or months perhaps, until they could find passage by steamer or sail, for there were

always those who came ill-provided with through transportation.

Gross impositions were practised on the passengers by the New York owners of the steamship lines, who sometimes sold transportation to twice the capacity of the ship, and sent thousands to their death from delay on the Isthmus. The steamers on the Pacific side were cleaner and more commodious, and once safe on board with berth secured, some comfort might be found if the vessel were not overcrowded.

When the traffic became settled the steamers from New York made the whole distance without stopping, and managed to arrive at the Isthmus during the night or in the early morning. The passengers, mails, and fast freight were at once disembarked and sent to the steamer at Panamá, which left the same night. The slow freight, the through rate for which was twenty dollars a ton, fast freight being double, was transferred between steamers, thus remaining over one steamer on the Isthmus.

If the journey to California was a transmigration of the soul the landing at San Francisco in the early fifties was a dump into Dante's inferno. The streets were slush knee-deep in winter, and in summer the strong unobstructed ocean wind laden with fine particles of sand brought regularly every day at ten o'clock stinging to the face and bad words to the tongue. But at intervals when the wind ceased, and the slush subsided, the aromatic air tinctured with the salt of ocean came down from the dunes through the scraggly oaks and chaparral like the soft wind of heaven.

But if God reigned sometimes by day Satan ruled the night. While all else to the innocent adventurers far from home was cold and dark and dreary the great gambling houses, at a rental of from two hundred to five hundred dollars a day, blazed with light and warmth and luxury; for the whiskey at fifty cents a drink was not so bad as

some these same fellows found later in the mines, and now being unaccustomed to its free use a little of it went farther.

A San Francisco gambling palace of '49 and '50,—a long, wide room, with deep vistas of tables covered with green cloth and piles of gold and clattering gambling machinery, thronged with a silent humanity of mixed rough bearded men in woolen shirts and slouched hats, mounting upward in various grades, until the gentlemen in white shirt and silk stovepipe are reached. On one side stands a gorgeous bar, a long counter behind which mirrored walls reflect cut glass, bright fluids, and fantastic ornaments, a dozen white-coated ministering spirits attending; on the other side a braying band of music. The floor is covered with chairs and the walls with large lascivious paintings, the ceiling thickly studded with blazing chandeliers. Here may the weary one, safe from the cold outside drizzle, sit snug and dream of home, or empty his pockets at the tables, drinking at the bar for courage and luck. Here may he rise from his reverie of home returning, of the ocean voyage back, the railway journey following it, the lumbering omnibus ride to his door, the shout of greeting, the joyous inrush, the outstretched arms, and the clasping heart to heart of wife and children, of sweetheart and sisters, the bringing out of presents, the excited talk late into the night of things nearest to them, how they had fared, how he had fared, and the quiet peace of the morrow when for the first time in months or years he feels that he can indeed rest.

Then the other picture, a hut in the chaparral or among the pines, by day shoveling in the water, hammering on the flume, prying among the boulders, digging in the shaft or tunnel; at night frying meat and baking bread in the ashes, a turn among the roysterers of the saloons, drinks of fiery whiskey and chats with the harlots of the hall; on Sunday washing of clothes, more whiskey and perchance some shooting, all the while the heart sore

within by reason of departed manhood and moral degradation.

What a contrast in this reverie of returns! See him now as rising from his seat he draws from his pocket a little leather bag of gold-dust, and approaching the table he lays it on a card. "By God I'll chance it; home or the mines!"

Before starting from home or soon after his arrival in California, the gold-smitten adventurer has named the time of his return, and that time is daily looked forward to with a longing such as few others have ever experienced. And safely bestowed at home again, after a brief period of enjoyment, he longs for California once more. California with all her sins upon her, with all the trials and temptations, the successes and failures, to him who has once tasted of her fascinations, who has breathed the electrical air and felt the stimulating sun strike into his veins, there is no other place in which to live or die.

Many a good man has fought out the battle of life in the Sierra foothills, or on the dunes of San Francisco, and gone his way leaving no mark other than the impress of soul upon human progress. Yet that should suffice; if we search intelligently and follow faithfully our own interests, we may be very sure that we are at the same time living to the interests of our fellow men.

The typical returning Californian of the early days, fresh from his baptism in a new economic environment, was a fine specimen of American manhood, as elsewhere I have intimated. Tall, strong, and self-contained, sometimes coarse but always courteous and with a chivalrous consideration for women and children, he formed a striking contrast to the awkward and somewhat verdant youth that had left his home some years ago.

Montgomery street was the Wall street of the city then, and remained so for twenty years thereafter. The water of the Cove at first came up to it at Jackson street, extend-

ing in a lagoon up Jackson street half way to Kearny. California street, supported by one house only, that of Alsop and company, marked the southern business limit, and Front street the eastern.

Steamer days had become an institution; twice or three times a month there was an arrival and a departure, oftener than that when the Nicaragua line was in operation. Business transactions dated from one steamer day to another, the day before departure being collection day. As for the day of arrival, as the time approached, wistful eyes were cast upon the long-armed post surmounting Telegraph hill for the expected signal, for besides business and merchandise, were there not blessed letters from home, and friends perhaps expected?

Telegraph hill became historic. The worst element of the town camped at its foot, and the dead were buried on its sides. Outgoing sailing-vessels sliced it off for ballast at the time when ships came to California laden with merchandise and went empty away. Later when the age of grain arrived vessels came empty and went away loaded. All of which was emblematic of the doing and undoing of things in California.

Of late sentimentalists would cleanse the inhabitants, teach the use of the fork instead of the fingers, and restore and beautify the hill. Why? On the northern side at the base, when the signaling began, there were pig-sties; in the proposed restoration, with the lumbering signal machine on top, should we restore the graves of the dead Italians, and the pig-sties, and the ghastly scar left by the ballast-shippers, while the remainder of this very dirty dirt could be advantageously used in filling back of much needed bulkheads for commercial purposes, and while so near at hand is Russian hill, which with winding roads and villa sites on its bluff sides facing the Golden Gate and bay could be beautified to one's heart's content, and made one of the most picturesque places in the world?

From the plaza, or Portsmouth square, a path led along

where is now Kearny street, round the Sutter street hill into St. Ann valley, where a covering of scraggy oaks supplied fire-wood to be delivered at forty dollars a cord, and so on to the Mission through Hayes valley where grew an abundance of wild strawberries.

The trail from the Presidio entered Kearny street north of the plaza, deflecting west at Pine.

Mr. Neall, a prominent citizen of the time and place, informs me that he and other business men of San Francisco in the spring of 1849 would often on a quiet Sunday tie their tent strings and go gunning over the dunes leaving twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars in gold-dust locked in a little iron box that a blow of the hammer would break in pieces.

Words dropped by an experienced traveller and close observer like Bayard Taylor, who was in California in 1849, bring into high relief the salient features in a picture of the times.

At San Diego "before the hide-houses at the landing-place" his steamer, upward bound from the Isthmus, came to anchor. It was the same steamer, the *Panamá,* upon which the writer of this *Retrospection* made his first voyage on the Pacific three years later, his vessel anchoring in the same place for fire-wood, driven thither by a storm outside which had exhausted her coal; the same landing-place where the boy Dana, fourteen years before Taylor, had scooted his dried cattle-hides down the bluff. It was on the south side of Point Loma, where was afterward Roseville.

"The old hide-houses," Taylor goes on to say, "are built at the foot of the hills just inside the bay, and a fine road along the shore leads to the town of San Diego, which is situated on a plain three miles distant and barely visible from the anchorage. Above the houses on a little eminence several tents were planted, and a short distance further were several recent graves surrounded by paling. A num-

ber of people were clustered on the beach, and boats laden with passengers and freight instantly put off to us. In a few minutes after our gun was fired we could see horsemen coming down from San Diego at full gallop, one of whom carried behind him a lady in graceful riding costume. In the first boat were Colonel Weller, U. S. Boundary Commissioner, and Major Hill, of the army. Then followed a number of men, lank and brown 'as is the ribbed sea-sand,'—men with long hair and beards, and faces from which the rigid expression of suffering was scarcely relaxed. They were the first of the overland emigrants by the Gila route, who had reached San Diego a few days before. Their clothes were in tatters, their boots, in many cases, replaced by moccasins, and, except their rifles and some small packages rolled in deerskin, they had nothing left of the abundant stores with which they left home."

Passing on to Monterey, "a handsome fort, on an eminence near the sea, returned our salute. Four vessels, shattered, weather-beaten, and apparently deserted, lay at anchor not far from shore. The town is larger than I expected to find it, and from the water has the air of a large New England village, barring the adobe houses."

Dropping anchor in San Francisco bay opposite the main landing outside of a forest of masts as the gun of the *Panamá* announces her arrival, a glimpse of the town is caught. "Around the curving shore of the Bay and upon the sides of three hills which rise steeply from the water, the middle one receding so as to form a bold amphitheatre, the town is planted and seems scarcely yet to have taken root, for tents, canvas, plank, mud, and adobe houses are mingled together with the least apparent attempt at order and durability. The boat put us ashore at the northern point of the anchorage, at the foot of a steep bank, from which a high pier had been built into the bay. A large vessel lay at the end discharging her cargo. We scrambled up through piles of luggage. A furious wind was blowing

down through a gap in the hills filling the streets with clouds of dust. Great quantities of goods were piled up in the open air for want of a place to store them. Many of the passengers began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a gentleman of New York, who took out fifteen hundred copies of *The Tribune* and other papers, which he disposed of in two hours at one dollar a-piece! Hearing of this I bethought me of about a dozen papers which I had used to fill up crevices in packing my valise. There was a newspaper merchant at the corner of the City hotel, and to him I proposed the sale of them, asking him to name a price. "I shall want to make a good profit on the retail price," said he, "and can't give more than ten dollars for the lot." I was satisfied with the wholesale price, which was a gain of just four thousand per cent! I set out for a walk before dark and climbed a hill back of the town, passing a number of tents pitched in the hollows. The scattered houses spread out below me, and the crowded shipping in the harbor, backed by a lofty line of mountains made an imposing picture. The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the thought that what I then saw and was yet to see will hereafter fill one of the most marvelous pages of all history rendered it singularly impressive. Every new-comer in San Francisco is overtaken with a sense of complete bewilderment. A gentleman who arrived in April told me he then found but thirty or forty houses; the population was then so scant that not more than twenty-five persons would be seen in the streets at any one time. Now, there were probably five hundred houses, tents and sheds, with a population fixed and floating of six thousand.

"Pueblo San José, situated about five miles from the southern extremity of the bay of San Francisco in the mouth of the beautiful valley of San José, is one of the most flourishing inland towns in California. On my first visit it was mainly a collection of adobe houses, with tents

and a few clapboard dwellings, of the season's growth, scattered over a square half-mile.

"A view of Stockton was something to be remembered. There, in the heart of California, where the last winter stood a solitary rancho in the midst of tule marshes, I found a canvas town of a thousand inhabitants, and a port with twenty-five vessels at anchor. The mingled noises of labor around, the click of hammers and the grating of saws, the shouts of mule drivers, the jingling of spurs, the jar and jostle of wares in the tents, almost cheated me into the belief that it was some old commercial mart familiar with such sounds for years past. Four months only had sufficed to make the place what it was; and in that time a wholesale firm established there, one out of a dozen, had done business to the amount of $100,000. In the early morning the elk might be seen in bands of forty or fifty, grazing on the edge of the marshes, where they were sometimes lassoed by the native vaqueros and taken into Stockton."

At Sacramento "The forest of masts along the embarcadero more than rivalled the splendid growth of the soil. Boughs and spars were mingled together in striking contrast; the cables were fastened to the trunks and sinewy roots of the trees; sign-boards and figure-heads were set up on shore, facing the levee, and galleys and deck-cabins were turned out to grass, leased as shops, or occupied as dwellings. The aspect of the place on landing was decidedly more novel and picturesque than that of any other town in the country. The original forest-trees, standing in all parts of the town, give it a very picturesque appearance. Many of the streets are lined with oaks and sycamores six feet in diameter and spreading ample boughs on every side. The city was peopled principally by New-Yorkers, Jerseymen, and people from the western states. The road to Sutter's fort, the main streets and the levee fronting on the embarcadero, were constantly thronged with the teams of emigrants coming in from the moun-

tains. Such worn, weather-beaten individuals I never before imagined. Their tents were pitched by hundreds in the thickets around the town, where they rested a few days before starting to winter in the mines or elsewhere. At times the levee was filled throughout its whole length by their teams, three or four yoke of oxen to every wagon. The amount of gambling in Sacramento city was very great, and the enticement of music was employed even to a greater extent than in San Francisco. The horse-market was one of the principal sights in the place, and as picturesque a thing as could be seen anywhere. The trees were here thicker and of larger growth than in other parts of the city; the market-ground in the middle of the street was shaded by an immense evergreen oak, and surrounded by tents of blue and white canvas. One side was flanked by a livery-stable—an open frame of poles, roofed with dry tule, in which stood a few shivering mules and raw-boned horses, while the stacks of hay and wheat straw on the open lots in the vicinity offered feed to the buyers of animals at the rate of $3 daily for each head. When the market was in full blast the scene it presented was grotesque enough. There were no regulations other than the fancy of those who had animals to sell; every man was his own auctioneer and showed off the points of his horses or mules. The ground was usually occupied by several persons at once."

Witnessing the San Francisco December fire from the bay he says, "I went on deck in the misty daybreak to take a parting look at the town and its amphitheatric hills. As I turned my face shoreward a little spark appeared through the fog. Suddenly it shot up into a spiry flame, and at the same instant I heard the sound of gongs, bells, and trumpets, and the shouting of human voices. The calamity, predicted and dreaded so long in advance that men ceased to think of it, had come at last. San Francisco was on fire! The blaze increased with fearful rapidity. In fifteen minutes it had risen into a broad, flickering column,

making all the shore the misty air and the water ruddy as with another sunrise. The sides of new frame houses scattered through the town, tents high up on the hills, and the hulls and listless sails of vessels in the bay gleamed and sparkled in the thick atmosphere. Meanwhile the roar and tumult swelled, and above the clang of gongs and the cries of the populace I could hear the crackling of blazing timbers and the smothered sound of falling roofs. I climbed into the rigging and watched the progress of the conflagration. As the flames leaped upon a new dwelling there was a sudden whirl of their waving volumes, an embracing of the frail walls in their relentless clasp, and a second afterwards from roof and rafter and foundation-beam shot upward a jet of fire, steady and intense at first, but surging off into spiral folds and streamers as the timbers parted and fell. For more than an hour, while we were tacking in the channel between Yerba Buena island and the anchorage, there was no apparent check to the flames. Before passing Fort Montgomery, however, we heard several explosions in quick succession, and conjectured that vigorous measures had been taken to prevent further destruction. When at last with a fair breeze and bright sky we were dashing past the rock of Alcatraz, the red column had sunk away to a smouldering blaze, and nothing but a heavy canopy of smoke remained to tell the extent of the conflagration."

It was a community of young men; women, children and old men together being less than ten per cent. of the population. Of females in the cities the proportion was less than eight per cent. and in the mines less than two per cent.

Not every nation would have been as free with its five hundred miles of rich placer mines, as to invite all the world to come and help themselves. True it had come easy and might go without conditions. To conquer terms from Mexico had not been a difficult task, and to pay a

pour-boire of fifteen millions for what was worth fifteen thousand millions, and all so soon following the Louisiana bargain,—buying it or stealing it at that rate per thousand leagues was a get-rich-quick achievement concerning which we could well afford to be liberal.

What a possible Utopia was here if only man had been free from his own inventions! Managed as a thrifty New Englander manages his farm here was sufficient to feed and clothe the world forever, or at least until standing room should become scarce. Here was opportunity in its broadest conception. A practical Eden had humanity been ready for it, a substantial Eden with reasonable possibilities superior indeed to the fantastical garden and its occupants on the Tigris and Euphrates. But men are little more capable of exercising wisdom in their affairs now than in the days of Adam and Lot.

There was no good reason why all foreigners should not have been taxed who came to gather gold, no good reason why an export duty should not have been placed on gold, or a fifth taken by the government as in the flush times of Spanish America, no good reason why after killing the Indians and taking their lands we should invite the scum of the world to come and occupy them, no reason why we should then turn over the government to these ignorant aliens, who knew not our pilgrim fathers nor yet the fourth of July except as a day to get drunk in. True, we could get rich quicker by filling up the waste places of the Republic with any kind of rubbish, and we did get rich quick, six of us at least, who represent the six great interests, oil, steel, telephones, railroads, banks, and robbery pure and simple. But how about the ninety and nine millions who get none of these good things?

England kept order in her Cariboo mines and made the interlopers pay for it. Murderers were caught and promptly hanged, and no harangue of the well-paid lawyer or mumbled excuse from be-wigged and be-gowned high-priests of law might ever avail to set him free. In the

Sierra foothills also there was an absence of technicalities, justice was free and hanging easy.

Next to the Anglo-Americans who though out-numbered were still dominant, were the Spanish-Americans; then the self-complacent Briton, the reflective German, the versatile Latin. From Africa, besides the orthodox man-eater was the swarthy Moor and sombre Abyssinian. From Asia, Australia, and the South sea isles, the turbaned Indian, the Mongol, the Malay, the Chinaman, the man of Nippon, the Kanaka, and the rest. As compared with the class the Teuton peoples here presented, the restless Celt and the Latin representatives appeared to less advantage for building a high-class commonwealth, while least desirable of all the Europeans was the slothful Slav.

In 1853 business opened with a rush, only to collapse the following year from over-trading and over-building. Placer mining had also reached its culminating point, and those driven in consequence to agriculture and stock-raising had as yet only begun. Mason, Persifer Smith, and Riley each in turn had been appointed governor, but they were only military men and did little governing. Over the mind of General Persifer Smith came a dim consciousness of the fitness of things when he wrote the secretary of war, "I am partly inclined to think it would be right for me to prevent foreigners from taking the gold unless they intend to become citizens." And again, "I shall consider every one not a citizen of the United States who enters on public land and digs for gold as a trespasser." But the preëmption and other loose or liberal ways of administration had become so interwoven in the politics of the nation as to prevent decisive action under these new conditions, and the matter was allowed to lapse.

We must not credit ourselves with pure benevolence and good will to man as the whole reason for giving away our gold. The yellow metal attracted people, many of whom remained from choice while others could not get

away, and so became settlers; not to mention further the thousands of millions in agricultural products taken from the soil coming from the Louisiana purchase and the California country; and not to mention, finally, the coal and iron, the silver and copper, or the gold previously taken. Within the last ten years alone the gold product of the United States was some eight hundred millions of dollars, most of it taken from regions west of the Rocky mountains. So around the entire seaboard of the Pacific lies uncovered natural wealth such as never yet has been revealed to the avaricious eyes of man.

I have said that no young man ever left home for the California mines and reached San Francisco the same person. If therefore the transformation on the voyage was so great, how much greater was that which followed.

Latent in every individual are traits and characteristics the existence of which are unknown to the possessor until brought to light by circumstances.

The new and varied experiences of the outward journey could not account altogether for the sudden transformation attending the arrival. In the new environment new issues arose which must be determined on the spot, and the trend of such determination marked the man, marked his inherited qualities, and the effect on them of the new conditions. Actual or fancied necessity might drive the missionary to dealing monte, or the college professor to cooking in a restaurant, while the old identity of thousands of educated and refined men was quickly lost in the rusty habiliments of the unkempt miner.

Old habits, old beliefs, old principles fell from the hitherto pattern of propriety like a garment on touching the wharf at San Francisco, their naked souls to be garbed anew in the unaccustomed activities of the town or the coarse uniform of the Foothills.

Not only were these men thus so strangely and unexpectedly thrown together in a new atmosphere of human

intercourse destined to work out for themselves a new system of salvation, but new systems of government of business, of society, and morals, with the crude amenities of a new manhood.

The change was sudden and decisive. The sometime lazy person was seized with energy, the prudent became reckless as he laid his money on the gambling table, or engaged in wild commercial speculation. Faiths and doctrines, the result of a lifetime of pious instruction and training, were often laid aside to be taken up at some future time in a more congenial atmosphere. The complex condition of life in the mines turned out many a strange creature, a wonder most of all to himself.

All sense of moral or social obligation was too often atrophied by selfish interests, and yet there pervaded the entire community a wonderful kindness of heart and good-fellowship, with instances of self-denial and devotion rising into the heroic.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PASSING OF THE FRONTIERS

THE American frontier, which for two and a half centuries entered so largely into the destinies of the nation, began its course at tidewater on the shore of the Atlantic. At first a thin line along the seaboard which marked the limit of European occupation, it slowly fell back ten miles, a hundred miles, a thousand miles, until two hundred years and more had passed away, when at the call of gold representatives from all the world congregated on the shores of the Pacific, only to see another frontier arise before them, destined to move slowly eastward to a meeting at the continental divide, both frontiers there to vanish as phantoms of departed peoples.

When the Puritans from Holland landed at Plymouth they landed on the frontier, the ever-moving line which marked the separation of civilization from savagism. Over this line were for the newcomers romance heightened by peril, the gathering of wealth with adventure; on the hither side was the work accomplished, wild lands subdued and farms and settlements secured.

There at the initial line of these frontiers the Puritans on landing set up for themselves for defense only a platform on a hill with mounted guns, but sufficiently significant of coming conquest and subjugation. Pestilence among the natives won for the settlers a quiet winter, thus giving time for some slight preparation for the long forthcoming struggle for the supremacy.

For a time the frontier hovered about the Appalachian range, then swept westward over the valley of the Ohio, resting again at the Mississippi.

In preparing the primitive lands for the use of civilization, before the forests are leveled or the prairies plowed, the country must be cleared to some extent of its former occupants, the aboriginal owners of the domain.

Conscience the pilgrims had brought with them in liberal supply, and of an accommodating sort, applicable alike for expelling unorthodox believers or slaying savages. It was not difficult for them to persuade themselves that heathen nations have no rights before Christians, that savages have no rights in the presence of civilization, that is to say if Christians and their civilization happen to be the stronger.

They would not shock the ears of a sensitive world by proclaiming aloud the rectitude of power, but they acted out the principle, all the same, as fully as ever did Cæsar or Napoleon. Preachers in the pulpit preached it from holy writ; judges wove it into their most righteous decisions.

Thus it was, that while our pilgrims were not at heart more wicked than Turks nor more cruel than Spaniards, never was the treatment of Turk or Spaniard more fatal to a conquered people than was our treatment of the Indians.

William Penn was a just and upright man. At least he thought himself such, which is half the battle; others thought him so, which went far toward making up the other half. When he set out to people his state, he did not go to the ghettos of London and St. Petersburg, nor visit the purlieus of Naples and Vienna, but he printed pamphlets and gave them to his Quaker friends in England and the Lutherans in Germany.

He promised that with free lands the incomers should be allowed free religion, both of which they knew how to value and to use. Thus his lands became occupied by the best and not by the worst element of Europe.

Penn possessed a conscience, a seventeenth century conscience. Charles II had no conscience whether of time or

place. A seventeenth century conscience demanded payment for Indian lands, but the amount need not be large nor the value excessive. Payment once made, minor cheatings were in order.

The attitude of Penn in his dealings for his domain with the natives has been regarded as a model of fairness. Doubtless this is true from the viewpoint of that day, however illogical his position may seem to us. We may not speak of the rights of savages who have not the power to maintain them. We may not speak too freely of the rights of might or of the might of right.

William Penn, who earnestly desired to do right, may not question too closely the actual ownership of this land.

It is not the province of history to cavil at the decrees of fate. We may recognize inexorable necessity when we meet it. We may know how certain eventualities stand, how they have been and are likely to be, though we are unable to weigh or measure them, or tell why they are so. What seems to us wrong in the abstract, may when interwoven in the scheme of the universe be right; we do not know; we do not like to think of so superb a structure as the American federation standing on a rotten foundation.

We see the titles to all civilized lands running back to their acquisition by bloodshed and fraud; ownerships changing on the approach of superior strength; various names being given to various sorts of robbery, as right of conquest, right of discovery, the word right here not signifying so much that which is just and proper as that which is strong. What is right? The dictionary makes sad work of it trying to tell.

To whom does this land belong, to the king of England or to the aboriginal occupants? Scarcely would William Penn reply, "To whomsoever possesses the power to hold it." Yet such is the reply of history, or civilization. And Penn himself acts half way upon that theory. As a matter of fact he buys from both the native owner and the

European possessor, but gives an equivalent in value to neither.

Civilization is stronger than savagism in every way, intellectually, physically, and experimentally; hence the simple savage, this child of nature, inured only to nature's frowns, must go by the board. Such is the rule. Penn did not stop to consider the logical bearing of his acts so long as they were humane. The king of England was willing to rid himself of a debt which he never expected to pay by giving up what had cost him nothing and did not belong to him. But with the royal title to the lands of Pennsylvania in his pocket, the Quaker was at peace, although he knew that title to be spurious. The rightful owners were in possession, rightful if strong enough to maintain their rights.

Still breathing peace, Penn appeared without weapons before the weaponless natives, and promises were made which were kept on both sides for sixty years. Then the old Adam appeared in the congregation of the Friends. Penn knew that he was not paying the Indians a fair price for their land, but he did not resort to the gross trickery of the time. He at least pretended that the price was fair, and the measurement likewise.

It was the custom among those Indians, according to the long-familiar story, to define lengths and breadths of lands by the distance a man ordinarily walked in a day. The length of Penn's tract was three days' walk. Penn himself walked a day and a half, not too slowly, and stopped, tired out, leaving the remaining distance to be walked at another time. After Penn's death the wisdom of the serpent creeping into the camp of the Friends, an expert was brought forward to finish the walking. He covered eighty-six miles, or about four days' walk, in the given day and a half, and died. Thereupon peace took to itself wings; the white and red brothers, Quaker and savage, returned to the ultimate appeal, and bloodshed followed.

In the heart of Friend William was no guile. If he

had cheated the Indians it was not as he would have it. Perhaps he was the misused one; perhaps in exchanging trinkets for square leagues the Indians had got the better of him. Glass beads are valuable and highly prized by great chiefs, as valuable and highly prized as diamonds by him who knows not the difference. A beautiful bright bead; is it not worth more than acres of land? And surely it is not as wicked to cheat the Indians over-walking as by under-paying. But Friend William's friends, those who succeeded him in his noble efforts to establish a commonwealth on the broad principles of truth, honor, and integrity, of peace and good will to men, they knew they were cheating, and they were made to suffer for it.

But the ways of Penn himself were ways of pleasantness, and his paths were of peace, to such a degree at all events as should enable him to secure the most and best land for the least money, and establish a permanent commonwealth on the broad principles of liberty and humanity, such as to emphasize an achievement without a parallel in the history of the race.

Lands in limitless regions which had cost them nothing were cheap enough favors even for European monarchs to bestow liberally upon their subjects. Under whatsoever name sovereignty was claimed, whether by right of discovery as it was called, or by right of conquest, or by purchase from some power which had fairly or fraudulently acquired it made no difference. Possession was the point, and the power to hold possession. In any event, to the last purchaser the continent came cheap enough, even though the seller could give but a poor title.

After all has been said it is plain that the acquisition of title, the claims to ownership of lands aboriginal or ancient must not be tested too closely by any code of ethics, other than the ethics of superior strength, if we would not have brought home to us the fact that every foot of this earth has been many times stolen from its possessors.

The irony of it all comes upon us when we consider how quickly following the teachings of our good Puritan parents came the national promulgation of the doctrine of the rights of all men to life, liberty, property, and the rest. Before the white man came the red man was in possession, whereupon the white man's pursuit of happiness was in clearing the land of the red man, and the red man's pursuit of happiness was in killing the white man. Europeans did not take the trouble to bring forward that stale absurdity, the right of conquest; of course lands, especially savage lands, belonged to any one strong enough to capture and hold them.

Then came a new pursuit of happiness, voiced by delectable debaters at Washington, more especially concerning the church of England people in the lands of Mary, and Caroline, and George, and Elizabeth, the happy pursuit of holding black Africans in slavery, and fighting over the consequences one of the saddest and bloodiest civil wars in history.

As regards the relative cruelty of nations or peoples in their treatment of the Indians there was less difference than is generally admitted. It was more a matter of human interests than of human kindness. The intentions of the Spanish government and of the American government were alike kind and just. Spaniards killed the Indians when they would not submit, especially when they would not accept the Spaniard's religion.

As I have said, in the eyes of Christianity heathenism had no rights; in the eyes of civilization savagism had no rights. Wild lands when wanted by civilization had only to be taken, and wild men like wild beasts must give way before the stronger arm. They had souls, yes, convoked wisdom had so decided, but the swarthy natives of America were not human as the white Europeans were human. If surely they had souls they were heathen souls, unregenerate, unredeemed.

The people of the United States were more pronounced in their treatment of the natives than the Spaniards at the south or the Scotchmen in the north, not because the Puritans of New England and the planters of Virginia and their successors were by nature more inhuman, but because the Indians were not wanted. Their presence was a menace and a nuisance.

The Americans from first to last would have the country clear of them, New Englanders preferring to do their own work, while the southerners found African slave labor more adaptable. The Spaniards in the meantime found the natives profitable for the purposes of conversion, of amalgamation, and of labor, while the Scotch and English in Canada wished to hold the country as long as possible in a wild state, with the savages to hunt for them. "The Hudson Bay company," its officers used to say, "thanks no one, least of all its servants, for cheating or mistreating the Indians," while Queen Isabella, on hearing of the cruelties of one of her captains, exclaimed, "How dare he so treat my subjects!"

While the people of the states, south and north, were as rapidly as possible clearing the country of its aboriginal population as they cleared it of its wild beasts, by killing them, burning their towns, and driving them farther back into the wilderness, the government, that abstract irresponsible thing at Washington where its thieving agents are concerned, was fathering and flattering these children of nature, herding them in reservations and giving them for their comfort trinkets, blankets, missionaries, surreptitious whiskey, and the white man's diseases.

But if we are to carry upon our shoulders this sin of our fathers to the third or fourth generation, and for many more, we may take this for our consolation, that it is fate under whose inexorable decree we suffer, that the mere contact with civilization is too often fatal to the Indian, that along the lower levels of savagism kindness kills as surely if not as quickly as cruelty, if indeed the rifle is

not more merciful than measles, small-pox, syphilis, tuberculosis, and the rest. The English in Australia have no interest in clearing the bush of its occupants, but it is all the same, contact kills.

Nor were the white man's ethics of occupation much more logical than his ethics of extirpation. The world was made for man, that is to say for civilized man. Naked wild men and wild beasts must not occupy land wanted by mounted men in clothes, that is if the latter are strong enough to take it. True, all were once savage, or sylvan, but then the fittest survived, you know. Well might the Indian say to the white man, "Take our land if you must, kill us if you enjoy slaughter, but spare us your cant, hypocrisy, and lies."

It is idle to talk of the rights of civilization. Civilization has no rights not held in common with savagism. Let us rather be honest with ourselves and others, and say openly to the natives, "You have that which we want and are going to take; be quiet and submissive and we will give you something; make us trouble and we will kill you." For this civilization has itself proclaimed, if not in words at least in deeds.

And this our colonists thought at first to do respectably, to remove the natives and lift the frontier without resorting to the usual barbarities of frontier warfare, as scalping and torturing their captives; but after the lesson taught by Braddock's defeat they were obliged to some extent to let their Indian allies have their way.

There was no thought thus far on the part of white men of conquering the Plains. They had enough nearer home to conquer, in the valley of the Ohio and on the hither side of the Mississippi. Yet the passing of the frontiers was assured from the beginning. Judging from the nature and condition of the native occupants when first seen by stronger peoples they were created only to be destroyed. At all events they were created and they were destroyed. This destruction was accelerated by the pass-

ing of the frontiers; indeed, the passing of the frontiers was their destruction.

It was a simple but effectual process. The colonists on the Atlantic began at once to shove back the dividing wall, but it was some time before they had it placed well out of the way lined along the crest of the Rocky mountains. The gold-hunters on the Pacific, with scarcely any opposition, quickly found the country clear back to the Sierra Nevada. They and the settlers who came after them could have had the intervening desert space at any moment, had they so desired it, but they deemed it not worth the taking.

The closing lines of the unwritten past, the dissolution of a world of non-progressive humanity risen—who shall say how or when?—back in the twilight of primordial ages, came softly and simply as destiny had decreed.

The dominant race walked into its questionable inheritance as by divine right. They walked about over it as fur-hunters; they marched through it as emigrants; they digged for metal as miners; the fertile patches they cultivated as agriculturalists. Finally, becoming tired of the long journey round it by way of Nicaragua, of Panamá, of Cape Horn, they laid lines of railway across it, factories and cities arose and the achievement was complete.

Thus the fateful day arrived when the inevitable must come to pass. It was during the civil war and the reconstruction period following it that marked the disappearance of the American frontiers.

Early came into American life, to life on the Atlantic seaboard, this western frontier, the ever-shifting barrier between matter of fact and mystery. Two centuries later appeared to those on the Pacific coast their eastern frontier, less now a mystery than a matter of fact, something to be met and overcome. For though here and there the silence of nature had been broken, the miracle of turning oceans of sand into fructifying soil had not yet been revealed.

Meeting thus upon the mountain-top the two frontiers vanished. Throughout the century each change in attitude or progress of these frontiers, their uprising, their every movement, and their passing had marked an era in the nation's history. In front of each, and between them, was nature undisturbed, a wilderness tenanted only by denizens of the wilderness. Now all around was subjugation, nature enslaved; in place of rude wilderness, the calm of culture and the reign of mind, specimens of superiority sufficient for themselves at least to justify the dominant race in its spoliations. Overspreading the republic was a oneness, which however thin the coating, helped to unite the diverse interests.

On the eastern side transportation became a vital force. Wagon roads and canals were quickly followed by steam navigation on rivers and lakes, and lines of railways working ever westward and stretching finally across the continent. On the western side similar energies were in operation, all working eastward; and in the meeting of the two sides was sent forth the last sigh of savagism.

Our two neighbors at the north and in the south, each exercised its own peculiar and individual influence. The great trails of pioneer times, and later the trunk lines of railways in Canada ran east and west, while those of Mexico came to us out of the south, as the Santa Fé trail, and the Mexican National and Mexican Central railways. Our own roads extend east and west.

The significance in the character and direction of the pathways of the three nations was felt and recognized from the first. Our attitude toward Canada has been reserved, our intercourse all along the line has been limited, our interchangeable interests few.

When Canada was held by people of the Latin race, it mingled freely with the aborigines. The adaptiveness of the Frenchman, his light, gay spirits captivated them, throwing the Anglo-Saxon into the shade.

On the south was another family of Latin blood, who

although we did take from them California might entertain some gratitude for our help in defeating the plan of the French emperor to set up in Mexico an empire under Maximilian.

We have seen how railways forced the barriers and dispelled the frontiers. They penetrated the prairies and punctured the desert. The seventies saw in operation the first trans-continental through line, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific being joined with imposing ceremony at Promontory, May 10, 1869. The event was celebrated in oil by Mr. Hill, the artist, at the instigation of Leland Stanford, who held the position in front with hammer and golden spike. Stanford took a great interest in the artist's work during its progress, coming often for pose and consultation as the life-size figures developed under the brush, it being understood that the honored president of the road was to take it, paying a fair price for it on its completion, and that others should have copies of it. But in the meantime the associate magnates had grown cold and jealous over the matter, feeling that Stanford, who in the construction of the road, and in aiding by his imposing presence the manipulation of contracts and securities, and the bridging of financial irregularities in the courts, had served as little more than figure-head, now assumed a prominence as builder to which he was not entitled. So in order to show indifference to fame, and smooth the ruffled plumage of the others, he repudiated his obligation to Mr. Hill, and left the huge painting, the work of several years, on the artist's hands.

To forestall competition, the Central Pacific men out of their lootings built the Southern Pacific, and with the two, the roads to Oregon and elsewhere, their returns became larger than ever. The intention originally was not to operate the first road, but to get out of it as much as possible on the score of building, and then throw it with a huge indebtedness on to the hands of the government, they themselves standing from under.

Then followed the organization of other roads, the Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, and others. The failure of Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania road, to build the Texas Pacific, chartered in 1871, from Texas to San Diego, rid the Southern Pacific of a serious competitor, and prevented San Diego from then becoming the metropolitan city of southern California.

CHAPTER IX

A NEW LAND AND A NEW PEOPLE

THE courses of history are like the scattering of birds at the noise of the fowler, and the blending of races in the creation of new nations is as the coming together of flocks of a kind from different quarters to merge into a homogeneous whole.

A new land makes a new people; various race combinations give sectional variety. A good food-producing soil in a warm or temperate climate gives the best ethnical results. This is the rule; that the conditions so favorable to development as those in Alta California, where the very atmosphere is a vitalizing force, should have engendered in all the ages past only the lowest order of humanity must be referred to intervening causes of which we can know nothing.

With regard to the development of peoples already civilized, united under new conditions, it is different. In that case the adaptiveness of the several parts to their environment becomes the chief factor in progress, for it is obviously impossible wholly to fit old ways to new conditions.

The problem was never more distinctively presented than when, at the call of gold, a new people first came together in a new land on the shores of the Pacific. And when they came did they enter in and possess the land, or did the land close in and possess them?

For there were few among those who came early to America whose minds had not dwelt to a greater or less extent upon the new nations which should be made to fit

the new lands that had been discovered; or should we say the new nation, for it was scarcely to be expected that more than one would appear, or more than one form of government be devised of such superior excellence as to throw into the shade every other people and government of whatsoever time or place. That people, of course, were our people, and that government our government, and in the new found lands we should assist at the birth as well as at the coming of age, and we should be the envy of some and the pattern of others, and gather to ourselves glory and reward.

So ran visions through the mind of many who made their abode in Philadelphia or Boston, in New Netherlands or Virginia; and when with much thought and vigorous action under the clear sky and in the pellucid air of a new environment such men as Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington began to appear, it seemed indeed that a new and better age had come upon the world.

And this new land and this new government, God-given to his best people, to a later chosen Israel, should be devoted in his name to the betterment of his world, of his wicked world shall we say, at least of all the people in it of whatsoever country, color, or creed.

But with distinctions of course. Nearest us, directly under our noses in fact, and with none too fragrant an odor, were the aborigines of the two Americas, having mind and heart and soul like our own, likewise God-given with the new lands, and to be properly accounted for in the final reckoning.

We made them to appear as bad as possible, with our broadest vulgarity giving them beastly names, as buck, squaw, papoose, their success in battle a massacre, ours a glorious victory, yet they were not worse than others. We made treaties and broke them at our pleasure, and placed over them as superintendents broken down politicians who cheated them in many ways.

It is a pity; they are so far astray; they surely are not worth reclaiming. They will not work, and is it not written that such shall not eat? It is cheaper to kill the Indians and enslave the Africans. Are not they also cursed of the Almighty, these black men; is it not written of the children of Ham that they shall serve?

Two of the assumed obligations, the red and the black, being thus summarily disposed of to the satisfaction of the Puritan conscience, the remainder, the yellow and the white, should receive their due consideration at the proper time.

These early comers from Holland and England were different from the others, and the commonwealth of which they began the construction must be different. They were something more than religious fanatics seeking a Utopia in the wilderness. There was the pride of life as well as the purity of faith. It was only excess of zeal that caused them to err as others had erred in relation to them. They had given freedom to their bodies but their souls they could not so easily emancipate.

That there were present many strong men of tender conscience and high sense of moral obligation did not prevent the indulgence of iniquitous superstitions characteristic of the age.

Americans all, but of different stock, brought from the colonial coast to assimilate in the hills. Daniel Boone's adventurers in Kentucky were of one stock; the strapping corn-fed fellows of Tennessee were of another stock; and when cities arose yet other strains were found there. And in the race development which followed, this system in western migrations was not without its compensation.

Kindred in birth and breeding yet of different families, forming new communities in new lands; inherited faiths and forms of thought meeting other inherited faiths and prejudices; new arrivals being met by new economic conditions and new social and religious ideals, toleration be-

came a necessity, and the several members of these societies learned in time to give and take the best and eliminate the less desirable.

Thus were brought face to face the New Englander and the Virginian, the New York Dutchman and the Pennsylvania German, and the many mixtures in the south, every family having its history, which with early environment and characteristic differences might, if known, explain as well the race antagonisms as the tolerance and kindly feeling attending the creation of new communities.

Crossing the Mississippi and still moving westward yet other types appeared. At every halting place the problem had to be wrought out anew. Finally these restless builders of empire, overleaping plains, mountains, and deserts, met and mingled, these many types with many other types on the California shores of the Pacific. All along the route they left their impress on the soil, the impress of mind and manners, of speech and numberless idiosyncrasies brought with them from their late American or European homes, they or their children, then or later, destined to be again disrupted and recast perhaps in broader forms with fresh infiltrations from every quarter of the globe. For thus America was made, the American people, a distillation from one alembic of all the nations.

The economic forces gathered from every quarter of the earth and planted on new and fertile soil in their coalescence produced remarkable effects. Opportunities were eagerly seized and followed up with an intensity never before displayed on such a scale or with similar results.

The colonists, even those who founded the federation, were not of one class alone, and their subsequent surroundings and occupations caused them to drift still farther apart. The proprietary governments in Maryland and Virginia were composed of men of aristocratic tendencies, loyal to the king and to the church of England, who had left their country for political reasons.

The refugees who landed at Plymouth rock had fled from religious persecution; they held with Cromwell, and to their own forms of worship, and were essentially democratic. They cleared the country as rapidly as possible of wild beasts and wild men, with their own hands scraping off the snow from the ground in the winter, cutting out the underbrush in summer, and building and planting as best they were able.

The southern planter lived in regal state with servants and equipages, cultivating with slaves the tobacco plant which passed as money. The impecunious whites of the south were proportionately abased, while in the north all being poor all were equal, all worked and work was honorable.

It was perhaps fortunate that the French in Canada had refused to join the revolutionary movement while it was fermenting in the British colonies, and so saved the United States from an unprofitable alien element.

The Quakers in Pennsylvania formed a class by themselves; they might not fight, nor cheat, nor swear, nor enslave, they might work and live simply and friendlily.

At the same time the century belonged to the English; the Atlantic colonies were English, the states when organized were essentially Anglo-Saxon, and though immigration and increase were more alien than English, yet Anglo-American customs, laws, and literature have thus far predominated. How long this state of things will continue, with ten millions of citizen negroes rapidly increasing toward a hundred millions, and a million a year of low-grade European immigrants soon to be citizen aliens, who can tell?

For two centuries New England stock maintained its purity to a fair degree; after that it strayed away and mixed with baser blood, while those who remained at home deteriorated, partly from stagnation and partly from amalgamation with a low European element which drifted in from Halifax and New York.

The United States at the end of the eighteenth century

was quite a different nation from the United States at the end of the nineteenth century. And never before in our complex life were there such radical and rapid changes as we are undergoing at the present moment.

The entire population for that matter is of foreign origin, but we are at liberty to distinguish between the early English and Dutch stock, the founders of the Republic, who endured revolution and achieved independence, and under the inspirations of freedom of thought and action have made this country what it is,—we are at liberty to distinguish between the descendants of these, whether living at present east or west, but who may still be seen as in their original American homes, the Virginia gentlemen, the solid men of Boston, and the money rulers of New York, Celtic, Teutonic, Slav,—and the Latin intermixtures who came in for adoption afterward, however worthy and loyal they may prove to be.

These later arrivals, numbering twenty to thirty millions, exercised their due influence on the mass of which they formed part of the amalgam, being the lower strata of society, poor, ignorant, many of them debased, while the early arrivals were of the middle class of a people foremost in individualism, of independent thought and high aspirations.

We have pretty well drained northern Europe, but we have still Austria, Italy, and Russia to draw from. With these we may still swell the slums of our large cities, breed more American citizens who cannot speak the English language, and extend the usefulness of our sentimental slummers, howsoever little agriculture and manufactures are benefited by them.

"New varieties of the American" Bayard Taylor called the long loosely jointed specimens that came aboard his steamer at New Orleans while en route for California in 1849. They presented the appearance of what might have been a cross between poor white trash and the impecunious owner of a few worthless slaves. And if slave labor was

degrading in Virginia it was more so in Tennessee and Missouri, where society was yet crude and the conditions of domestic life were less refined.

Quite a contrast between these mid-continent men and the rather diminutive inhabitants of some of the more refined eastern states.

Race intermixtures in a warm and fertile soil evolved in the southern middle-west a crop of young giants reveling in "hog and hominy," driving negro slaves and helping to propagate them. "Pike county" was the generic term applied to them in the California mines, where they were a distinct type. Awkward in their movements, with their massive bony frame, large hands and feet, sallow melancholy unintellectual faces, fateful eyes and the corners of the mouth drawn downward, they were quite a contrast to the New England Yankee, yet of good use enough in empire-building.

These however are not fair specimens of the product of this section. Though the Puritan race in New England is diminishing, in the mid-continent and Pacific states it is increasing, though not as rapidly as the general increase of population.

Thus it is plainly to be seen that these United States are no longer the America of England and Holland, of the Puritans and pilgrims, of Hancock and Washington and Jefferson. We have sold ourselves for a mess of pottage, for inordinate wealth, which we have secured, and which is even now taking revenge on us by breeding rottenness in our bones.

So rapid are the transformations through which we have passed and are still passing that every two or three decades seem to bring us out into another world. To realize this more clearly, eliminate from the mind for a moment the new forces that revolutionized society during the first half of the last century, the application of steam and electricity, resulting in the steamboat, rail-

road, and telegraph; and during the last half, the fundamental forces of steel and oil, with numberless new inventions and discoveries, evolving such miracles as the floating palaces of ocean, battleships and liners, wireless telegraphy, the telephone, the automobile, and the flying ships. And the romance of wealth; a million a hundred years ago was more than a hundred millions now.

And rapid as have been these economic evolutions, territorial expansion has ever been in advance of them. The original area along the Atlantic was doubled twice over, and its utilization multiplied tenfold. And over the wilderness of the west, metamorphosed, the valleys became gardens, the grassy plains cornfields, the metalliferous mountains pasture lands, the vast deserts fruitful fields, the forests and the gold-veined sierra depositories of inexhaustible wealth, and on the parched slopes of sunny California homes of paradise, while spread out on either side were the world's two greatest oceans, with their watery pathways direct to the seaports of all nations.

These marvelous developments came not in a steady stream, but in surges, each movement marking an epoch. And ever as long as time rolls, and men continue to come and go on this planet, these ceaseless transformations will continue, to the affiliation and elevation of mankind. And ever the momentous question will be, what next? To the prophet who can rede this riddle belongs the future.

The population of the colonies in 1750 was estimated at one million. The first census of the United States in 1790 showed a population of 3,929,214 of whom 700,000 were negro slaves, 60,000 free negroes and 80,000 Indians. John Carroll of Carrollton, with an income of £14,000 a year, was regarded as the wealthiest man of his time, and George Washington with less than 75,000 acres of land stood next. Then there was Gouverneur Morris of Morrisania, who could order from London at one time a whole box of richly bound books without stopping to count the cost.

The disintegration attending the distention of a com-

munity over a wide area of wilderness was met by new concentrations under new environments, by which kneading process the whole mass was undergoing continual change. Not only is this formative process always present, but the results are something new, better or worse than the old it may be, but always different; so that in the earlier migrations when single individuals or some part of a sectional community from the Atlantic seaboard had reached the Pacific they might not always be easily recognizable.

In the final overspreading with settlements of the entire country from ocean to ocean it was found that each centre of population held its type, which was the germ of development in each of the new settlements, new blendings ever productive of new results. Thus among the original coast colonies there were the several societies widely distinct in form, feature, thought, and speech, and whose character was influenced also by their religion.

Cutting up our country into geographical provinces, each with its own peculiar physical conditions differing from those of every other, we find in each the meeting of many types whose intermingling and new environment developed new types. Hence as a nation, whatever we may become ethically or politically, we can never physically coalesce into a homogeneous whole. The New Englander will always be a Yankee; the black man of the southern plantations will always be black. The Russian Jew of the northern sweatshops will always be a Russian Jew; while the Virginian gentleman so long as he remains at home will be a gentleman, however much of a bully he may perhaps become in transplanting.

It explains much and exonerates much as to the conduct of southerners during their migratory days, the fact that in their own country, from the earliest times, affairs of personal honor were settled out of court; the law was asked to intervene in property rights only.

Wherever the Virginian went he carried with him the chivalrous ways and courteous manner, until peradventure he dropped them on the road, yet always impressing upon the language of the west his charming accent. His influence for good and evil was later felt in a marked degree in California. Quite different, though none the less impressive, were the characteristics of the New Englander, with his chronic directness, his persistent application, and his thrifty ways.

Any point in the progress of this nation, if we allow the mind to dwell upon it, may appear to us as a special period of transition; but so impetuous has been the rush forward that during the last half century at least any special periods of progress are scarcely discernible.

Americanized by California gold, by the passing of the frontiers, by war and railroad and government graft, by the greed of special interests, it is no longer America for the Americans, but America for the Irish, for the African, for the Nipponese.

The light-hearted French and Italians love pleasure, which their Teutonic mixture, however it may modify makes more durable. San Francisco is shaping her course and evolving her people to make her the gayest city in America. The city and its environs invite to open air, which the Latin race loves.

Portland, Oregon, presents a fine class of business men, merchants, and bankers. The real agricultural people of Oregon also are rather superior, made up of American, rather than a conglomeration of Latin, Teuton, and Nippon. The early settlers of Oregon were nearer the New England type than the early settlers of California. They were likewise pioneers in the true sense of the word, men and women who went before to remove obstacles and prepare the way for others, a class of people that never appeared in California at any time.

Oregon to-day is more American than any state west of the Mississippi, one half of the original population be-

ing from the middle west, though formerly of the eastern seaboard, one third from the southern west, and although six per cent. only came direct from New England they were sufficiently pronounced in character and intelligence to implant their institutions on the virgin soil of this farthest west. A few Canadian fur-hunters dropped down from British Columbia, while Germany and England contributed the rest.

Seattle with its more modern development has accomplished wonders, with its transpacific and Alaska trade, its flourishing manufactures, owing to its self-deliverance from the tyranny of labor leaders, for which superb achievement we must overlook the fungus growth of a politician sent to Washington for its sins, to be whitewashed at public expense to the discomfiture of Congress and the undignified display of presidential prejudice and sentimentalism.

San Diego is a pronounced example of civic individualism as displayed in the Anglo-American occupation of the Pacific coast. The first point in Alta California for the planting of a Franciscan mission, it was also the site of the first Mexican town, and one of the first to accept United States ownership. It was perhaps as interesting a place as any visited by Mr. Dana during his interesting voyage, though consisting commercially only of hides and tallow, and ethnically of Indians, Mexicans, and a white man or two.

It remained much the same, with the addition of a few more white men and an imitation Mexican pueblo government, until some time in the sixties, when there came along a man with Yankee proclivities and mid-continent manners, who bought all the pueblo land thereabout for thirty cents an acre, selling it up to a thousand dollars a lot and dying without a dollar he could rightly call his own. Father Horton, he was called, founder of the Horton addition to the new town addition to the old town, which last addition bloomed effulgently before them all.

Four miles south on the bay the Kimball brothers be-

came possessors of a Mexican grant, on the edge of which they laid out a town, calling it National city. The two brothers possessed one common characteristic which made it unnecessary for any one to inquire who they were or whence they came; each could out-talk any one except his brother.

The deck of the steamer which plied between the ports of San Diego and San Francisco was the favorite debating ground for these champions of the rival cities. Mr. Horton himself was facile of speech, and allowed the same liberal margin for exaggeration for himself that he granted to the brothers Kimball; hence on these memorable voyages the winds and the waves had little chance of being heard.

As the Horton eloquence took effect, and the hamlet began to grow, Los Angeles became alarmed, fearing a rivalry detrimental to her interests. Every fact or falsity that could be employed, every subterfuge that could be invented, the most outlandish and bitter lies were brought forward to cast odium on San Diego and prevent people from going there. The coast was not clear, they said, the harbor was not safe, a vessel was just wrecked on the rocks, a boat was capsized and all on board were drowned, the bay was full of sharks, the land was barren, nothing doing, nothing ever would be done. Don't go there.

Then came along the Southern Pacific, passing San Diego by for some wicked offending, and so the embryo city rested from its labors for many days.

Meanwhile Los Angeles was reveling in a triumph of misrepresentation and vituperation. And made it profitable. Dishonesty was the best policy. How they feel about it now is difficult to say, as most of those particular liars are dead.

On the streets of San Francisco among scattering Atlantic Americans we see many persons of Teutonic caste, but there is no predominating type. Business men of the first rank are mostly Americans from the eastern states,

while the lower class of politicians are of alien origin. The Oregonian lacks the full face and form of the Californian, has a more refined expression though somewhat awkward in bearing,—but on the whole more American than Californian, owing to pure origin, isolation and retirement, and less alien intermixtures, particularly of the lower sort.

The early Anglo-Californian was known as such the world over; large, alert, frank, good-natured features, but easily hardening under pressure; manners and dress alike worn loosely; a real or affected indifference in handling money, of which he would spend lavishly up to the last dollar.

We have seen how like the shadow of a cloud, under the sombre influences of our worshipful pilgrim fathers and their successors, the American frontier had slowly crept westward from the Atlantic, leaving uncovered the wealth of industry, cities towns and factories, smiling fields and happy homes. We have seen how for half a century this frontier exercised a magical influence on American thought and action, ever serving as a dividing line between reality and romance.

Then presently out of the west came another frontier, approaching more rapidly, and meeting the first century after Independence at the great continental divide. Between these two frontiers had long remained a vast area of mountain plain and desert, the Netherland of American development, the last of United States territory to be reclaimed from savagism. By it the two sides of the nation were held apart, until there had developed on the Pacific side a new type, but with essentially the same interests and ideals, the farthest west being now more eastern than the eastern west.

All through the period of greatest expansion in the region between the settled communities of the Atlantic seaboard and the ever elusive frontier, social disorganiza-

tion prevailed. It was not until two hundred years after they had been claimed and bought and sold in Europe, that the lands now constituting the larger part of the United States, fell under the influence of civilization, and it was not until after 1846 that the region beyond the Mississippi came to any great extent into American life. Then the industrial energy of the east swept over the west, and the work of empire building began anew.

Up to this time the population of the United States was practically American; that is to say, foreigners hitherto had come in so slowly, and were of such a quality as to become assimilated with no serious race deterioration.

Never was displayed a deeper love of country, never was shown greater devotion by both men and women, a willingness to give all they had and life itself for the accomplishment of their purpose than by people of both the north and the south during the civil war. As in the early days of Rome, citizenship was a precious thing; to be one with the Republic was a sacred privilege.

Fifty years ago the average American was patriotic. There is no average American now, and he is not patriotic. Faith in the future is not patriotism, it is not even religion when unattended by any formative effort.

During the war with its brutalizing influence this passionate idealization of nationality declined to a sullen hatred of the enemy, and disgust over the growing cupidity and selfishness manifest on all sides. In like emergency some of the old feeling might return, but with the large addition of low-grade foreigners the old patriotism will scarcely be revived, for from that day to this we have been constantly assimilating the nationalities of Europe and absorbing them in our body politic, each draft being from a yet lower depth until the lowest has long since been reached, and still we draw.

This policy grew with the growth of the country; wealth and power must increase with the increase of population. This was true up to a certain point, which

point we seem to have attained, for increase of wealth and numbers no longer add to our well-being.

While the extent of our riches and resources was questioned, we asserted and insisted; travelling, we bragged up to the limit through every capital in Europe. Now that wealth and power and greatness stand undisputed, we no longer boast.

During the three decades from 1870 to 1900 there was added to the agricultural domain of the United States an area equal to the half of Europe, and every new tract wrested from savagism and thrown open to occupation was followed by a mad rush of mixed aliens and Americans, all eager for spoils.

It was not avaricious speculators alone who fancied they saw in present development a permanent prosperity, but astute statesmen encouraged increase of numbers as enlargement of national advantages. The disorder spread southward and broke out in virulent form in Georgia, where a league was formed to aid in the begetting of children. Never was set going a foolishness so absurd, whether in the natural or the supernatural line, but that it found followers. What sayeth the preacher who thus preaches propagation with so loud a voice, patting the woolly head of a shambling negro and presenting him with a douceur because his wife gave to American citizenship four at a litter? Does he not say quantity before quality; anything of any shape, or color, or degree of intelligence may qualify as a member of this very free republic?

And as for bringing into the world innocents, not knowing or caring if any provision has been made for their upbringing, not knowing or caring if they are cursed from the beginning with the poverty and diseases of their parents, cannot any one see the crime of it?

Of the behavior of men, civilized or half civilized, when thrown together in a new land without a government we have a fair example in early California, a new

land, not yet cleared of its low-grade root-and-grasshopper eating humanity, yet the mildest mannered of American savages.

In the ethnic evolution of Anglo-California the ingredients of population were essentially mixed, and a reconstruction of ideals must necessarily follow the coming together of many different peoples strangers to each other in a strange land. In the mines was one new phase of social development, and in the cities another.

Among those that came were some from every nation under heaven, from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the sea. From the northern and middle United States came the greatest number, these to this day are the dominant element on the Pacific coast. Next were the people of the southern states, then Spanish Americans, Irish, Germans, Italians, French, and English; Scotch and Scandinavians, East Indians, Poles, and Russians; Arabs and Portuguese, Kanakas, South Sea islanders, and Australians; Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans.

There were more negroes at first than later; they were not wanted here at any time, being lazy, lying, inefficient, and variable. Oregon passed a law at an early date that even free negroes should not be allowed to live within the limits of the territory.

Professor Farrabee says that a perfect human development in the United States has been arrested, if not ruined, by the admission and absorption of low grade Europeans; that the people are suffering from the unfit and degenerate, both native and foreign born, but that the error may yet be rectified. "We have had an unexampled opportunity," the learned professor goes on to say, "to produce a perfect race of men and women. If we had been more careful as to the immigrants we admitted we could have insured an addition of nearly perfect people. Those immigrants of a couple of generations ago who were not fully fit have left a progeny of still less fit persons."

That is to say, though the third generation is worse

than the second we may recover and become as the first if we do not further debase our blood. If the professor will consider for a moment he will see that this can never be. Race perfection is not a goal to be reached by human effort; race betterment, an eternal improvement, is all that we can accomplish, and whatever is lost cannot be regained. Further, the low alien element abroad will never be excluded so long as the low alien element at home possesses the power to admit them.

No doubt the United States will in due time settle upon some kind of race, notwithstanding present ethnic disabilities, but it is scarcely to be expected that with two-thirds of the population the scum of Europe, with probable future African and Asiatic intermixtures, the race will be equal to what it would have been had it remained largely Anglo-Saxon with only the best Teutonic affiliations.

Though the substance has departed, we still apply the word American to the shadow, but only as a generic term. The Georgia piccaninny, or the New York son of a Russian Jew and Italian mother are no more Americans than if born in an African jungle or a St. Petersburg ghetto, though for our sins made politically our equal.

As for line development in our new lands on the Pacific there were half a hundred types, or rather one might say every man was his own type, thought his own thoughts, spoke his own words, acted upon his own instincts, following his own inclinations, fearless of God or the devil, or of any other influence above or below save that mightiest of all powers the opinion of his fellow-men.

The kind or quality of this opinion, so ardently desired, so imperiously demanded marked the man, determined his status in the scale of humanity, and gave him his place among his fellows. No questions need be asked him as to who or what he was; his name and birthplace were matters of indifference. How he wished himself to be regarded by others; that was the man. And that is the man and the woman, here and elsewhere, to this day.

The typical hero of current tales of the Sierra foothills was the creation of a morbid fancy having little foundation in fact. False impressions were early abroad as to the character and quality of the men searching for gold during the flush times of California, owing to a disposition on the part of early romancers to caricature them. The author of this *Retrospection* spent some time in both the northern and southern mines, as well as in the cities. Although too inexperienced to make much of a study of the people, he was present at an impressionable age, and many of the striking and ever-varying scenes of those days remain as vivid in his mind to-day as they were sixty years ago. Though there was present enough of crude originality to justify some of the story teller's flights of fancy, the quality of humanity as presented by them never existed.

The California miner of '49 and '50 was a plain, practical man, of good common-sense, honest and industrious. It was a long and expensive journey to these mines, and the wholly worthless fellow seldom found his way thither. Yet he is presented to us as a new type, unique and pronounced, not in process of transformation but finished. Were it true, such an appearing could have been only as the result of a miracle, for in the autumn and winter of 1849 the mines were practically abandoned, owing to the heavy rains which flooded the valleys and impeded transportation.

There were deviations, of course, so different had been the origin and development even from the same or contiguous quarters in the United States,—we had not yet become accustomed to speak of California as in the United States.

Take, for example, the individual and type christened in the mines "Pike County," before mentioned, from Pike county, Missouri, whence the earliest specimens came, though the name was applied to all of that quality, whether from Missouri, Tennessee, or Kentucky.

What prolific qaulities of earth and air may here be

found for breeding big brawny men of sluggish brain and strong sinews has never been explained, but the fact remains that in the California specimens, seven feet high with breadth and weight in proportion were not uncommon.

Compare the tales of the romancers with the reports of Governor Riley to the secretary of war, August 30th, 1849. "Before leaving Monterey," he writes, "I heard numerous rumors of irregularities and crimes among those working in the placers; but on visiting the mining regions, I was agreeably surprised to learn everything was quite the reverse from what had been represented, and that order and regularity were preserved throughout the entire extent of the mineral district. In each little settlement, or tented town, the miners have elected their alcaldes and constables, whose judicial decisions and efficient acts are sustained by the people, and enforced with much regularity and energy." And of San Francisco, Albert Williams remarks, "Valuable property exposed in frail structures or lying unprotected on the street was undisturbed. It was dangerous, it was also accounted mean to steal."

The typical American miner presented a fair physique, above medium height, clean of limb, with an honest eye and decided opinions. He had common education, based upon good principles, and thought well of himself, with a conscience pliable enough to suit his purposes, yet with little disposition to downright wrong doing.

Religious scruples brought from home melted under the compelling sun of his new environment. He was the best specimen of manhood ever seen in these parts, far better than can be found in proportionate numbers in California to-day. He was fearless and independent, with a pride above pride of dress; indifferent as to conventions, yet considerate of the rights and feelings of others. At bay he would do a wickedness quicker than a meanness.

There were present professional gamblers, quiet and well-behaved, reticent always but especially so while en-

gaged at their occupation; not disposed to quarrel, not quick to shoot. The barkeeper conducted himself along similar lines; any other course was bad business.

As a rule the miners at large were temperate and frugal; loosed from all restraint they let themselves go upon occasions, certain of the riotous sort in dancing, drinking, shooting, with now and then a hanging meeting, or a Sunday raid on a Chinese camp or an Indian rancheria.

It is remarkable how quickly outward bearing fitted itself to new conditions, how quickly the economics of the mines evolved a new and unique order of society which led to such erroneous estimates of individual character.

Those men down among the boulders, who and what are they? Mostly of the middle class, I should say, were there any middle class in America, the middle class being the best class,—well born, being American born, of respectable antecedents, educated, brought up to work, and neither rich nor poor.

University men, not a few of them, club men some of them, though club men were not so common nor so shiftless then as now, embryonic lawyer, doctor, clergyman, though the young parson usually preferred dealing monte to digging for gold. And that slightly built, pale, boyish looking young fellow, quiet features, cadaverous skin, and mild eyes, but with a glint of steel in them—I have seen him more than once; no one knew until the thing was tried, he least of all suspecting it, until accident brought it home to him, the lust for blood, for human butchery, harbored in his heart, in the heart the kindest and best of mothers gave him.

What folly to talk! As well attempt to analyze the never existent angels as to sound the depths of human nature.

The Englishman in the mines was staid and sober; he soon tired of the occupation and dropped out of line. So with the volatile Franchman, who fraternized and worked

in companies. There were Mexicans, Kanakas, and some of every people under the sun, and of all grades of dirt and disposition.

Some there were who had broken away from early associations and habits to experiment in unknown fields under unimaginable conditions. They were of strong individualism with self-centred natures. Here were displayed forces generated in distant homes and liberated in a community unrestrained by law or social convention.

The spirit of these gold-devouring days was the spirit of individualized absolutism. Each was for himself and no other. He carried his life in his pocket, his hip pocket as he fancied; to those about him his life was of no consequence; if he lost it that was his affair. Touch his property, his comrades were quite ready to help hang the thief, as in the sacredness of property rights all had a common interest. There was nothing sacred in human life, all must die sooner or later; a little time more or less made no difference. Entertaining such sentiments, the greatest of crimes being theft, the least of crimes murder, gold became king and ruled royally. On the hut floor or cabin shelf were loose nuggets and tin cans of gold-dust, unguarded alike, whether the owner was off at work during the day or carousing at night, none dare touch it. Few desired to touch it; it was better to go out among the boulders and gather it.

Besides, during the first year of the Inferno, which for the first year was not an inferno, but simply a gathering of neighbors and friends, all was quiet, a summery picnic, sleeping in the chaparral, eating meat and gathering gold; the advent of crime was during the second year of this new civilization.

If life was of little consequence, the veneer of life was still less regarded. The first look of the initiated at a new-comer was to penetrate appearances; color, creed, clothes, all on the instant became transparent as the qualities of the man were laid bare for inspection. If

he took kindly to the use of his stove-pipe hat for a foot-ball, and his baptism in bad whiskey, that were a good beginning, but there must be present honesty as well as amiability to make a good devil. It was a bad place for the vendor of hypocrisy and fraud.

A prominent feature of the flush times was the swift succession of startling events, making a day seem like a year and a year a life-time. Up and down, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, alive to-day and dead to-morrow; here a town at midnight, in the morning ashes; a fine farm yesterday, now a flood; a start for home—ah! what thrills of delight! thrust back among the boulders by the failure of a bank; news from loved ones, oh hell! disease and death.

In the colonization of the earth the several European nationalities were distinctly marked one from another, while in each nationality the members were much alike. Thus in New England one person or town or city would be similar to all other New England persons or towns or cities. So with regard to the Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania, the Dutch of New York, the English of Virginia and the Carolinas, while each colony differed from all the others, the members of each were all like one another.

So with mid-continent occupation; while the migrations to the Ohio and Mississippi valleys brought with them the individualisms of their several Atlantic homes, amalgamations set in and soon the many several settlements were to a certain extent one people.

In the settlement of the Pacific coast it was quite different. However diverse may have been the component parts the towns and cities assumed an individualism which they retain to this day.

The Hispano-Californian element, like the Indian, soon faded into nothingness, leaving no mark. The early north Atlantic people assumed the supremacy, and still maintain it, while from the south Atlantic and the middle

west, and from all the foreign world were aliens without number, peoples with many various ideals destined here to enforced assimilation.

Those who came gold-hunting to California were not pioneers in the ordinary sense of the word, as I have said. They did not come to explore, or to remove obstacles, or to prepare the way for others, like the first settlers in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

There were never any pioneers, properly so called, to California, though there is a pioneer society in San Francisco, the distinguishing characteristic of whose members is not merit, achievement, or intellect, but simply existence, —they or their progenitors came to California before a certain date, if as horse-thieves the membership requirement would be met all the same.

The gold-seekers came for gold and nothing else, and their time having expired they took their departure leaving no mark. Agriculture and commerce came later, when the pioneering had all been done, not by pioneers, but by trappers, miners, and adventurers.

The men whom fate flung into the Foothills in 1849, what did they? They dug a hole and left it there. Their achievement was a hole; they did not even stop to fill it up when they hurried away to make another hole elsewhere. Such was pioneering on this gold-bitten coast, achieving holes in the Sierra or saloons in the city.

Upon the change of government from Mexican to American, political relations remained undisturbed. Californians of the Latin race at first fell gracefully into place, accepting as truth and sincerity whatever the agents of Uncle Sam chose to tell them. At the convention to form a constitution Sepúlveda, Bandini, Alvarado, and others spoke eloquently and to the point, gaining the respect and good will of their coadjutors. But when they found the words of the Yankee hollow, and their promises vain, their indignation was aroused; they felt themselves betrayed, as indeed many of them were.

CHAPTER X

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

WHEN the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed in that suburb of Mexico city on the 2d of February, 1848, the first knowledge of which reached California the following August, there stood upon the border of the little cove on the inner side of the peninsula forming San Francisco bay, and opposite Yerba Buena island, a hamlet of 850 people living in 200 houses, built some of them of adobe, a few at the base of Telegraph hill and scattered up Clay and Sacramento streets being of cloth.

The inhabitants were a mixture of Mexicans, Californians, Americans, and a few aliens who had been living there under military rule since 1847, at which time Washington A. Bartlett was made alcalde, to be succeeded by Bryant, Hyde, and Leavenworth.

It was a community of men mostly, men of a somewhat restless disposition and speculative turn of mind, yet with sufficient staying qualities to remain in place when properly anchored amidst suitable surroundings. There were the mission of Dolores well away on one side and the presidio of San Francisco off on the other, each attending to its own affairs, which were the affairs of heaven and of the Mexican republic, the saving with remnants of mission property the few remaining souls of a castaway humanity.

Open portal from the great Pacific to these realms was the Golden Gate, so called and so mapped long before Kit Carson had shown Benton's son-in-law the way to California, or Sutter had paddled his boat up the Sacramento, or Marshall had seen the color of gold in the tail-race.

Away back in 1835, long enough ago when considered in relation to the awakening of these shores, the Englishman Richardson had moved over from Sausalito, and clearing away the chaparral and yerba buena, or sweet smelling herb, which gave its name to the little cove where it grew, had set up a trading-tent, as a place better suited to his hide and tallow business and more accessible to his female customers from the ranchos south and across the Bay.

The next inhabitant was an American, Jacob P. Leese, who came up the following year from Los Angeles, and with his friends, William Hinckley and Nathan Spear from Monterey, put up a substantial frame building, in which they conducted their business. Others came straggling along, the Hudson Bay company establishing a branch there in 1841.

Now and then a famous navigator like Vancouver Kotzebue or La Perouse, Roquefeuil or Beechey would anchor before the Cove, and landing pay his compliments to the sleepy village. Then after visiting the Mission and Presidio, perhaps, or mounting a bronco and rolling off sailor fashion in a ride to San José, calling in on the patriarchal rancheros, they would finally take their departure amidst many cheap compliments, of which the Californians kept always on hand a good supply.

Thus the embryo metropolis of the Pacific was set upon its feet and given a push into the future, several pushes, in fact, and most remarkable ones.

First, the name. General Vallejo in 1846 had given five square miles of land on the strait of Carquinez for the capital city of California, and promised to build the necessary legislative halls provided the seat of government should be placed there, and should bear the name of his wife Francisca. It was, and is, in every respect the most suitable spot around the Bay for an imperial city, and none better in all the world, and it was making rapid progress in that direction when Alcalde Bartlett and

Colonel Folsom, the latter United States quartermaster, put their heads together and contrived a little Yankee trick, which decided the destinies of the two cities forever, and filled the Hispano-Californians with disgust.

This was no less than to change the name of Yerba Buena to San Francisco, which was done, and the place pointed out to arriving vessels as the city of the Bay. Further still, our Seraphic Father, pleased by the compliment, and willing to ignore the mercenary part of it, sounded the call of gold throughout the world, and brought within the year to this his distant port a fleet of six hundred sail, crowded with adventurers hungry for the bait.

All along the dreams of the sleepers at the Cove had been troubled with visions of the future, visions some of them too brilliant to be comfortable.

Since the appearance on the coast of United States government officials, and the representatives of European powers, with the hide and tallow traders at the Cove, some thoughts of a future metropolis at this point had been entertained, though opinion was divided as to the relative importance of Yerba Buena, Monterey, and Francisca, the city of the strait. "It is a good country," they used to argue in their dreams, "better than the *Mayflower* people had, and a harbor far superior to that of which the New York Dutchmen boast.

"Well, they were nothing once, had not even hides and tallow behind them, and that was only two hundred years ago; we should be as great as New York in two hundred years. Why not? We will sleep further on it."

But the days of dreams and nights of sleep were over. Here was a consummation! Each day was two hundred years, each night a century.

Every people must have a history, if only wherewith to embellish school-books. And every history must have in it some fighting and bloodshed, else it is unworthy to be regarded as history, though it might not improperly be called butchery. It is a little difficult however to make

anything heroic out of the deeds of the American filibusters known as the Bear Flag party, or even of the doings of the military men in California at that time.

James A. Forbes was British consul, and J. S. Moerenhaut French consul. Thomas O. Larkin's functions as United States consul at Monterey ceased, of course, with the treaty.

It was the transition period from the old to the new, the years 1846 to 1848. Mission and military rule both must give way to a government by the people, at first a rubble, flotsam blown in from the ocean, with trappers percolating through the mountains to fill up afresh with whiskey and dance with the señoritas, in whose eyes a man with a white skin was as an angel from heaven. There was present no pretence of law except in the towns, where a sprinkling of Americans were already contending for office.

Stockton, Kearny, and Fremont, after their several military and diplomatic antics with the generals and admirals of the army and navy, had taken their departure.

Already in full swing were two newspapers, the *Californian Star* by Samuel Brannan, and the *Californian* brought up from Monterey by Robert Semple. Brannan had brought out in the ship *Brooklyn* the type and outfit of a Mormon paper, the *Prophet*, which he had previously published in New York. The two journals were afterward united as the *Star and Californian*, but from the beginning of 1849 became known as the *Alta California*.

In the east and north, beyond the line of missions extending from San Diego to San Francisco bay, it was all open unclaimed country, save a few scattering settlers and the occupants of certain Mexican grants.

Vallejo at Sonoma, Sutter at Sacramento, Doctor Marsh at Livermore, Gilroy on his rancho south of San José, Yount in Napa valley, Stone and Kelsey at Clear Lake, Sheldon on the Cosumnes, and Wolfskill at Putah creek, represented interior California at that day.

The most important towns outside of San Francisco were the pueblos of San José and Los Angeles, where lots were sold at first as in San Francisco at twenty-five cents per front vara. In Napa valley a town site was laid out, and when two shacks were set up it was hailed in the Yerba Buena press as Napa city.

Ignacio Pacheco ruled at San Rafael as juez de paz, followed later by Timothy Murphy as alcalde, the latter being also in charge of the ex-mission property.

Water and vegetables were brought from Sausalito, where stood Reed's cabin, and where whalers used to winter. Later a boat-tank was built and water piped into it and served on the hither side of the Bay from water-carts.

A ludicrous feature in the municipal development of San Francisco was the early appearance of sectional rivalry, reminding one of chicks just out of the shell assuming a belligerent attitude toward each other.

The rival sections were only four blocks apart, one being at the foot of Clay street, one at the foot of Broadway, and one at the foot of California street.

The Jackson street lagoon at Montgomery street was filled up at public expense. At the foot of Clay street, which was in the centre of the Cove half a block from Montgomery street, was a little wooden wharf extending out into the shallow water. The foot of Broadway, near the base of Telegraph hill, extended below Battery, where the water was deeper, and where also a little wharf was constructed. California street at that time terminated at Sansome street, where also was the pretence of a wharf.

The relative advantages were the central locality with a bad landing at Clay street, as against the better but more distant landings at California street and at Broadway. Later as the Cove was filled up, the Clay street wharf was extended to nearly half a mile from Montgomery street.

Prominent in the Clay street faction were Nathan

Spear, William S. Hinckley, J. P. Leese, Jean Vioget, Mellus and Howard, Ward and Smith, Cross and Hobson, and William G. Rae. Champions of Broadway landing were S. J. Hensley, J. K. Ackerman, DeWitt and Harrison, Peter Wimmer, Ira T. Steffins, B. R. Buckelew, and Jasper O'Farrell; while interested in California street were John R. Robbins, William Pettet, William Foster, Brannan, Larkin, Doctor Townsend, Clark, Hastings, and others. It will be noticed that these are nearly all English or American names.

Other rivalries were at hand, contentions among the alcaldes, two ayuntamientos, and duplicate maps on which names of the streets were in some instances changed. Later there were land-titles, the slavery question, the Chinese question, craft and graft; but we have sufficient to claim our present attention without referring to the more modern events.

A survey was made by Vioget in 1839; Jasper O'Farrell also made a survey and lots were placed on sale. 50 varas at $12 and 100 varas at $25 each, after 1200 had been granted or sold for municipal expenses for the first three years.

A map signed by Alcalde Bartlett calls Battery street Battery place; Sansome is Sloat street, Pacific is Bartlett street, Sacramento street is called Howard, and the names of Dupont and Stockton streets are reversed. Thus Dupont street has had three namings, and worse might be done than to change it again.

In a spasm of political enthusiasm incident to the return of General Grant from his trip around the world, the flag of Admiral Dupont was hauled down and that of the later-made great man raised in its stead.

In our latter-day rejoicing the names of two others of our immaculate mayors appealing to our gratitude suggest another change for this much named avenue of Dupont and Grant. Consider how the patriotic hearts would swell within us as the car conductor called out "Eugene

Schmitz street," or "P. H. McCarthy street," and how could we better honor lower Market street than by giving it the illustrious name of one who has loved it long and dearly, that we might ever hear amidst the rattle of the horse-cars adorning it the reminiscent sound of "Patrick Calhoun street."

He who later was General Sherman was there but obtained no street. Nor did Clark Leidesdorff or Stevenson, Gillespie Ward or Halleck fare much better, some of them having only a back alley to do them honor. Hyde street might have been given a name of better repute; one whom everybody is trying to cheat is pretty sure to be trying to cheat everybody.

There is no reason why the names of Montgomery, Kearny, Stockton, Grant, Fremont, or Folsom should have been given to the most prominent streets, none of these men ever having rendered important service or become identified in any way with the interests of the city or state, as was the case of Larkin, Sutter, Vallejo, Howard, Brannan, Broderick, and Leavenworth. Still less have we any cause to honor Polk, Fillmore, Gough, Steiner, or O'Farrell, and others similar both alien and American, while Van Ness is scarcely the name to apply to the finest boulevard in the city. It is small honor for a great man but great honor for a small man thus to have his name given to a street.

Pending a treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States, alcaldes who had been elected or appointed continued to administer justice according to their ideas of Mexican law and the old usages, appealing in difficult cases to the governor, whose policy it was to interfere as little as possible.

Then began to appear something more imposing and effective in the form of special courts for special service organized under the fragmentary laws lying around, left over from alcalde's courts and military orders, as the ap-

pointing of Sutter and Vallejo to supervise in the trial of certain members of the Mormon battalion for passing counterfeit gold coin, Stephen C. Foster and Abel Stearns acting as judges.

So at Santa Bárbara, Benjamin Foxen was tried before specially appointed judges for killing Augustin Dávila whom he caught stealing his chickens near Santa Inez. The jury consisted of six Californians and six Americans, and the verdict was four years imprisonment.

While confidential agent of the United States at Los Angeles, Abel Stearns was made sub-prefect, with Gallardo and Sepúlveda as alcaldes. Later the city was under military rule, with Salazar and Avila as alcaldes.

Such was the condition of affairs when the gold-seekers arrived, the dominant element among them being free white American citizens, as they sometimes styled themselves, flushed with a sense of their own importance, the importance of this new acquisition of territory, and impressed most of all with the fact that here were bushels of gold to be picked up by those who should prove to be the best scramblers after it.

We should not expect to find in such a class so conditioned any waste of patience over bars of justice which a strong arm might remove at pleasure, least of all the tolerance of the pettifogging system so common in courts of law throughout Christendom. The temper of the town quickly changed. The alcaldes ceased their bickerings, the Mormons their street preachings, and the chronic loafers were galvanized into some show of activity.

The reign of justice was early inaugurated by men who later became prominent as good citizens. Although arrivals by land and by water up to the autumn of 1849 were constant, yet for a time in midsummer there was an air of quiet about the place while the people were away at the mines. Portsmouth square, or the Plaza, was the civic centre, where were enacted the dramas of the day, tragic and comic.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, of this memorable year, a singular spectacle presented itself upon the streets. Up to this time little thought had been given to crimes or criminals, as there were present none to speak of, either in the cities or in the mines. Good men, for the most part, had come from neighboring places to gather gold, not to prey upon each other. They had no desire to steal. But from some Australian vessels which had arrived of late had crept in criminals from the penal settlements of Great Britain, notably from Sydney, who were just now beginning to make their presence felt in San Francisco.

This Sunday had been appointed by the wicked ones for the opening of their carnival of crime. The Hounds they at first called themselves, but upon reconsideration they fancied that Regulators sounded better; their headquarters was a tent on Kearny street which they called Tammany hall.

In fantastic array, with banners flying, and armed with clubs, knives, pistols, or whatever they could lay hands on as weapons of war, they sallied forth. Skirting the business quarter, then bounded by Kearny and Washington streets, they passed on by the Plaza and down Jackson to Montgomery street, and then to Telegraph hill, where was a suburb settlement of Chileans and Mexicans. Upon these, most of the men being absent, they charged right valiantly, putting the women and children to flight without the loss of a single man.

Taking whatever they chose from the spoils of the conquered, and flushed with victory, they returned, marching through Montgomery street, and dropping in on their way at the stores, which were always open on Sunday, helped themselves to whatever they fancied with the curt explanation, "Charge it to Tammany hall." Thereupon they returned in triumph to headquarters.

Instigated to this bold act by the air of quietude which pervaded the place on this peaceful Sabbath morning, the gentlemen from abroad soon learned that there were

still men enough at hand, and of the proper quality, to take care of themselves and of the town.

Officially, California was as yet neither a territory nor a state, only a country stolen from Mexico and held by superior force, the light military rule being next to nothing, the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo still permitting the shadow of Mexican jurisprudence to hover over the primal region so newly gilded with gold. Hence there were present in the usual form neither law nor government; but there was justice, which is better than law or government when the law is used to defeat the efforts of justice and the government is administered by ignorant and unprincipled aliens for their own benefit.

However this may be, early next morning Justice stood boldly forth at the street corner in young San Francisco; and there came along Frank Turk, F. J. Lippitt, Hall McAllister, grim old Horace Hawes, afterward author of the Consolidation act, which saved to the city so much money and law waste; P. Barry, who sold the best of whiskey over the bar; Myron Norton, later one of San Francisco's best and purest judges, and Sam Brannan, ubiquitous Sam, still king of the Mormons, and not at all bashful. Sam could declaim equally well on saints or sinners. These and others met, and talked, and went their way to meet again at noon.

Law is a good thing when held in its proper place by justice; so justice stood by and fully acquiesced, indulging itself in no tricks of law to overthrow the law, while 230 men enrolled themselves as a police force, arrested nineteen of the gay Regulators, including Roberts, leader of the gang, and confined them on board the United States ship *General Warren*, then lying at anchor in the harbor.

A grand jury was impaneled, indictments found, and trial held, justice still smiling on law, which was present mainly in theory. Among others there were Gillespie and Howard, Simmons and Spofford. William M. Gwin, later

United States senator from California, and James C. Ward were chosen associate judges to assist T. M. Leavenworth, alcalde and shadow of the law. F. J. Lippitt, Hall McAllister, Horace Hawes, and Frank Turk were appointed prosecuting attorneys, and P. Barry and Myron Norton assigned for the defence. A verdict of guilty was rendered by the jury, and the penalties of imprisonment for various terms pronounced.

About the same time five mutineers who had attempted the life of an officer, were caught and tried, Commodore Jones and Hall McAllister officiating. As there was present no high court of interference to grant a new trial, on conviction they were punished, two shot and three imprisoned, the affair being concluded within four days.

Thus was lawfully executed justice without law, something our latter-day jurists seem to find it difficult to arrive at.

Other arrests were made with similar results, and the incident was closed—rather a tame affair as introductory to a reign of right, and one which even law could find little fault with.

A beneficial influence on court proceedings as well as on society in general came with the arrival during the summer of W. B. Almond, from Missouri, who was at once installed judge of the First Instance, a court superior to that of the alcalde's. Judge Almond was a man of ability and honesty, and not afraid to act upon his convictions. Verbiage in court proceedings he detested, and an appeal to judicial inbecility in the way of hair-splitting was not allowed.

To represent the law prior to admission as a state there was the military governor at Monterey, an alcalde or justice of the peace at each of the towns, and an ayuntamiento or town council at the larger places. A dismantled brig, the *Euphemia*, lying in the Cove at Front street was purchased and used as a jail.

The treaty with Mexico continued Mexican forms of

government in force when not in conflict with the constitution of the United States. The law as administered by an alcalde's court, and the superior court of First Instance, were relics of old Mexican methods, which American lawyers and judges treated with little consideration, but took the law into their own hands and ruled in defiance of law as occasion required.

In 1851 it was the counsel for the burglars only that spoke for law and order, but in 1856 lawyers, judges, murderers, thieves, ballot-box stuffers, newspaper men, gamblers, harlots, officials of all sorts and assassins of the Cora and Casey stripe, all cried lustily for the law to throw its ægis over them and protect them from just punishment for their sins.

Please make a note of it, that since the quietus put upon public immorality by the uprising of 1851, yet to be described, the law had remained undemonstrative, and good order prevailed. But no sooner had law began to stir itself than evil doings appeared again, for law was the safest protection of crime; Cora, Casey, and all the notorious criminals of the later time immediately on their arrest sought the jail, the judges, and the courts as a sanctuary, a harbor of rest where they knew themselves to be safe.

Far be it from me to exalt the rule of lawless mobs, something San Francisco has never yet seen. I merely state the fact, and further remark that lawless mobs are not made of law abiding citizens. Before these self-assertive men evil doers slunk away. There were no more robberies or murders after the incipient attempt just mentioned until the advent of law. No sooner had law become firmly established, with all its old-time forms and furbelows, than hydraheaded crime crept forth and smiled.

"Hah! this is something like old times," said the men of Sydney; and they of the fire-eating south responded "It is like old times."

For a year after the Hounds episode, peace reigned in the effervescent hamlet, and strangers walked the dark

streets unafraid. Then more English convicts came in from Sydney and began to fire the inflammable houses, and to steal, and to kill. Whereupon up rose the same level-minded citizens, still following forms of law but without seeking from New York or Missouri twist or technicality which should free the scoundrels and enable them to burn what was left of the town, they straighway hanged some and sent the others back to their old Australia home.

This ever-shifting society, however, was not sufficiently sterilized long to hold in check new forces for evil, whether in the form of estrays from the convict colonies of England, or deflections from the paths of rectitude in proximate quarters.

During the winter of 1849-50 heavy rains in the mountains and floods in the valleys drove the inhabitants to the towns, and before spring depredations were in full blast. Incendiary fires were frequent, and there were robberies or murders nearly every day. Six times within three years San Francisco, or the greater part of it, was burned, as we have seen.

In the summer of 1851 crime broke out afresh, the source being further arrivals af aliens from every quarter. Here was the beginning on the Pacific of the bad policy of admitting every sort of humanity to the free participation in all benefits of our commonwealth, of our land, our gold, our institutions, to the general demoralization of the people.

Making their nest in a place called Sydney valley, they drank and slept by day, issuing forth at night to fire, pillage, and murder. They were probably not the vilest human element in the world, though their advent at this time was a curse and their presence a moral pestilence. As their numbers increased, the gang divided, some going to Sacramento and others to the mines. With our present courts and criminal practice, they could have continued their depredations indefinitely.

A Committee of Vigilance, or Board of Public Safety, was organized by 700 of the best citizens, with constitution, by-laws, executive officers, and a bank account. It was somewhat different from any organization ever before effected on a similar scale and by such a class of men.

Again a period of tranquillity, until in 1856 the young bay city suddenly found itself in the toils of another monster of iniquity, not this time men from England's convict colony, but from our own dear native land, from Philadelphia, the traditional city of peace and purity; from Virginia, the home of gentle chivalry; from Texas, the land of bowie-knife bravery.

These, translated by the ethnic influence of the unaccustomed air, and by the somewhat too free association with exhilarating women and wine, had by some strange logic of their own come to regard themselves as the proper rulers of the people gathered here, and henceforth they proposed to exercise their rights in this respect.

They were of a different order of humanity they claimed, from the damned pork-sellers of Front street, as in their classic phraseology they alluded to the merchants and business men of the city, though of that same pork, southern chivalry would have no hesitation to purchase and never pay for, if the gentlemen might obtain it on credit. Were they not of the first families of Virginia, F. F. V.'s for short? Neither they nor their ancestors had been accustomed to work, and as for trade, it was vulgar.

Politics they took to naturally; office was theirs and the spoils of office, the latter to be measured by their free will and necessities. To rule was their native air; it was the province of others to work and support them, as men worked for Queen Victoria and her thousand of sisters and sons, to work and pay the proper tax, that there should always be something in the public coffers for them to steal.

Time passed while the new nationalism unfolded from

Portsmouth square. On the upper side rose the engine-house of the Monumental fire company, whose bell rang the citizens to arms and felons to their death. The windows of the St. Francis hotel, on the upper Clay street corner of the Plaza, blinked in the morning sun after a night of revels, the noise from which rolled up from the great gambling houses below.

Slowly tolled the engine bells at this fresh offering of the people at the shrine of justice, the California company's bell striking first and then the Monumental bell. It was John Jenkins they were hanging to a high beam of the veranda at the south end of the old adobe custom-house building, for incendiarism, robbery, and murder.

Next was James Stuart, murderer, thief, and so forth, with Frank Pixley as his attorney, arrested, tried, condemned, and hanged by the citizens. Two others, Whittaker and McKenzie, hanged at the Committee rooms on Battery street, and some thirty imprisoned or sent away concluded the work of the Committee of 1851.

In 1856 the work of the Committee was about the same, four hanged, Cora and Casey at one time, Hetherington and Brace at another time, and a number of others imprisoned or expatriated.

As compared with the offenses the punishment was light. As compared with the crimes and punishments in other places, murders and robberies by the thousand, the achievement was small. But it was sufficient; the effect was pronounced.

Justification? They would indeed have needed justification had they stood inanely by trembling before the bogy law, or fearful of their own shadow as did their successors at a later day.

Throughout California, in the mines and on the plains, in Oregon and British Columbia, as well as in and around the great desert, during all this period of non-rule, arbitrary justice held in check crime, which otherwise would

have rendered the country uninhabitable. In every place were certain good citizens, who organized as a moral force, and after a brief but fair and effective trial of those caught in criminal acts, some were hanged and others driven away. Everywhere like prompt and efficient work was done and crime was intimidated.

After Idaho was dismembered and Montana given a territorial organization in 1864, and the yield of gold became large, Henry Plummer, chief of a band of eighty robbers was made sheriff. All went swimmingly for a time; the stages and pack-trains carried large quantities of treasure and Plummer found the game easy and interesting. When the trick was discovered a vigilance committee of a thousand members was organized and arrests were made. Certain lawyers who offered their services for the defense were driven from the country, and in due time Plummer and fifty others were hanging from trees in different parts of the territory. Such wholesale operations in the mountains made the achievements at the Golden Gate look small.

The characteristics of crime and criminals in San Francisco in 1851 refer to a common class of felons, thieves, burglars, and murderers, nearly all of them foreigners. The criminal class of 1856 moved in the higher walks of life, and its members regarded themselves as constituting the best society. There were the governor, three supreme court judges, and nearly all of the smaller judges and justices of the peace, city and county officials, newspaper proprietors, and a large following of high-class loafers.

Their crimes were as a rule political, but they were free with bowie-knife and pistol whenever any one stood in their way. They were mostly Americans, and southerners, slave-holders of Virginia and fire-eaters from Texas and the Carolinas, like the big Indians and the big Englishmen, too proud or too lazy to work, yet not above living on the work of others.

They usurped the offices of town, county, and state, and as a class were as distinct as are the high-crime anti-prosecution people of to-day. They were largely hibitues of gambling saloons and familiar with prostitutes. The people were their prey, the merchants and business men they regarded as mercenaries, while mechanics and other laborers were poor white trash.

I cannot honor the names and deeds of all this high society set of the olden time on these pages, suffice it to say that among their number were governors and chief justices, the Honorable Judge Edward McGowan, thief and cutthroat like the others, who though not all of them criminals of the common order were most of them high-class men-killers; Billy Mulligan, court official and tout; Casey, editor; Cora, pimp; Nugent, editor; Jack Hays, sheriff; Palmer Cook and company, cutthroat bankers and manipulators of the public funds; I. C. Woods, manager of Adams and company, insolvent express men and bankers; J. Y. McDuffie, United States marshal and gambler; honest Harry Meiggs, absconder; Yankee Sullivan, ballot-box stuffer, and a prosecuting attorney who would never prosecute one of those who had helped to elect him. The difference of high society criminality then and now was that southern chivalry loved manslaughter while the northern pork-sellers love money.

Such were the limbs of the law during this reign of law, the fundamental principle of which was that never one of the fraternity however guilty should be punished.

Here are some of the doings that led to the greatest of popular demonstrations, in the cause of civic righteousness, without subversion of the law or of the government, that the world has ever seen, namely, the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856.

James King of William, native of the District of Columbia, and former banker of San Francisco, issued on

the 8th of October, 1855, the first number of the *Evening Bulletin*, in which prominent offenders were attacked with a virulent pen. Warned by his friends that his life was in danger he scourged offenders more severely than ever.

Charles Duane, Casey, Cora, Woolly Kearny, Billy Mulligan, Yankee Sullivan, Martin Gallagher, Tom Cunningham, and all that class of shoulder-striking ballot-box stuffing politicians, high-crime judges, and all ruffians who made themselves conspicuous in public affairs, like the notorious politico-banking firms of Palmer Cook and company, and Adams and company, he tore in pieces with almost savage ferocity.

Charles Cora brutally shot to death United States Marshal Richardson; then he nestled safely in the bosom of the law until the long arm of vigilance dragged him forth. Billy Mulligan, his keeper, was Cora's friend.

Burst forth the *Bulletin*, "Hang Billy Mulligan. That's the word! If Mr. Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present post as keeper of the county jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, and if necessary to get rid of the sheriff, hang him, hang the sheriff!"

"The fact that Casey has been an inmate of Sing Sing prison, in New York, is no offense against the laws of this state; nor is the fact of his having stuffed himself through the ballot-box as elected to the board of supervisors from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate, any justification for Mr. Bagley to shoot Casey, however richly the latter may deserve to have his neck stretched for such fraud on the people."

On the 12th of December the editorial of the *Bulletin* says: "The people of this city are not in favor of taking the law into their own hands if justice can be done in the courts; and no class of men can be found in this community more in favor of law and order than the members of the vigilance committee. But if the courts were to relapse into the former farcial apologies we had, it would

require but a few hours to again call into action the same body of men, as before, the best business men of the city as members and co-workers."

"Bets are offered," King writes on the 22d of November, "that the editor of the *Bulletin* will not be in existence twenty days longer."

On the 14th of May, 1856, James King of William was shot by James P. Casey, who was hanged by the vigilance committee on the 22d, just as the undertakers were thrusting the coffined martyr into the plumed hearse, which led the procession, two miles in length, away to the lone mountain.

The day after the assassination the editorial column of the *Bulletin* was a blank, speaking louder in its white empty silence than even when filled with the flaming words of its director.

The vigilance committee of 1851 had never been formally disbanded, yet a new organization was at once effected with William T. Coleman at its head, which at the completion of its work numbered ten thousand of the best citizens of San Francisco.

The governor, with Captain Sherman and Mr. Garrison, went about among the citizens to see what could be done. Coming upon the president of the committee, Mr. Coleman, they asked him what was the trouble.

"Outrages are of a constant occurrence," he said. "Our suffrages are profaned, our fellow-citizens are shot down in the street, while the courts afford us no redress."

"The courts are the proper remedy; there is no necessity to raise a mob," replied the governor.

"Sir," said Coleman, "this is not a mob, but a deliberate body of law-abiding citizens pledged to do their duty. It is a government within a government, the very heart of government pulsating under the poisonous effects of unrebuked villainy. You know as well as I that it is idle to look for justice at the hand of these courts of law."

On the south side of Sacramento street, below Front, rooms were secured, and a fortress of bags filled with sand was constructed and called Fort Gunnybags.

John Nugent, Irish duelist and friend of southern chivalry, was the able editor of the most influential newspaper of the city, the source of whose greatest profit was the advertisements of the auctioneers, which filled every morning a page. This journal, the *Herald*, during the earlier part of the crusade was stanch on the side of the stranglers, as the men of vigilance were sometimes called. In their previous efforts the *Herald* was loud in its commendation of latter-day vigilance, but when crime became aristocratic the *Herald* grew quite rabid in denouncing those who opposed it.

The merchants met and took away their auction advertisements, and gave them to the *Alta California*. Next morning a blank white page was seen where the auction advertisements were wont to be. Whereupon this bluff: "We assure those gentlemen who have joined in this unjust, wanton, and despicable crusade against us that we will make them hide their heads for very shame before we are done with them."

Poor little foxy, mettlesome, Johnny Nugent! Small, of light complexion and delicate features, soft and slow of speech, modest and sensitive, yet lion-hearted and intellectually great; he made his one mistake, only one, and then with his great journal, which truly had been a bright light for half a decade, flickered and went out.

Justice Terry was a hard nut for vigilance to crack. The smell of blood made him furious. Unable to resist the temptation, he stepped from the supreme bench at Sacramento and came to San Francisco to mingle in the fray. He stabbed in the neck Hopkins, a vigilance captain, sent to arrest one of Terry's friends. Terry was arrested, confined for several weeks in the vigilance rooms, underwent a long trial, was convicted, condemned, and—set at liberty.

The city at first was indignant at his discharge, but soon sober reason returned. To hold long incarcerated so high a criminal, if not impossible was contrary to the policy or purpose of the Committee, whose object was to stifle crime and not to usurp the government. This supreme judge would have been taken from their hands by state or federal forces, turned over to the law and sent back to his seat of justice.

After a lingering illness Hopkins recovered, else Terry would have hanged.

Never had any civilized city witnessed a more impressive spectacle than the final parade and retirement of this band of citizens. Brave men and true, self-sacrificing and determined, they saw their city foul with immorality and crime and rose up and purged it. Soberly, dispassionately, they had performed their unwelcome task, not one mistake, not a single discordant note of passion; then they laid down their power, the almighty power of the people whenever the people choose to exercise it, and returned to their personal affairs, good citizens all, respecters of the law, still obedient to the law in the face of the jeering lawmongers who employ the law only to serve their own purposes.

It is doubtful if San Francisco will ever see another uprising like this. The population is less American and more alien, more mercenary now than then; there is less manhood in the mixture, less courage, less patriotism. Conflicts will come, capital against labor and high crime against the people; the battle has yet to be fought out, but it will be more brutal and bloody, and ruled less by reason, than was the case in the quiet citizen-revolution of 1856.

Pray the gods that their mills may be kept running until the superstition and chicane which govern our courts of law shall be ground out, when justice and judges shall be something more than mechanisms chained to the Juggernaut of form, when right shall precede precedent

when lawyers shall not be allowed to insult men and torture women on the witness stand, when competent and responsible judges shall do the work of ignorant and stupid jurymen, when accusers shall be required to act promptly and make good their accusation or drop it, when court routine shall be conducted more upon the principles of common-sense and common honesty, more work and less delay being required of judges who should dispose of their cases in one-fifth of the time now taken, when justice shall be considered before law and the spirit of the law before the letter of the law, when rich and poor shall be treated alike, and insanity, informality, or other like trivial pretense shall not shield a convicted criminal.

The world moves. We may be sure that a change will come, that our courts of law will not always be courts of charlatanry, and that administrators of the law will be something else than images cast in bronze set up for the embarrassment of the people.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

CHAPTER XI

THE INTERREGNUM

LIKE the swing of the pendulum which regulates the running of the clock the progress of civilization sways to the right and to the left, thus preserving the happy mean which alone endures with time.

For there is no period in progress, whether for a year or for a day, of which we can say all has been well, or all has been ill; wherefore we must differentiate political periods and strike a balance in order to determine of any epoch if wickedness was then in the ascendent or if righteousness reigned. When there are mainly honest men in office and a moral tone pervading the community, although vagrant rascality may be hovering about the purlieus, we feel justified in saying that here we have an Interregnum of crime, particularly when the beginning and end of the term are both marked by a preponderance of evil.

Thus in the brief residence of Americans upon the shores of the Pacific we find in all not more than two score years of a government by the people for the people.

These notable years, which were they? Following the purification by the vigilance committee of 1851, and before the advent of southern chivalry, and their expatriation by the grand tribunal of 1856 there were three years. From 1856 to the coming of the railroad men in 1870 were fourteen years. Then forty years in the valley of humiliation. A bright morning of promise, a black cloud of crime, deliverance of the people by the people, then crime

and deliverance again, the latter deliverance not the work of the people, but of one man of the people.

There, then, were the epochs of republican history reckoned by periods of wrong doing—seven years of criminal sway from 1849; fourteen years interregnum of crime from the vigilance deliverance of 1856; forty years of disgraceful subserviency to corporate crime until the final delivery by Hiram Johnson.

How delightful to walk the clean streets newly swept of vice! How exquisite to breathe the pure air from the ocean and the dunes unmixed with immorality! Wives and daughters may now go forth unattended, fearing no insult or wanton leer from male or female passer by. Cleanliness is good; virtue is better than vice; purity is preferable to filth. Sons and subordinates can walk about with uplifted mien and thoughts less sordid and eyes less sensuous, while the windows of voluptuous halls are boarded over, and the lights in the great gambling saloons are extinguished never to be renewed.

As with the advent of law crime broke out afresh in the new communities, so with the subordination of law and the rise of justice crime disappeared. Then, again, we endeavor to fit the machinery of law to our necessities, and become once more that delectable entity law-abiding citizens, in which effort, however, we are only partially successful.

Even in our modern Republic, as in days of old, the few rule the many. Humanity is so timid, so fearful amidst the thunderings of Sinai, the rattling of the heavens and the quakings of earth, that we are never content without some despotic heel upon our necks, whether of government, law, or religion.

At the elections following the disbandment of the vigilance committee of 1856 the vote was larger than ever before, and the best and purest men were placed in office. For a brief period citizens throughout the state, mindful

of their duty, attended the polls and took an interest in public affairs, though in time growing lax again, as it always has been and always will be.

The new government was wholly without means, the slippery ones when they were swept away taking care first to sweep the public tills. Judge of the police court was Henry P. Coon, deacon of Calvary Presbyterian church, and a very good deacon, too; likewise a good judge, not much of a lawyer, but all the better for that; he was a physician in good practice, serving rich and poor alike.

The doctor, unanimously elected, seated himself on the judicial bench prepared to make short work of the cases brought before him every morning. He was kind to the culprits; he was kindness itself; yet he well knew that kindness alike to the just and to the unjust consisted in putting a stop at once to wickedness of every sort; wherefore the justice he dealt out with swift decision was of the brightest quality, undimmed by the pleas of pettifoggers.

Well, when this late hotbed of unsavory law was opened to the light and fumigated by the presence of honesty, it was discovered that there was no court record-book, the rascals having stolen that too. Which fact becoming known to the elect outside, as the ravens fed Elijah so this court was served, though by a crow of another color, in the tall gaunt form of a wholesale liquor-dealer, James Dows by name, who on the opening of the new court was seen striding through the crowd with a huge blank book under his arm, which he laid on the clerk's table with the remark, "Contribution to the court," and turning on his heel walked away.

For a period of fifteen years at this juncture San Francisco enjoyed the best of governments. The country at large, following the flush times, was distinguished by the diversity of its characters and accomplishments. There were in 1851, as we have seen, convicts from Australia and criminals from Mexico whose specialties were burglary and murder. These were quickly disposed of by the

citizens, and there was peace again. Then presently there came from the south, from the first families of Virginia, those who assumed the offices of government as by divine right, providence assisting with bowie-knives and false-bottomed ballot-boxes, the pork-sellers aforesaid defraying the cost of government.

There were Texas fire-eaters, Louisiana gamblers, and some quite bright election jugglers from Philadelphia, the judges sharing in the loot and looters assisting in the halls of justice. Some were hanged and some were shipped away, as we have seen, and the air was pure again. The work of the grand tribunal had been well and thoroughly done. Intimidated crime, its throne vacated, slunk away into obscurity. Alien usurpers and southern chivalry were relegated to the haunts of indolence and vice. Rascality was no longer in vogue; immorality ceased to flaunt in gay colors on the public streets; the people declared their preference for honesty and decency in high places. Good men came forward and accepted office, regardless of any sacrifice of personal interests. Those who had given their time and pledged their worldly goods to the purgation of the city would not leave it to be quickly overrun again by the rank weeds of misrule.

Among the leading spirits of the Interregnum were Charles Doane, sheriff, late commander of the vigilant military forces; Thomas H. Selby, hardware and lead works; William T. Coleman, merchant and guardian of the public weal, late president of the vigilance committee; MacCrellish, politic proprietor of the *Alta California*, one well paid for his loyalty; Judge McKinstry, Judge Shattuck; Smiley, auctioneer; Newhall, auctioneer, Billings, lawyer and founder of the First Presbyterian church; Roberts, merchant and founder of Calvary church; all the city offices were filled by honest and efficient men. Stephen J. Field took his seat on the state supreme bench, later of the United States Supreme court, an able and for the most part an upright man.

The Interregnum secured a sound basis of government in the consolidation act, the work of Horace Hawes, before mentioned, the chief aim of which was municipal retrenchment by merging the double city and county government into one, and reducing the number of officials with their large pay or fees. There are other towns still paying two men to do the work of one which might well follow this example. Taxes were limited to one dollar and sixty-five cents, of which thirty-five cents was for schools. The contraction of debt by the municipality was prohibited.

Burnett, California's first governor, was a plain man of common honesty; McDougal, the second governor, was a gentleman addicted to deep potations and of no honesty at all. Honest and easy the squatters called John Bigler, the third governor. About Neely Johnson, Weller, and Latham there is little to be said; they were each the usual every-day politician of the time, neither more nor less.

It was during the last days of whiggism, and several new political parties were being invented and tried, as the people's party, the independent party, the union party, know-nothing, American, and other parties finally settling down into the republican party.

In the legislature of 1855 a fierce struggle arose over the election of a United States senator, in which Gwin and Broderick played prominent parts.

David C. Broderick was a peculiar political figure, a product of the time and place, yet not a type; he was an Irishman, born in Kilkenny in 1820. His father, a stonecutter, worked on the Capitol at Washington; the son's trade was that of American politician. Opening a saloon and joining a fire company in New York, he became a true blue Bowery boy, and started out for Congress. A very proper though modest beginning for one so lately from Kilkenny.

Strange to say he failed in New York, and came to California in 1849, ready to try again and profit by

experience. Out of cheap gold he coined so-called five and ten dollar pieces worth $4 and $8 respectively, and made money. There was no cheating about it, no pretense that the coins were of full value; they passed about freely enough for a time and that is all people cared about it. So with the octagonal fifty dollar slug, worth forty-five dollars. Then Mr. Broderick studied law and aspired to the United States senate. We may yet see a Kilkenny president.

As time passed on and the young Irishman gathered strength with experience in his ebullient environment, he displayed marked ability. Politics were easy then, so many of the competent men were just gold-smitten adventurers and nothing else. Elected to the state senate, he became speaker and presided with wisdom and decorum. Strong in body and mind, instinctively honest and direct in all his moods, he naturally was assertive and impatient under restraint, which made him enemies as well as friends.

Opposed to the extension of slavery, he came in conflict with southern chivalry, and certain gentlemen of that school determined on his death. It was arranged that one after another should challenge him to mortal combat until he should fall. Indeed the risk of the fire-eaters was slight, as all were expert with the pistol, and familiar with the tricks of the trade, while Broderick was a novice and no murderer. He had fought duels before in a big boyish way, not wishing to kill or to be killed. Terry played with blood, not with boys. Nor had the time arrived when a California politician could decline a duel and retain his influence.

The southerners most prominent during the earlier days of the Interregnum were the able and prominent lawyer, A. P. Crittenden; John C. Hays, Texas ranger; David S. Terry, state supreme judge; Charles S. Fairfax, [illegible]he state assembly; Calhoun Benham, Philip [illegible]o shot a colored waiter in Washington; [illegible], and others of like character.

A. P. Crittenden, one of the most genial and courteous of gentlemen, was shot to death by Laura D. Fair, on the Oakland ferry boat, while seated in the midst of his family, whom he was escorting home from a visit to the east. Of the cruel and unprovoked crime there were hundreds of witnesses, yet the trial ran through two or three years, the farcial proceedings filling a thousand pages of print. The citizens pay the cost and the woman is set free.

Upon the death of D. D. Colton, lawyer and railroad sharp, it was whispered that he was stabbed by a woman, though his physicians swore so vehemently that he was killed by a fall from a bucking bronco that people felt confident that the alleged assassination was true. How proud we should be of law, and the illustrious limbs of the law, when two of its shining lights could be thus quietly snuffed out, as was alleged, and no penalty exacted.

In the Broderick-Gwin imbroglio, Terry was the first to challenge, and indeed no other challenge was necessary. Broderick, nervous and awkward, fired before his weapon was fairly raised; Terry, cool and deliberate, sent his ball an inch below the heart.

"Ah, I fired too low!" he said, and went away to breakfast.

"They killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration," were Broderick's last words.

Land titles came in for serious controversy, the public domain and mineral lands and Mexican pueblo rights all claiming attention. Squatter riots were not infrequent, sometimes ending in bloodshed.

A navyyard and branch mint were established; also a system of coast surveys, and a land commission for the settlement of private claims and the survey of the public lands.

It was thought that the Mexican titles in California might be adjudicated in two or three years by creating

a commission of registration to sit in the northern and southern districts, to receive from claimants such written evidence of title and right of possession as they might have received or chose to present, together with whatever other evidence they had to offer in support of their claim, all of which should be furnished to the state surveyor-general, who should proceed to segregate those claims as fast as their examinations were completed; and where disputes as to boundaries occurred which could not be adjusted by the claimants, arbitrators should be called in, and their decision should be final, the United States issuing a patent for the land as thus bounded.

Had this been done in good faith, most of the lands in California covered by Mexican grants would have been cut up and disposed of to settlers at low prices, whereas by keeping claims in court for from eight to twelve years to feed the hungry cormorants of the law, not only were the holders ruined but the occupation and improvement of the lands by those who wished to purchase them were prevented. Another example of the justice and efficiency of our laws and law manipulators.

During the Interregnum the economic as well as the political interests of the city and country advanced as never before, for the beneficial influence of the San Francisco vigilance committee of 1856 had extended over the entire state, opening broad avenues of industry, both agricultural and manufacturing.

Woolen mills were set up at the Mission and their product became famous the world over. Large factories of boots and shoes, hats, clothing, grain and fruit bags, were established; wine-cellars were filled; the ship-yards rang with the noise of the hammer, the steel industry developed largely, and famous battle-ships were built in competition with the best yards at the east.

A dozen foundries cast improvised machinery, some of huge dimensions, for the Nevada mines and for California irrigation works; the cable-car clutch was invented by

Mr. Hallidie, of the Mechanics' Institute, and put in operation over Clay street hill.

The lumber interests assumed large proportions; lead and leather works and planing and paper mills were established. Then besides shipbuilding there were cooperage, box-making, with furniture, piano, billiard-table, tobacco, sugar, and other factories; also chemical works, powder works, and breweries.

Agriculture and horticulture assumed larger proportions. Gain and gold increased in production; canneries and creameries were established; and for the extensive sugar refineries a large acreage was devoted to sugar beets.

Labor was free; laborers were here in plenty; they were satisfied with a reasonable wage, and a thousand new industries was the result. All was life and activity, public cleanliness and decency prevailed, and with good government and economic expenditures, wealth and progress appeared on every side.

With the large acreage devoted to grain, clipper ships bringing goods from the east now no longer returned in ballast, but, on the contrary, many came out empty to load with wheat for Liverpool. The fruit industry arose with flattering prospects, led by Mr. Hatch of Solano, prospects too flattering when joined with inexperience. The decline which followed from ignorance and the dishonesty of agents was but temporary, after which the industry rose to higher proportions than ever.

Mr. Hatch was a fine specimen of a California fruit-grower, intelligent, genial, honest and direct in his dealings; sanguine yet sincere, and an enthusiast in his occupation. His methods were peculiar; under conditions then existing they were sound, and but for the temporary decline in the industry he would have made himself rich. His way was in this wise. Seeing a tract of land suited to his purpose he would address the owner.

"How much for your farm?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"I will give you forty-five thousand, with interest at eight per cent., payable in five years, no payment down, but with the agreement to plant it in fruit trees, and keep them in proper state of cultivation, which will at once be ample security, and double the value of the land for the benefit of to whomsoever it may revert, at the expiration of the five years."

On these terms, which seemed safe for all concerned, for prices of fruit then were high, Mr Hatch borrowed from the banks and planted extensively, but was finally caught in the financial distress which followed the advent of the railroad and came to grief.

Water and gas were introduced in the larger towns, and fire companies organized. Schools and churches everywhere abounded, while the masons, oddfellows, and other benevolent societies were well in evidence. California proceeded to array herself in all the frills and furbelows of civilization. Wages were fair, and in a cool, equable climate, with cheap food and house-rent, and free schools, the severe drudgery being relegated to Asiatics while skilled labor was reserved for Europeans, the social and domestic conditions of the laborer were better than ever before in any country.

The birth and booming of towns continued, and extended over a wide area. Like rushes for new gold diggings in the mountains, so with regard to town-making; excitements arose, declined, and broke out again, lots being surveyed and mapped sometimes for ten miles around the centre of the town.

With the rest, on the other side of the shield we may see pictured another of those wild excitements attending the occupation of the west. Companies were organized and stock certificates issued to represent the gold-quartz crushers of Grass Valley and the silver mines of Nevada, some of them good, many of them worthless.

With a fine rage which kept roaring in San Francisco

two boards of brokers brought to their ruin thousands, all classes falling to the fascination. As in the time of the Mississippi bubble, or of the Scots Darien colony, rich men and poor alike, banker and hod-carrier, women and clergymen, all were seized with the infatuation to become suddenly rich.

Along the crest of the Comstock lode the land was measured off in feet, and the front foot became the financial unit. A foot was valued at ten dollars or ten thousand. The owner of a few feet, where the dividend was for a few months large and regular, was as appeared to him at the time rich for life, or as appeared in the end rich until the collapse came.

Of the wild speculative days of the Comstock mines which made wealthy a few sharp operators, as Lucky Baldwin, Keene, J. D. Fry, Flood and O'Brien, Mackay and Fair, while reducing thousands to poverty, was William C. Ralston, who came to California in the service of the Garrison line of steamers via Nicaragua. As one of the banking firm of Garrison Morgan Fretz and Ralston he became acquainted with D. O. Mills, then a modest banker of Sacramento.

With Mills he founded the Bank of California, of which he was at first cashier while Mills was president, later becoming president and dominator. Ralston advanced rapidly; he was essentially a product of California and of the time. A young man with the bluff hearty manners and assurance of middle age, he became popular. On assuming the presidency of the bank he set up a spacious residence at Belmont, and drove daily to and from the bank, some twenty miles or more. He entertained lavishly, inviting almost every distinguished visitor to San Francisco to spend a day or more at Belmont, until his name became known in all the great centres of finance for his business resources and ability no less than for his hospitality. Many persons, young and old, by his counsel or assistance were saved from ruin.

For a time he was the most conspicuous personage on the Pacific coast. Rapidly unfolding under the shining heaps of gold and silver in his vaults, in due time he came to regard himself the king of commerce, supreme in business, invincible in financial affairs. His power and pride made jealous the gods, and with all his broad experience and keen penetration he could not see into the bowels of the Sierra, could not see the silver bonanza the saloon men, Flood and O'Brien, kept hidden from public view in the Consolidated Virginia mine, of which they then held control. So when Ralston sold short he was allowed to pledge himself to deliver more stock than was ever issued.

In the bank at a meeting of his directors he was asked to retire, which he did, seating himself at his desk in the president's office. Presently Mr. Mills appeared and asked him to resign. Without a word Ralston took up a pen and wrote his resignation as president of the bank. Mills withdrew. Ralston arose, and taking his hat walked over to North beach, where he was accustomed to bathe in the Bay. He was an expert swimmer, and his long vigorous strokes soon carried him well away from the shore. Presently two boatmen on the beach noticing a strange struggle going on in the water some distance away put out in their boat. Ralston was past recovery when they reached him. His life insurance of $100,000 was paid, the companies not caring to bring up the question of suicide under the existing excitement.

Ralston's defalcation amounted to several millions; the bank was completely wrecked, as Mr. Mills informed me, and had to be capitalized anew, the business and connections being too valuable to be sacrificed. Mr. Mills' loss was $700,000; Mr. Baldwin's, including stock and deposits, was twice that amount.

Lesson to young men—and old ones: When you have all the world can give, don't stake it for something more.

The civil war which fell so heavily upon the patriots

of the east proved a pecuniary advantage to the gold-bearing states of the Pacific. It was a period of enforced prosperity, so far as the war was concerned, for the people of the west coast were loyal to the union, and would have touched no money made at the expense of the cause.

As it happened, that which brought profit to California was not only of the greatest advantage, but was of vital consequence to the union cause. For as the financial affairs of the government declined, and the life or death struggle grew fiercer, the monarchies of Europe meanwhile watching for some excuse to interfere, watching with unholy desire to recognize the rebellion and break into fragments the American republic, the steady arrival at New York from San Francisco of two or three millions in gold two or three times a month, as elsewhere in this *Retrospection* explained, held in check the inflated greenback currency and saved the credit of the nation; for while the premium on gold at one time in New York approached 300, at Richmond confederate currency fluttered toward 3000,—that is to say, it became worthless, and the confederation bankrupt. So that if with this regular inflow of gold the probable success of the union cause fell so low in the sensitive minds of the financiers of New York and London as indicated by the value they placed upon United States' promises to pay, where would have been the cause, the credit of the nation, and its power to raise money for carrying on the war without this California gold?

The loyalty of California to the union cause, from first to last, was manifested in various ways. Companies were enlisted for the war, but greatly to the disappointment of the men they were held in reserve on the Pacific side, some in California and some in Arizona, owing to threatened outbreak among the Indians, and the appearance in Pacific waters of the confederate cruiser *Alabama*, playing havoc with defenseless shipping. Nevertheless some union men, and many more secessionists, found their way east and joined their respective armies. Patriotic meetings

were held throughout the state and large sums raised for the sanitary commission.

Doctor Scott, pastor of Calvary church, was from New Orleans, and a secessionist. He displayed his sentiments cautiously at first, merely changing the form in his usual Sunday morning prayer from a blessing on "the president of the United States" to a blessing on "the presidents of these American states." San Francisco was in no humor to hear prayers put up in the pulpit for Lincoln and Davis jointly; so the next Sunday found the pews filled with strangers, some of whom were rather rough in appearance. The revised formula did not appear in the morning invocation, and no word was spoken relative to the war in the sermon. After service the doctor was somewhat severely hustled into his carriage by a crowd collected about the door, but no other violence was offered. The next departing steamer had on board Doctor Scott and his family bound for Europe.

When the news of Lincoln's death reached San Francisco, a man on the street was heard to mutter, "I am glad of it." Instantly he doubled himself up and dropped; such was the temper of the time.

The good fortune growing out of the war which befell California without will or effort of her own laid the foundation of many moderate fortunes, some of which remain to this day.

In the California legislature was passed what was called the specific contract law; that is to say, contracts might be made wherein the consideration or kind of payment was specified, it might be in lumber, or wheat, or gold. Commercial paper, notes, bonds, all obligations not upon a greenback basis were specified payable in gold coin of the United States. For this no question was raised as to any intention of repudiating the lawful currency of the government, for the loyalty of California to the union was already established.

The people of California, and of the whole Pacific sea-

board for that matter, never fancied the handling of paper money, and to some extent the prejudice exists to this day. Before the war there were afloat at the east loads of bills of countless banks fluctuating daily in value from one hundred per cent. down to nothing, and our people would have none of them.

Gold was a product of the country; merchants sold their goods for gold, and bankers kept their accounts upon a gold basis. For each of the thousand minor transactions of the day there were of course no written specific contracts, but in everything bought and sold on a gold basis there was an implied contract as to terms of payment. Thus the business of this entire country for a number of years amounting to half of the period of this Interregnum was done upon honor. The debtor could at any moment liquidate his obligation, whether of five dollars or of fifty thousand, in legal tender notes, that is to say, lawful currency of the United States, whose validity none could dispute; but to do so brought dishonor, disgrace, and loss of credit, considerations often more powerful than any embodied in the written law.

Thus lay transformed this city of San Francisco, from an expanse of rolling dunes between sea and bay, from a tented encampment and edifices of brush and boards, to a city of streets and houses unapproached by any of similar age for size and substantial construction; from a community of revelling adventurers to one of high average respectability and intelligence. A choice selection of manhood from all parts of the globe was here congregated, with ability and enterprise both well and ill directed. As devastating fires had weeded the architectural parts of the frail and unseemly, so vigilance movements, assisted by gold-rushes and filibuster schemes, had purified society of its worst elements, and were now raising the city to a model for order and municipal administration.

The whilom effervescent hamlet now stood the ac-

knowledged metropolis of the Pacific, after a brief struggle with threatening vicissitudes, while the tributary country had developed from the mining field with flitting camps to a substantial state, with a steady mining industry, and fast unfolding agricultural and manufacturing interests, which promised to rival if not to eclipse the foremost sections of the union.

Thus had been surpassed the wildest dreams which had incited the coming of the gold-seekers, and the founding of empire out of the manifold resources which one after another unfolded before the unexpectant eyes of these builders of a new commonwealth. A series of surprises marked the advance of the state as well as of the city, the one a wilderness bursting with bloom, the other a mart of progress purified by many fiery ordeals.

CHAPTER XII

EVOLUTION OF HIGH CRIME

SEVERAL causes united, about the middle of the century, to lower the standard of public morality in the United States. Hitherto business had pursued its even way along lines accredited in the great marts of commerce throughout the world, wilful deviation from which, for illicit ends, was sure to result in disgrace and ruin. Moderation was a virtue; excess in any direction was regarded as a deflection from the right path.

Ships made their voyages about the world, trading, and as a rule securing a fair return, with now and then a more fortunate venture, but all in a legitimate way. Unfair dealings were regarded as piratical. So on shore, the lines of commercial and political rectitude were clearly marked, and there were likewise but few land pirates in those days.

Some fortunes were made in furs, or what were deemed fortunes, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars; American millionaires, rare enough specimens in those days, were gods of finance, like the Rothschilds, and could be counted on one's fingers. There were some large deals in land, but where government had so much to give away there was little chance for excessive profits.

Certain bankers made fortunes, and a few mercantile houses rose to distinction; but the progress of the nation toward wealth was so gradual, and its distribution among the people so uniform, that it all came as expected blessings not to be specially regarded.

The merchants and bankers of the earlier epoch were

men of uprightness of character and with a keen sense of moral cleanliness and business honor, a lively interest in the welfare of the community, ever recognizing their neighbors' rights while themselves setting an example of good citizenship. Such men were Stephen Girard, George Peabody, and others of that class, who would no more think of wrongfully crushing a competitor or bribing an official than they would think of committing murder. Capital in the hands of such is sterilized to evil ways.

Gradually and imperceptibly speculation crept in, that insidious foe to commercial rectitude and personal integrity. Opportunities for various indulgencies came with the Mexican war, an event which sent waves of disgust throughout the land. It was well known at the time, and fully proved later, that the larger part of the demands made by citizens of the United States upon Mexico were fraudulent, trumped up against a people weakened by internal strife, and with whom we had no quarrel or cause of quarrel.

It is well known that these claims were invented by southern fire-eaters and slaveholders, with the president of the United States at their head, for the predetermined purpose of inciting war and acquiring more slave territory.

James K. Polk and his Mexican war, the man inhumane and void of integrity, the measure an injustice practised upon a weaker neighbor.

The man, this president of 1845, was a champion of African enslavement, and slavery is debasing. War is demoralizing; an unjust war with a veneer of enthusiasm is a prostitution of patriotism. Already Texas had been brought forward with soil and area sufficient for breeding and working ten millions of black men; the California country, if it could be secured for slavery, might serve for another ten millions. Heads of government occupied in such issues, and holding them ever before the people as vital to their interests exercised a baneful influence upon the conscience of the nation.

Then came on that other war, the war for the union. If ever there was a cause demanding a cardinal sacrifice, even to the mutual butchering of a million noble young men of kindred race and aspirations, this was one, the issue meaning life or death to the Republic. Yet human hyenas came forward from the sinks of iniquity to prey upon the struggling nation, renegade northerners entering into conspiracy with renegade southerners to cheat the soldiers that stood forth doomed to die for their country, to cheat them out of the poor remnants of comfort which might be left to them for their few remaining days.

The presidents following Mr. Polk were not inspiring factors as leaders of the nation, and the civil war brought with it a multitude of evils. Politicians turned their attention to business and became experts in rascality. It was then that Big Business learned to swear off its taxes, beat the customs, bamboozle society, and properly handle weights and measures in dealing with the government. In the marts of commerce the hearts of the great money-makers hardened, and merchants became lax in their dealings. An army made barefoot by shoddy shoes, or ill from infected food; a thousand men sent to their death at sea from a rotten hulk made small impression upon their moral sense or sympathies.

Thus the old-time kindred feeling, which in the heart of the earlier Americans was an obsession, became cold like the metal for which every one was now reaching out avaricious hands.

It is not therefore without reason that we place in the midst of these mid-century wars and their attendant issues the advent of high crime, by which term is meant that sort of wrong doing for which persons of wealth and influence hold themselves immune, not expecting or deserving punishment for crimes for which the poor should justly suffer for example's sake.

Such assumption, which is claimed on the ground that the prosecution and punishment of this class of citizens

disturbs capital and interferes with business, is to say the least the height of egotism and impudence, an insult to common-sense and an outrage on common decency too palpable to discuss.

It is a strange thing, strange that man, made upright, endowed as he supposed with immortality, given everything, given all that Satan offered to Christ, it is strange that he should go on forever seeking out so many inventions.

Let us pause and consider for a moment who and what we are, as we stand here to-day with high crime still raging around us, threatening destruction.

Consider the position of the United States in the world of humanity. We are a part of the foremost civilization, one with the greatest of nations. We have at our disposal all the blessings of life and liberty; there is not and never has been a people more highly favored by nature and development. We owe allegiance to neither prince nor potentate; the shams and hallucinations of kingship do not reach us; our minds are free from any doctrine of divine rulership.

We are subject to no religious tyranny; we are overwhelmed by no great superstition; we are not forced to bow down to Baal or kneel with our master in the house of Rimmon. Blessed with all the benefits and privileges of self-government, we are an absolutely free people, free to think and speak and act according to the dictates of our own will and conscience, restraining ourselves only from injury to others; rendering account only to ourselves, to our better selves, the divine force in the hearts and minds of all the people.

We are held by no dictatorship for enforced military service in time of peace, while war is rapidly approaching the impossible; we are taxed to support neither church nor clergy, neither a great standing army nor an inoperative navy, neither an idle aristocracy nor a family of royal drones swarming with a worthless progeny.

What civilization and human progress have stood for, what men for these thousands of years have been fighting for, they have freely given us and fully assured to our children. Free schools, colleges, universities, and all sorts of educational institutions are established in every city and at the cross-roads, while public and private moneys are poured out like water for the further enlightenment of the race.

We have become a mighty nation. With lands unlimited we have thrown open our doors and welcomed all to enter and participate in the choicest gifts of nature. We have subdued the wilderness, cleared away the forests, reclaimed the waste places, planted corn on the plains, covered the prairies with waving grain and the hills with cattle; we have watered the deserts and turned them into beautiful gardens and fruitful fields; we have planted vineyards and made wine, planted olives and made food, grown cotton for garments, tobacco for comfort, and plants to feed the little weavers of silk.

We have opened the veins of the mountains and brought forth precious treasure, gold and silver and iron, copper and coal; we have tapped the lower depths and set flowing into our cisterns oil for a thousand industries. Miracles have been wrought by human agency or divine interposition for the well-being and progress of man.

We extract mysterious energies from the forces of nature and attach them to the car of progress. We harness the lightning to the plow and make steam to serve factories and railways. We skim the earth with swift-running vehicles, and put forth wings to fly in the air. We have cut the continent with a canal and have opened land-ways and waterways for many thousands of miles. We have placed upon the ocean floating palaces for travel, and craft of every kind for commerce. We have taught electricity to speak; we wire the lightning, send waves of intelligence through the air and throw the human voice into dead matter there to remain for intercourse with generations

yet unborn. Even sickness and suffering have been made to yield to some extent to hygiene and other branches of medical science. Consider these things and compare our condition with that of humanity a thousand years ago, a hundred years ago.

In many of the paths of science, invention, and the solution of world problems, in penetrating the mysteries of the universe and of man, more progress has been made during the past century than in all the eternity of time preceding it.

And what payment have we to make for these gifts of the gods? None. What return is demanded of us for all these inestimable blessings? None whatever. We are asked only to be true to ourselves and honest with our neighbor, only to be true and honest with our goddess Nature who has so liberally bestrewn our path with benefactions.

Also to be content. The cravings of dissatisfaction, of avarice or other unholy desire is a poor return for loving-kindness. Were there under heaven such a state as human contentment, one would think that this itching for advantage, this craze for power should find an end; that we should be satisfied. When we have all that earth can give, what fools to sigh for more! Nevertheless we are so made, fashioned in foolishness. And as we sigh here for the unattainable so sighed Lucifer in heaven; archangel was not enough, he would be as God. Yet to be content of achievement were to arrest progress, to stop the wheels of civilization. Work was given us for our recreation, and death for our repose. Well, then if we cannot be content, let us at all events try to be decent.

Among the good men and pure women that constitute the greater part of our people are some whose moral sense has been perverted, whose ideals of honor have been lowered, and whose consciences have become seared by strenuous effort and prosperity. Unmindful of what they owe

to God and their country, indifferent as to the effect of their evil ways upon others, they devote their lives and sacrifice their souls to the acquisition of wealth.

They establish a code of ethics for themselves, set up their own standards of right and wrong, one standard for private morality and another for public morality, one for good business and another for good government. They pride themselves in the fancied possession of a good private character while indulging in crimes against the public. They spend money as freely to promote business as to bleed the public treasury. To lie in business is business, to lie in private is indecent; to cheat the government is finance, to cheat at cards is infamous.

They set up their own standards of crimes and punishment. They unblushingly promulgate the principle of inequality before the law, punishment for the poor but none for the rich. Great crimes for the promotion of prosperity are lauded; small thefts to avert starvation are sinful and must be punished. To buy a stolen watch, knowing it to have been stolen, is vulgar as well as wicked; to buy a franchise stolen from the city is to cheat the city while debauching a public official, yet the bribed alone should be punished, as the briber was only removing an obstacle standing in the way of his business.

It is the buying of stolen goods, this bribery of officials, the buyer being the real thief meriting the severer punishment. Worse than the thief himself, for he makes the thief; worse than the murderer himself for he hands him the dynamite and sets him on to kill. Stolen goods, stolen from your city or your state, which as a respectable citizen you should faithfully serve; stolen from your fellow citizens whose patronage adds to your wealth; stolen from the men who make you, who support you; stolen from your friends who trust you,—the act of a dastard indeed!

Yet more, you poison the fountains of civic purity and corrupt public sentiment until it stinks with dishonesty. With your money and influence you elect base men to office,

men who are a disgrace and a degradation to the municipality and to the commonwealth, men whom you know you can buy, whom you have bought beforehand, district attorneys who promise not to prosecute your criminals, a supreme judge who is sure to find for you and your friends a convenient technicality to set you free.

Time was when the American father's words to his son were words of wisdom; be honest, be diligent, be pure. Now what does he say? "Be alert, watch the other fellow, beat him down; watch your chance with the government, easy old cow to milk; watch your chance for doubling your money, never mind old-woman talk."

Thus dishonored himself he brings up his sons to dishonor; all the young men about him while feeling his evil influence are taught to emulate him in gaining wealth, even to emulate his tricky ways and receive praise therefor. Thus are young men taught chicane and young women made to look leniently on fraudulent processes, lightly questioning with quiet conscience ways which bring wealth.

And fathers and sons and servitors walk the street but they walk not in honor. They swell with apparent pride, for their presence means money, but they are not proud. They throw up their heads among clean men, but they do not feel clean. With brazen face and craven heart they move among their fellows knowing that all men know them for what they are.

Sad it is to see the gifts of providence so perverted; sad to see young men of generous impulse taught the abhorrent doctrine that the ways to success are by devious paths; saddest of all, when a youth of honorable instincts first feels a father's baseness.

For the truth stands blazing there, plain as the pathway to hell, that young men are brought up by their fathers to a course of infamy; that they have provided for them an unwritten code in which crimes are graded, returns to be in proportion to the amount involved and risk of detection; that they are instructed as sound business

doctrine that to steal from the people is not stealing, that to swindle the government is not so bad as to swindle a corporation, that to swindle a corporation is not so bad as to swindle a private individual, and that to swindle an individual who is a stranger, or a poor man, is not so bad as to swindle a partner, or brother, or father. Whence comes it all, this terrible American defection, nay this world wide wickedness? These men were not so made in the beginning; they were not so marred in a day.

In the earlier years of the Republic the scantier blessings of providence were more fully appreciated than by the inflow through the opened flood-gates later; we were not so far removed from slavery then as now; we held in more abhorrent remembrance the grasping King John, the prurient Charles, the imbecile George, while Valley Forge and Germantown were affairs of yesterday. The people thanked God every day; most of them meant it. Most of their descendants lived virtuous lives.

Gradually there came a change. With the expansion of territory came an expansion of pride. We strode about Europe boasting of what we had done and were going to do. We took from Mexico the California country; we gathered gold and scattered it abroad; we invited all the world to come and participate in our good fortune; we would lift them up, surely they would not pull us down.

But they did pull us down. They pulled us down, they and our own native greed, until our foremost men became high-priests of criminality, until their families and friends became inoculated of evil. Wealth brings power, which all covet. Power implies distinction, which all love; hence the longing for riches even though accompanied with dishonor.

It was then that competitive individualism merged into monopoly and aggregated capital seized and appropriated for the further extension of its power all the natural resources within its reach.

Development of crime came with the development of wealth; from increased hunger for wealth came laxity of principles and recklessness as to the methods of obtaining it. As cupidity increased rectitude became strained, and personal dishonesty followed public corruption. Sentiments of sinister import were freely discussed and openly avowed, and social ethics tolerated such as a short time before would have been deemed little less than diabolical. Equality before the law, for which principle our forefathers had so lately fought, was openly repudiated.

Aliens of still lower grade kept coming in greater numbers with each succeeding decade, and standards of morality continued to fall. Avarice increased as integrity diminished. Still all through the first century of republican life by far the greater part of the people of the United States were honest, conscientious, and patriotic. It was not so much an increase of crime among Americans, aside from aliens, as a shifting of the criminal class, a parting of the ways, some sinking into the depths, others rising to the surface. Hence high crime and low crime, the most powerful criminal class by far being at the top.

One of the most remarkable phases attending human development during the last half century has been this evolution of high crime. Not that crime in high places has hitherto been uncommon, or that it has not too often escaped punishment, but that now for the first time we find a considerable part of the men of wealth and intelligence of the community openly advocating the punishment of the poor for crime, but not the punishment of the rich. Search the sacred books of all nations and no such reversal of the commands of the decalogue can be found. Nowhere do we hear in the recitation even of the crudest tenets, the poor shall not kill or steal, but only the rich. And of a surety we know that no government, no religion, no society could for a moment stand secure upon such a foundation. It is incredible that sane members of a latter-day

community should be found to uphold such a doctrine. Yet we know that such a doctrine exists, and that thousands give it their assent, tacitly if not openly. Why? Why should men of average intelligence and some modicum of morality submit to such a monstrous sentiment?

The world was young a hundred years ago, our republican world, and comparatively pure. The words which stood for patriotism, integrity, and civic purity held some significance with many, while for that which we now call graft no word had yet been coined.

Village life was held to be better than life in the city where centred all wickedness. But now in this present year of our glorious development we find in almost every town and county masters of evil forces, promoters of evil schemes, with hearts as black as Burr's, and hands as foul as Arnold's, who every day murder morality and sell themselves and the finer sense of their sons and daughters,—sell themselves and their country for gold.

When the civil war came there was yet an unsubdued space intervening between the two frontiers, which was thought to be worthless, but was later found to be exceedingly fertile in bringing forth crops of millionaires, cattle kings, railroad dictators, forest despots, mining lords, and even agricultural barons. The vast wealth stored up by nature under bleak and barren coverings hungry capitalists seized with avidity. Here was a new and fertile field in which to swindle the government.

More especially the profession of high crime proper, as it exists to-day, began with this war, with the horde of swindlers who sprang forward to supply the army with shoddy clothes and rotten food, with the horde of contractors, lately honest dealers, but too quickly turned rascals with the turn of the times. So that it became fashionable to cheat, even to giving the army worthless arms on entering battle if the profit were enough.

Building railroads with government subsidies and private subscriptions afforded too fine an opportunity to rob

both government and people to be slighted. Then there were land frauds and water frauds, timber oil and iron frauds, and a hundred others where the wealthy sought to become more wealthy by illegally combining and crushing the poor. In the matter of road-making, school-houses, court-houses, and other public work the grossest frauds are even at this day perpetrated by eliminating certain parts of the work or substituting poorer material than that specified in the contract, all under the eyes of the stupid or indifferent public. As sings the poet in his psalm of the slums,

> Lives of rich men oft remind us
> We can make our lives like swine.

Since high crime has assumed such large proportions among a class of wealthy and influential men hitherto deemed honorable, the science of criminology becomes an interesting study.

Thus we find the criminal class transferred from the lower to the upper regions, from the nethermost to the most exalted social strata, from the crowded tenements of the filthiest quarters to the homes of the wealthy in the atmosphere of the parks and along the spacious boulevards.

For if we weigh and measure fairly this criminal class, estimating it as well by the magnitude of the transactions as by the numbers engaged and the demoralizing effects upon the nation, it is plain that the honor of the name belongs not to the poor and lowly who steal a pittance to escape starvation, nor to the pickpockets and burglars of the city's purlieus, who presently find their way to the state prison, but to the rich and prosperous who steal their millions, beggar whole communities, appropriate the nation's resources, illegally combine to crush competition, and all that vast horde of respectable rapscallions who never see prison-wall or feel the hangman's halter. New York's Bowery and Chinatown have their crime school; what have New York's Wall street and Fifth avenue? Is

it because high crime in the United States does not need a university that Mr. Carnegie has founded no such institution at Washington?

In this fin de siècle epidemic of high crime a sort of insanity seized the money-makers. The high-crime defender of high crime does not regard with favor crimes committed against himself; he does not like it if the clerk he has taught to steal from others steals from him; he raves if the government which he robs with impunity will not protect him from robbery by others.

In aggressive business circles the civic conscience in relation to industrial life is for the most part a thing of the past. When we ask why men still steal from the government who will not steal from each other what sort of answer do we get?

"Can't you see the difference?"

"No."

"Well I can."

It is natural for some men to take whatever they want that is within their reach, either openly by strategy or secretly by stealth. One way may be as criminal as the other, but the punishment is not the same. One operator may be called a great financier, the other a miserable thief. Hence the wise men will avoid the way to small results with large penalties, and cling to the way to great results with no penalties. The system has been many times tried, to punish the poor and let the rich go free, but it never would work for any length of time. Feudalism practised it but feudalism faded away. Phœnicia, Greece, and Rome tried it and failed; the Spanish and French nobility and the English Georges attempted it but had to give it up.

Singular that men of such ability should imagine that they can usurp the prerogatives of the American people, thrust aside the sons of those who fought at Bunker hill and Gettysburg, and while running their railroads run the government as well. Strange that they cannot better

read the signs of the times and know that such a state of things can no longer exist.

High crime justice like high crime journalism is made to fit the occasion. Even the family adopts it, serving it up for breakfast, associating the lessons with bible readings and family prayers. Yet every such precept of that father brings upon him the contempt of the son and the humiliation of the daughter.

High crime carries with it high society, and both carry wealth. Without wealth the high criminal and the high social personage would be low indeed; hence the constant struggle for riches, at any cost.

Woman plays her part in the evolution of high crime. There is no one woman in particular, no one type of woman that appears conspicuous. But all women, or any woman who smiles on rascality, who receives in her house persons of tainted reputation, looks with lenient eyes on ill-gotten gains, or aids and abets crooked ways, in so far as she thus lends her influence to criminality is criminal.

It is a test of feminine fibre that few of the gentler sex will meet, for wrong is uncertain and women are indulgent, which only intensifies the situation and makes it worse.

Before great wealth became so common and standards of living were simpler the disadvantages attending wealth were less, and the attitude of woman less fictitious. She did right because it was right, not because the opposite course would be disreputable. Under the present relations she must do the same, that is if she would retain her former high standard of purity.

The development of our country may be distinctly marked by three transformations following the revolutionary war, the civil war, and the dark age of graft. For a period after independence uprightness grew apace. Good men ruled, for the most part wisely and well. The people were intensely patriotic, and fairly philanthropic. A moderate immigration of a somewhat decent class increased rather than retarded progress.

Even in the maelstrom set in motion by the evil influences of the civil war, intensified by economic development incident to the application of steam and electricity and the mad rush for wealth which followed, appears the spirit of purification, apart from which the social structure of a people cannot long exist. Yet for a time vice grew faster than virtue, the bloom unfolding from the caverns of iniquity.

From yet another point of view we may watch the growth of the monster. Up to the middle of the last century corporate capital was largely in life insurance, increasing from one million in 1843 to one hundred and twenty-five millions in 1867. Wall street was commercial rather than financial, the importation of dry goods occupying the more substantial firms.

Losing the profitable trade of the south through the civil war the Wall street merchants took to exporting United States bonds, of which were put out in six years over two billions of dollars worth. Thus these merchants became private bankers and Wall street the financial centre of the nation. The advent of trusts and corporate securities date from 1879, and the Juggernaut car of Standard Oil wheeled into course with its new business methods and morals to the debasement of commercial honor and integrity.

Hitherto railroad bonds were in bad odor, but as some portions of trunk lines were taken up, double tracked, and improved, values increased, trusts were formed, competing lines were made one by exchange of securities, and the railways of the country fell into the hands of monopolists. Then followed the steel trust, corporate mergers, and the life insurance frauds.

After the war a period of unexampled prosperity set in. Population spread out over the rich valley of the Mississippi and beyond. New states were organized, and new business methods devised.

And here we may consider a little further who and

what we are. A system of government good enough for good men but too weak for the vicious, administered by practised politicians, self-seeking aliens easily bribed by money or influence and always hungry for office, and whose chief concern when in office is to keep themselves there rather than attend to matters affecting the welfare of the people, the rule being party before the people, the people before principle, and self before all.

Behold our courts of law, where justice may sometimes be hammered out at no small cost of time and money from iron rule and stale precedent—though too largely courts of injustice where only the poor are punished, rich criminals escaping through endless webs of quirks and quibbles, all manipulated by professionals of small conscience skilled in legal legerdemain; judges steeped in forms and conventionalities listening to evidence with one ear open to their own interests or prejudices; juries of stupid mien and wooden personalities, whose sluggish intellect works in grooves, and each of whom finds it "always his luck to get on a jury with eleven damned fools." Since this system of court procedure and miscarriage of justice has continued from the days of King John and his charter, might we not now, with some of our referendums and things secure a befitting change?

Judging from the signs of the times it is a question how long the influence of the better class of the community will continue to predominate. There is a marked tendency on the part of the lovers of evil to degrade society and bring the community down to their level while the aspirants for something better strive as hard to improve and elevate.

Many of the leading newspapers joined the confederacy of crime because of the profit. In a burst of eloquent blackguardism, one of these refined leaders of public opinion exclaims "Damn morality, give us prosperity!" which quite plainly shows the quality of public opinion he leads, or is led by.

As to the attitude and influence of the clergy in the repression of crime in high places too much cannot be said in their praise. It requires nerve, as well as faith and holiness, to say to one who liberally supports the church and devoutly attends its sacred ministrations, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man!" Wherefore we are inclined to regard pityingly a weak-kneed brother so wretchedly circumstanced.

Like so many others, such a clergyman fears for himself. His predatory flock is strong; he must consider his wife and little ones, for he is human. Willingly he denounces sin, but not the sinner. It is not a pleasant thing to say, but the truth asserts it, that in the great conflict now being waged between public righteousness and the sins of the rich the church is not always on the side of purity and good morals.

Religion is not taken seriously by the twentieth century; its votaries profess with their lips but deny by their actions. The timid preacher of the word too often shirks his responsibilities.

"The pulpit is no place for politics," saith such an one. Where then is the place for politics? Is religion so unapproachable a thing that it can take no part in the most important affairs relating to mankind that you, my dear man of God, should relegate the question of government to the saloons and the haunts of the demagogues? Surely to discuss the vital issues of life were better than forever to drone over Moses and the prophets and repeat prayers stereotyped by superstition hundreds of years ago. But talk is idle. Such a man in the pulpit feels that he must preach to please the pews. He still holds his place among the so-called servants of Christ who should be found in the temple casting out the money changers. Not a word of warning or rebuke, not a word which might offend the ear of the pious grafter who passes the contribution plate and serves at the holy communion. How, then, should the

people be expected to take seriously such a church since its own minister does not?

Thus we see how some clergymen as well as some of the men who are in trade, the facile merchant and the bloodless banker, whose customers are money even though they be not men, all alike swell the number that live and flourish by high crime. Let us be thankful that so few of our spiritual guides are of this stamp.

Monopolists of such a sort and character there are as the franchise manipulating and public-utilities men who take the people's money from them, forced by threats of discrimination, and employ it to grind them under the heel of a commercial despotism hitherto unknown in the annals of trade; or of one who says "All the oil is mine, the oil gathered by beneficent nature through countless ages in the reservoirs of the earth for the use of all born upon the earth so long as the earth shall stand, all, all is mine, by my sharpened faculties I swear it, I swear I will get it, and with what I get I and my cohorts shall get and control yet more, even the very souls of men." Another says practically the same of iron, as do others of coal, of timber, of the falling water, of food-yielding products, and there is one clique who would even be content with the whole of Alaska.

But though finance, philosophy, and religion all fail to give us concrete assurance of the future, yet we must not lose heart, for the skies are at this moment bright with promise in the form of redeemed cities and regenerated states. Even the country towns, once innocent of evil but later grown rank in corruption, and boastful of their big bad men, their bosses and their rings, like any of the larger cities of Sodom, even these are becoming purged of their wickedness and their evil ones made afraid.

In so far as a system of legal reform is perfected and carried forward Utopia indeed has come, and American

cities from cesspools of corruption may become the clean dwelling-places of a redeemed race. Under it there is no reason why the people should not have the sort of governmen they want. If they prefer cleanliness and decency, if they abhor the curse of labor leaders, if they revolt at the discrimination of judges and prosecuting attorneys between high and low crime, they must choose their leaders accordingly. If the people rule they will get exactly what they want and deserve, be it good or bad.

The evolution of high crime is arrested. In a thousand municipalities we see alight the lamps of transformation disclosing new birth and new being. The fundamental forces of honesty and morality which alone can save from anarchy are again appearing in forms attractive to the eye and hopeful to the heart. The exploitation of national resources for individual benefit is also a thing of the past, and the time will come when individual holdings of any sort of wealth will be limited, not upon socialistic principles, but from the evolution of common-sense.

Meanwhile let us use a little more discrimination in choosing our chief magistrate.

The rulers of nations have not always been men of decency. From the days of those divinely appointed over a chosen people, who mostly did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, all through the lives of ancient Asia and modern Europe, whether Pharaohs of Egypt or Cæsars of Rome, or of later times called William or Henry, Charles Louis or Edward, comparatively few decent persons can be found among them.

Strange that men who are so many should permit rulers who are so few to degrade them, to grind them into the dust; strange that we, citizens of this high-grade republic, with all our learning and refinement, with all our wealth and opportunity, ever seeking the best, that we should rest supinely under the misrule of demagogues and the spawn of low aliens.

Even for our president we rarely choose the best man,

but rather the fittest. Fittest for what? For reconciliation and compromise.

And yet so strong within us is love of home and country that we would prefer our worst president to the best European monarch. Better than to return to the superstitions and mummeries of kingcraft, that tax labor and pile up a never-to-be-paid national debt to support an idle aristocracy and the ever increasing relatives of royalty, we would return to the realm of apedom and cease calling ourselves men.

The new nationalism promulgated by Theodore Roosevelt carries with it a new code of commercial ethics, a new standard for civic decency. First citizen of the world, though not a professional reformer, no one ever equalled him in reforms; though not a professional states craftsman, few ever excelled him in the management of public affairs.

Three great revolutions were achieved by the personality of three of our presidents: by George Washington a political revolution, by Abraham Lincoln a social revolution, by Theodore Roosevelt a moral revolution. Though our country still remains steeped in political and financial pollution, the work of Roosevelt, the reformer, in its influence encircles the earth, and is as lasting as time. Do not the people of California feel the effects every day, notably in late victories for the right in the state reforms by Hiram Johnson?

Roosevelt made possible the work of Heney, Heney made possible the work of Johnson. Roosevelt made possible a grand career for Taft, but Taft lacked the penetration to see or take advantage of it.

Probably never so many of the American people suffered so great a disappointment in the administration of any one of our presidents as in the case of Mr. Taft. Coming immediately after Roosevelt, with all his promises to his predecessor and to the people who elected him fresh in their minds and hearts, they waited, watching for a

sign, until hope died within them as they saw him with his ponderous flesh and sickly smile sink into a quagmire of broken promises and incompetency.

His narrowness of mind was seen in his many petty prejudices, and his lack of judgment in his illogical attitude in regard to leading questions, and the persistent infliction upon the government of persons of damaged reputation which cost the nation much time and money to keep fairly whitewashed. In all of which he displayed the wilfulness and petulance of a child, as also in his vetoes like that of the Arizona statehood bill, in which he displayed a brutal indifference to the rights and wishes of a free and independent people acting wholly within their rights.

One might expect, as the higher circles of office-seeking are approached, to see less of that insatiable greed for office witnessed on lower levels; but in the desire to rule selfishness has no limit.

Somewhat significant as showing the ever shifting centre of political and intellectual development is the fact that not until Virginia had given to the republic seven presidents, all of them before 1850, did Ohio come forward with her six presidents, all attaining office after 1868. North Carolina began with Andrew Jackson, who was followed from his state by James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson, of none of whom are we particularly proud, the last rather than the first being physically and mentally a typical citizen of the state. In politics likewise are marked distinctions. Low officialism in the south is liable to be always dark, while the policemen and pot-house politicians of the northern cities smell strongly Celtic.

Jackson's instincts were forceful, his ethics brutal, the moral sense was lacking; as we should expect, he was among the first to set up Mexican claims and urge reprisals.

Massachusetts gave only the two Adamses, and New York but three men, the last alone worth counting; and he is still young enough, and prophet priest and king

enough to accomplish the purposes for which he was created.

As to the relative merits of our presidents, that is a question upon which no two persons will agree. We all know that George Washington was a good and a great man, though by diligently digging some few peccadillos may be found not mentioned by the admiring biographer.

The Adamses were well up to the Boston standard, which surely is high enough, the first and greatest merit being that they were of Boston. Though not as much talked about as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe made good presidents. The list is filled in with a pretty poor lot down to Lincoln, whose name none can mention except with reverence. Worst of all next to Taft was Andrew Johnson. Grant was a good fighter—when he had the largest army and the most money; but the greatest soldier and the most pathetic figure of either army was Robert E. Lee, whose efficiency and sublime courage held him up a hero in the face of a superior force and under the most trying disadvantages. As a man, naturally, being a successful general, Grant had been greatly overrated, as his career both before and after the war fully shows. He has yet further to be several times magnified before he can properly fill the empty space in his monument. New Yorkers themselves admit that his tomb on Riverside drive is somewhat overwhelming when compared with like tributes to the memory of Lincoln.

As to the rest there is little to be said, least of all as to Hayes, Arthur, and Taft, but the time will come if indeed it is not already here, when Theodore Roosevelt will be named the greatest and best of all our chief magistrates next after Washington and Lincoln.

The south and east have given forth their presidents, Carolina, Virginia, and New York; also the mid-continent, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; would it not be well sometime to try the Pacific coast from the new crop of patriots that is coming on?

CHAPTER XIII

THE DARK AGE OF GRAFT

THE period of our west-American history from 1870 to 1910, that is to say, from the advent of Collis P. Huntington to the advent of Hiram W. Johnson, will ever remain memorable as marking a thraldom and a deliverance. For the first time in our brief career we behold the dethronement of American manhood, the debauchery of American morals. For the first time we find Americans afraid, unnerved, not by the presence of a foreign foe, but because of betrayal by their own people, by their friends and neighbors, from whom they expected aid and good-fellowship in the development of a new commonwealth along the old lines of fidelity and integrity.

All was hope and joy in anticipation of the benefits to accrue from the completed railway, the railway which had been built by the people, for the people, which had been built with the people's money and credit, with money given by the people of the west and credit obtained from the government through their representatives at Washington. The work had been entrusted to ostensibly reputable men doing business in Sacramento, and the work accomplished, the railway was now to bring them good fortune and nearer relationship with all the world. When these Sacramento men, hitherto in very moderate circumstances, suddenly became rich, the people knew they were betrayed. Had the railway men simply pocketed the people's money, and secured to themselves individually all the profits and peculations to accrue from hasty construction as a war measure, it would have been bad enough. No wonder

then that when they saw their old associates turn traitors, and found themselves tricked, the promised advantages turned to ways and means for further extortions, they became despondent.

Iron rules were made by the now exultant railroad men; the merchants' books should always be open to them; freight rates were graded, and the most favored shippers must not only give up the clipper-ship and the steamer by the Isthmus routes, but must not order for or sell goods to any who did not give their entire transportation business to the railroad.

Credits at the east were curtailed, owing partly to the shortened time for getting goods to the western coast, and partly to the return of government to specie payment. Intimidation was the spirit of the new régime. Those who had proved obdurate during the abject efforts of the railroad men to secure favors were now remembered, and the delinquent towns and individuals well punished. Contemptuous treatment became a mark of merit, and a civil answer was scarcely to be expected from a servant of the monopoly.

The public press was bribed or subsidized so far as practicable; such journals as declined to sell themselves were if possible destroyed. The Sacramento *Union*, the ablest and most influential newspaper on the coast, was forbidden the use of the Central Pacific trains, and so was ruined, later to be bought for a song by an agent of the octopus.

The whole country was under a cloud. Business fell off; manufactures declined; merchants failed, many giving up further effort and taking their departure. Want came to the working-man, who could find no employment, even at a low wage, his family often lacking food. Possession was taken by the railroad men of the courts and of the government; subservient tools were placed in office, the ablest lawyers were employed to demonstrate the lawlessness of law before facile courts of law, and so the rail-

road soon had the country under its heel. Values fell; sales of real-estate, inflated in anticipation of an advance, could not be effected; financial distress overspread the land, and California lapsed into a state of humiliation and despair.

It would not have been so with the men of '56; they would have found some way out of it; it was their custom to find a way out of dilemmas. The men who made Chicago would have found a way out of it. It would have been wrong, of course, to tear up the track and hang the big four, however great the temptation. There were other ways for those that had the intelligence and nerve to employ them.

Thus came to California the Dark Age of Graft, over the Plains, over the Great Divide, over the Desert and the Sierra, by the Union Pacific, by the Central Pacific, before ever the word of accursed distinction was invented, or lessons in the art had become common elsewhere. To the immaculate four, Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker belong the honor of its introduction. Where these adepts studied, they and Satanus only know.

A rare text-book of the time was the Crédit Mobilier of Paris. Fremont and his alleged Mariposa mine became entangled there, and the man would have been sent to the Bastile as a royal fraud if peradventure that edifice had not been closed for repairs.

Such of the Crédit Mobilier as was not required by M. de Lesseps for his Panamá canal scheme the Union Pacific brought to America, where it served its manager the same scurvy trick it always plays upon its votaries, only he was first disgraced and then killed by it, whereas Fremont could not be killed by disgrace, nor yet the immaculate four.

It is difficult to disgrace a man with forty millions in his pocket, even though the millions were stolen, and the people enslaved, bound in fetters forged out of their own

money; even though the millions were employed in electing governors, buying legislatures, bribing senators, and insulting and humiliating citizens; or perhaps in erecting churches and hospitals not for the glory of God, but for their own glory, and as a sop to Cerberus; in founding a college wherein young people may forever be taught to honor infamy; in building for vulgar display a Nob hill palace, which brings neither honor nor comfort, and soon to be licked up by charitable flames; in buying a foreign title for an adopted daughter; in supplying an old wife the money wherewith to buy a young husband; in suits at law, employing the law to defeat the law, electing to office men pledged to defy the law while swearing to execute it, all interlarded with their own lives and perjuries such as would put Ananias to blush; in spiteful revenges and personal brawls, as when one of the wives raised high her spiritualistic nose at another of the wives, thereby infuriating the husband to such an extent that he drives out the man who said he would rather be president of the Central Pacific than president of the United States; now no longer should he be president of this band of robbers, whereupon the husband of the plain wife with the ethereal sub-soul is retired, and the husband of the beautiful snubbed one reigns in his stead.

Nor does the feud end there. In the flaming pages of the *Argonaut*, under the virulent pen of Frank Pixley, with classic vituperation Leland Stanford is excoriated for a year or two, until there is little of him left but his saintly visage and Palo Alto horses—excoriations evidently pleasing to Mr. Pixley, though done for a consideration, for such a consideration as to make the Pixley pockets bulge with the money of Huntington, who sat happily upon his prostrate foe forever after.

It was truly considerate in Plutus to raise up a man like Harriman to succeed Huntington. Harriman was a genius of another order. Huntington's genius was a development, Harriman's was an inspiration. Both were

of the Napoleonic order, the latter especially. These two railroad men—three out of the big four counting for nothing—one following the other, ran side by side the railroad and the government, the people meanwhile being held in a state of cowed subserviency.

This for the western country. At the east arose oil men, who greased the railroads and strangled the other oil men; iron men gathered up the other iron men, regulated the tariff, multiplied their former values by ten, and posted their names everywhere as the great givers. The others pecuniarily interested in these operations as owners of property or participators in the profits were members of high society, of churches and charities, with every pretense to respectability.

Never of themselves would the astute four, or any one of them, have thought of a railroad over the high Sierra had not an engineer, one T. D. Judah, called their attention to it, and assured them of its practicability. He had been over the ground, and would make a further survey for a share in the enterprise, the promise of which being readily given and as promptly repudiated when the work was done. Nor would the opportunities for wholesale robbery have been given them but for the stress of the civil war.

This war with its attendant evil influences, as we have seen, was the beginning of the reign of high crime in the United States. It came in with army contracts and the overland railroad, and has been growing in intensity ever since. The same infamous tactics which yielded such rich plunder in manipulating the Central Pacific were employed by others, as imperfect construction, fraudulent contract and finance companies, attended by the burning of such account books and papers as would give evidence in court against them, with easy forgetfulness and facile perjury.

And these evil examples were passed on to posterity.

There are in every state in the union, in California not more than elsewhere, sons and successors of the original grafters made by the war, who never in their lives have drawn an honest breath, whose thoughts are ever on cheating and overreaching, in which accomplishments those of their subordinates who become most efficient are accredited the highest honors and rewards. Instead of obedience to the law young men were taught to subvert the law, to control legislation, and wrest from the people the management of their own economic life. Selfishness is encouraged, alliance with special interests and privilege sought, greed fostered, patriotism ridiculed, and the rights of others lightly regarded.

There were other railroad builders over the Mississippi way besides the Union Pacific from whom the illustrious four might learn the tricks of the trade, and there were the good men who represented us at Washington, wearing themselves out studying the welfare of the people, and in securing their own reëlection—these knew a thing or two, for it was now a full decade since the opening of the war when the high grafters began in earnest to ply their profession. And the rule of these gentlemen, our good neighbors the patriotic four, who stole, and lied, and tricked, and perjured themselves so skilfully, or had always some one at hand to do it for them, extended throughout all the California country and lasted four decades, until Hiram Johnson came and brought to a close, let us hope forever, our Dark Age of Graft.

Forty years! It is a long time. Anglo-California at this writing is not yet sixty-three years old, and forty of those years given over to the tyranny of bad men, leaving only the fifteen years interregnum following the dethronement of crime by the grand tribunal of 1856. Truly we are a pusillanimous lot! Worse than the children of Israel with their forty years wandering in the desert, their quails and manna, their whinings and bickerings and golden calf and ten commandments, and never a spark of man-

hood; yet they had their Lord God and Moses, while we had only these four foul fish.

Forty years! It was a long time for a free and enlightened people to remain subservient under a disgraceful despotism. Merchants and manufacturers were cowed into submission while the economic interests of the entire country were paralyzed.

We have seen in the evolution of high crime something of when and where and how this abominable state of things originated and was thrust upon us. Going back fifty years we find on our hands a great civil war, which breeds swindlers as cesspools breed gnats. Then we prostitute the privileges of our high citizenship by admitting to the franchise four or five millions of lately emancipated African slaves and a horde of riffraff from Europe. Then we give into the hands of a few grasping men a large share of the natural wealth and resources of the country, the forests, the mines, the coal and iron and oil, robbing the people at large to enrich the few. Frightened by the depredations in Pacific waters of the Confederate steamer *Alabama*, the first overland railroad was hurried forward at any cost, while the builders were buried under a deluge of government bonds, land grants, and contributions from the people.

It was the work of our pet octopus, the four-armed cuttle-fish, who built for us the Central Pacific, and while acknowledging its benefits and inflictions we must mark the advent of dishonor attending it.

Dating from 1861, the influence of these four men for evil, with that of their successors, increased as the years passed by. One of them, unscrupulous, bold, fearing neither God nor man, dominated the others, who were not too stupid to learn rascality. Huntington commanded a respect which could not be accorded to Leland Stanford, a man of bodily presence, made up of pose and piety, with Asiatic eyes placed near together, and which rolled heavenward in hypocritical ecstasy whenever he wished to be

impressive—he was of the spiritualistic persuasion, and he now dwells among the stars. In default of an heir he gave his money to found a university, which was to make high crime respectable, and which act was used in his defense at Washington, whereupon a senator arose and made reply, "We do not want our children educated with stolen money."

But from the large attendance at the institution, and the pains taken by the faculty upon all occasions to preach political purity, it would seem that the gentleman from California was mistaken.

Thus became formulated in the minds of men as a principle of business ethics evasion of the law and outwitting a competitor, quickly to become breaking of the law and the crushing of competition; the term good business becoming significant of criminality, a manufacturer as merciless as his machinery, a citizen studying the law under whose protection he lived to see how best he could break it and save his own precious skin. Good business, not as of old the result of application, thrift, and fair dealing, but rather of false-swearing, theft, cheating, and overreaching. God save us! If this is good business what then is bad business?

Well, good or bad, it is the sort of business we find today closely allied to crime, such crime as sends a poor man to prison. We find it closely allied to wealth, few of the great fortunes that are made being free from it. We find it closely allied to high society, closely intimate with high living, luxury, and extravagance.

In the eastern United States, I am sorry to say, it had already come to pass that somewhat of the former prestige of the business men was lost, and it would seem that they have not now, all of them, the best reputation in the world for honesty in their dealings. Our foreign competitors say that we adulterate, give short weights and poor quality. If this is true it is very wrong; besides it does not pay.

Is it wise, in promulgating a course of action to turn aside and mark out for ourselves a winding way worse than the winding way of those whose ethics are governed wholly by expediency?

Benedict Arnold doubtless thought he was making a good bargain when he sold his country, and Aaron Burr regarded his reputation enhanced by his duel with Alexander Hamilton. Major André's captors may have been tempted by his offer of money, though history does not say so. I am sure Abraham Ruef would have regarded the offer with disdain as not large enough. Lincoln's assassin thought to avenge the south while bringing upon the south dire destruction in thus killing its best friend. We can but notice how little good bad money does to the cormorants who gather it, or to their progeny if they leave any. To us it may appear that those who thus sold their souls for pay, though receiving therefor all that they were worth, made a poor bargain of it.

We can readily understand why the Southern Pacific railway entered politics so early and fought so long and vigorously for the supremacy, and why the Santa Fé and Western Pacific railways did not. These two doubtless have sins enough to answer for, but not of the kind that requires a subversion of the government to save them from the penitentiary. The beneficiary of no unlawful policies, the Western Pacific comes to California and attends to its own business, with no attempt at debauching the government, having no rascalities to cover in this quarter.

During this period, pregnant of evil, the character of the population underwent a change. While retaining a dominant influence in public affairs the Anglo-American element declined in numbers, the loss being more than replaced by lower grades of humanity from Europe who cared nothing for Americans or American institutions. A new Christianity was preached from the pulpits, a new doctrine of human rights was practised in the courts, a new code of commercial ethics was installed in business

circles, if not in words direct then in words and actions indirect. Newspapers scurrilized good men for doing good. And of the church, it may with some show of reason be said that it has scarcely proved itself in all cases that vital force for good which is claimed for it by its patrons.

We might hope to see American character reformed, and the earlier influences reëstablished in the coming generation, but not while parents are teaching their children the tricks of trade, how to circumvent the right and overthrow the efforts of good men.

What did they teach, these new instructors of the crédit mobilier school, so lately of us, grocer, hardware merchant, governor; what new codes of industrial ethics did they bring over the mountains, they and their confrères?

They taught us how to falsify accounts, how to falsify weights and measures, how to adulterate and deceive, how to water stocks and get up sham dividends, how to sell a worthless mine and build a $200,000 court house for $400,000; how to bribe without being detected and swear falsely without being arrested, how to apply road-money to electioneering purposes, how to beguile or pacify courts and judges so as to make the practice of the law defeat the purposes of the law. Later in this school were taught theft, perjury, and murder pure and simple.

And the result—a few brief days of fatuous swelling among their fellows like the fabled frog; then themselves to earth, their names to infamy, their wealth to others, and to the state a heritage of dishonor. The big four! And their epitaph. They gorged themselves with ill-gotten wealth, betrayed their trust, set an example of successful swindling, leaving to posterity the air foul with their memories.

The Fraser river mining excitement in 1858 carried away 15,000 of California's best working men, while the flood of 1862 drove many farmers to the city; changes to

the injury alike of the agricultural interests and civic loyalty. Droughts in 1877 and the spread of Kearneyism with the persecution of the Chinese lowered still further the morale of the community. A working-man's party was organized, and a new constitution framed, the primary purposes of which was to equalize rights and responsibilities, control corporations, and make the rich pay their share of the taxes, in almost all of which efforts it was unsuccessful.

In 1885 Mr. Stanford made himself United States senator to succeed James T. Farley, democrat, chosen by the legislature of 1877-8. He gave as an excuse for thus placing himself where he could hunt his game at close range that Mrs. Stanford had expressed a wish to spend a winter in Washington.

Long before this, however, it became evident that throughout the entire United States intimate relations existed between corporate capital and the office-holders. The banner cries of the railway politicians were mainly dead issues, the only vital point being the nursing into greater efficiency the infant monster graft.

Aristocracy and democracy had ceased to oppose each other, as in the earlier days of the commonwealth, while the new republicanism had already degenerated to a condition bordering on anarchy. The people became slack in their duties of citizenship. What was the use? The wicked reigned, and there was at hand no deliverance; the country was going to the dogs, had already gone to the dogs, therefore let it go. They suffered to be made mayor a baptist preacher, I. S. Kalloch, whose son, another baptist preacher, killed Charles de Young for printing offensive articles in the *Chronicle*, young Kalloch receiving no punishment therefor.

So short a time ago these from whom all were now begging, themselves were begging money from the people wherewith to build for the people a public utility to be

run for the benefit of the people. Little faith the people had in them, then or at any time thereafter; San Francisco gave them money, but would not accept their stock even as a gift.

Another phase of civic infelicity which came in with the railroad, the later somewhat perturbed nest of high crime being the logical outcome, appeared first in the form of mild paralysis, moral and industrial. Three successive dry seasons, with general collapse in values, disarrangement in business by the new railway, with financial depression throughout the world, prepared the soil for the seeds of unrest. Bossism and bribery put forth their repulsive fronts, timidly at first, then with bolder mien. Under these inflictions, attended by labor strikes and the officiousness of labor leaders, those bandits of industry, enemies alike to the workingman and of the public, and the arrogance of the railway monopolists, who levied their tribute on transportation, there is little wonder that business men should still fail to rally, but continued to present themselves in marked contrast to their bold and chivalrous predecessors of the gold-digging days.

Great but silent at that time was the taxation tyranny, now happily at an end, and, let us hope, forever. At a meeting of bankers upon a certain occasion, said one to the other: "How is it that your big bank is assessed so low and my small bank so high?" "Give the assessor a thousand dollars and you will know," was the reply.

Railroad men, cogs in the wheels of the great machine, have no code of morals down in their time-tables; but in mercantile communities bankers, whose occupation is the handling of other people's money, and who impose their personality upon the public in somewhat undue degree from the glitter of gold by which they are surrounded, the lesser industrial lights come to regard in a measure as mentors in business matters. Therefore, when the largest,

the most influential, the most enterprising and popular of Pacific coast financiers set the example of bold-faced bribery, is it any wonder that a single family dynasty should hold the assessor's office for a whole decade, harvesting meanwhile hundreds of thousands, or that this same banker, not long afterward, should turn defaulter, wreck his bank, and kill himself. Great financial lights, as in other forms of greatness, are invested with a halo, which, when dimmed by indirection, casts a gloom over honorable traffic.

In 1891 the San Francisco grand jury began work in earnest to discover frauds and send criminals up for punishment. Stephen T. Gage, of the Southern Pacific board of directors and later railway governor of the state, refused to appear as a witness. As the result of their efforts they found that bribery was a constant and important element in legislation, with little attempt at concealment.

Leland Stanford was called upon to testify, whereupon the supreme court declared that the grand jury was improperly constituted by reason of some trifling irregularity. A thousand such instances might be cited as showing the contempt in which was held courts, justice, and consideration for the public.

A committee of one hundred citizens was appointed by Mayor Phelan to draft a new charter, which was adopted at the next election, but failed to accomplish any considerable reform.

Hope arose now and then for a brief period in the hearts of the people, as when a truly honest and conscientious man was chosen governor or perhaps sent to the United States senate. But in all the forty years of our dark age there was scarcely one of that category elected governor or sent to Washington, as there was scarcely one attained office who was not infected in greater or less degree with the railroad virus. George C. Perkins started in well as governor, but lapsed into subserviency rather than lose his seat in the senate, thus lessening the respect of his fellow citizens. James D. Phelan, always one of San

Francisco's best men, made a noble stand as mayor against the wealthy ring that stood ever ready to ruin the city.

A blind man named Buckley got control of the republican party and levied contributions for a time on a liberal scale. Late in the century the citizens came together and put an end to his rule, and blind Boss Buckley was driven from the state, which work so tested their strength as to show the unafraid with what ease they might secure good government if they only adopted the proper measures. And may we not drop a tear or two over the poor afflicted one, touched with the anger of the Almighty, when for a while before his departure a strange hand laid upon his shoulder brought pale fear to his face and filled his darkened soul with terror.

During the administration of Mr. Phelan occurred a teamsters' strike in which cruelty and brutality on the part of the strikers as against non-union men caused a wider breach than ever between capital and labor. Between the domination of the railroad men and the demands of labor business men began to feel that American rights and citizenship were something of a farce when one could no longer control one's own affairs.

Up to this time the octopus had spent its bad breath upon the state rather than on the city, but now labor comes forward in the form of walking delegates to foul its own nest.

The choice of the walking delegates for mayor fell on Eugene Schmitz, himself a labor leader and orchestra musician, a dull, phlegmatic infloat from the German border; for supervisors mixed breed Italian-German and Irish-French, a type of alien-American citizens in most of our large cities; for master and manipulator a little curly-headed Jew, Abraham Ruef, attorney he called himself, educated at the expense of the state at Berkeley, later to serve the state in return at San Quentin.

Several of the Phelan supervisors retained their places during the earlier part of the Schmitz administration, so

that it was not until after the second election of Schmitz in 1903 that Mr. Ruef was enabled to marshal his forces in full array.

Ready now to reach out for business his active mind ran over several schemes which seemed simple enough to work. One was a proposed car strike which should demoralize business and send down values so that city bonds might be bought in by the bankers at a low price.

Approaching Rudolph Spreckels with this proposition, the banker's eyes were opened to the rottenness of things around him, and he resolved to take active measures for reform.

Meanwhile Ruef himself was approached, Schmitz referring to him all applications for franchises or favors. "Would he sell us some of the city's good things?" Oh, yes, he would sell them all, sell them twice, if need be, sell the buyers, sell to both sides, peradventure, and deliver the goods to neither. Catch them at it? Who was to catch, and what? Might not a lawyer practise his profession? And was he not entitled to his fee, say two thousand dollars for properly policing a disreputable house up to two hundred thousand retainer from a rich corporation? And who was to talk about it? No one who was not himself seeking the retirement of a prison cell.

Schmitz' elevation to office was strictly a class issue, and his elections and administrations were so skilfully managed by Ruef that the question was frequently discussed as to when if ever the chains thus fastened upon the municipality would be broken. But wide-spread as was his sway, Ruef could not control the district attorney's office, to which William H. Langdon had been elected on the union labor ticket, a man who always proved true to his trust. That infamy remained to be accomplished at a later date by the high bribers by placing in the office one of their many tools for the purpose of stopping prosecutions.

Such was the situation. The city had sold herself and

the buyers were now selling the city. No way seemed possible to prevent the robbery of millions by this unholy crew. The fire of April, 1906, arrested their work but for a moment. A spasm of contrition passed over them, as they beheld the destruction of the city, pity for the suffering, the starving, whose distress they helped to relieve by the distribution of the charities which came pouring in on them, but most of all pity for themselves lest their occupation should be gone. But all other considerations quickly passed from them when once assured that the city would be rebuilt, and their field for plunder vastly enriched by the catastrophe.

The campaign of the reëlected officials opened auspiciously. Almost every rich man wanted something, and that made business. Schmitz and the supervisors took what was given them, often in silence, and no questions asked, and voted as they were told. It was a happy family; the members not wise, however, in displaying their new riches so ostentatiously. One answer fitted all complaints brought to Schmitz, "See Ruef," as in the palmy days at the assessor's office the refrain was, "See my brother." And to all appearances the beautiful game, all winning, all secure, the police such gentle creatures, might continue for two score years longer, in which case the fate of the city it is fearful to contemplate. It was well enough known to outsiders what was going on, but how to reach the wrong, to grasp and eradicate it under existing conditions, that was the question.

About this time, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Francis J. Heney, who had been successfully engaged in the prosecution for the United States of certain high offenders in Oregon and elsewhere, spent some months in San Francisco in quiet observation. When satisfied as to the state of things, he made it known that Schmitz and Ruef should be sent to prison, and, with proper coöperation, he was sure he could send them there. He should re-

quire with him the district attorney and be able to act as his deputy. He should need the assistance of William J. Burns, chief active detective in the United States service, who had proved so efficient in the Oregon land fraud cases and elsewhere. For himself he would accept no fee, but funds would be necessary for the expense of litigation. For these funds the district attorney must not be under obligations to the general public, nor be held accountable to any committee of citizens as to expenditures. Against the money of the bribers and the elusiveness of the bribed there was small hope of conviction under the ordinary processes of the law. It must be a still hunt. The curly boss was very cunning, and to go after him with blare of trumpets would only excite his derision.

Thus was freely discussed from time to time the question of the deliverance of the city by the four men whose hearts were now warming to their work.

The wisdom of these stipulations appeared later. The people at large, and the working-men, at first favored the prosecution, as was shown by returning Langdon as district attorney by a large majority. But the corporations, and the bankers at their instigation, raised the cry of injury to business and brought about a change of sentiment, which resulted later in the defeat of good government at the polls.

After several consultations with Phelan and Heney, Spreckels agreed to finance the prosecution, stipulating only that the work should be continued to a finish, that there should be no outside interference, that rich and poor should be treated alike, and that no honor or emolument arising from this work should be sought or accepted.

It was clear that crime could be reached only through the criminal; so Mr. Burns opened the ball by catching a supervisor in a trap and making him confess. Under promise of whole or partial immunity all the supervisors then confessed, and finally the tricky Ruef himself. It was so much a part of his oily nature to save his skin at the cost of his friends and confederates that he could not

withstand the temptation, and so brought on the unexpected. Later, unable to keep faith even with the prosecution, and influenced no doubt by the gold of the rich men, Ruef doubled on himself, as he is likely to do again should occasion offer.

How by Ruef's testimony Schmitz was convicted and sent to prison; how Ruef by his own confession was pronounced guilty and placed in charge of an elisor for further utilization I have not room for details here. The supervisors were directed to keep their seats, obedient to their masters of the prosecution, which they were only too glad to do. They were told to declare the office of mayor vacant, and put one of their number in his place; he in turn to nominate and place in the mayor's chair, Edward R. Taylor, a well known citizen, retained in his seat by a large majority at the next election. The supervisors were then permitted to resign and scatter, Taylor choosing for himself a new board. All this was done under the direction of Mr. Spreckels, who, as dictator held the government of San Francisco in his hand, and might have shaped it to selfish ends had he been so disposed. Selecting with care men of ability and integrity to be installed in the various offices he made up a good government ticket which was elected by a sweeping plurality.

Heney was made deputy district attorney under Langdon and began his prosecutions in 1906 with 129 indictments against Ruef, besides those against Schmitz, Calhoun, and others. Implicated directly or indirectly in charges of a more or less criminal nature were the Telephone, the Gas and Electric, and the Parkside companies, and the United railroads, together with certain bankers and business and professional men, and a number of gambling houses, prostitution palaces, and French restaurant establishments.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INJUSTICE OF LAW

IN the nomenclature of American politics the terms law and justice are loosely used and often misapplied. For example, we often hear it said that "justice is based on law and order, and without law and order there can be no justice," yet the phrase is meaningless. Justice is an attribute; law, an entity. Justice is a vital principle of progressive humanity; law is an article, manufactured to fit the occasion. Justice is infinite and eternal; law is finite and transient.

However we may weld together the terms in statutes and tribunals, however we may sound them from the rostrum there is no relativity between them.

There are many courts of law in the United States; there are some courts of justice. And although it seems at times that justice comes high, the overthrow of justice comes still higher. To secure justice in a fair tribunal of justice simple words properly proved should be all that is necessary, whereas to defeat justice subtle ways and expensive tricks are required.

What is the price of justice in this Republic? Is it so costly an article or so difficult to obtain as to make it necessary for every large trust, corporation, and special interest to retain in its service a corps of expensive attorneys and judges? Is it to secure or defeat the ends of justice that these men are employed? Is it to secure or defeat the ends of justice that smart lawyers with no conscience are able to sell their services at thirty or fifty thousand dollars a year?

Are laws made to secure the ends of justice, or is justice made to secure the ends of law? How is it that on opening court justice is caged and set aside, while all tongues go clamoring about law? "Your Honor, this is the law. Your Honor is herein bound by the law. Your Honor will instruct the jury as to the law." Never a word about justice or right or wrong, but paramount in every tribunal, great or small, it is from first to last law, law, law. The best paid lawyer is not he who secures justice, but he who most successfully bamboozles facts and manipulates the statutes.

But laws are the fundamental element of civilized society, the sign manual of progress. As the laws are heard and obeyed the people prosper, the powers of mind taking the place of brute force. By law the universe regulates itself; nebula revolves to substance and substance clashes to nebula; the cosmos is law. So we are taught.

Wherefore, although it is a nuisance, at times cruel, merciless, unjust, iniquitous, it is a necessary evil, and we will not try to get away from it.

However inexorable law may be in regard to the universe, in the affairs of men law is the creature, not the creator. As we have long made our gods without knowing it, so now we make our laws, and knowing it or not, incontinently turn them into gods and fall down and worship them.

Law is essential to continued progress; there can be no real or continued progress without justice; therefore in a certain sense it may be said that law is essential to the complete and proper development of justice.

If men were more skilful in the manufacture of law, if the laws that were made to accomplish certain purposes did accomplish them, then those who go to court to get justice might be willing to take law instead. But as law is so generally served up in our courts in place of justice, would it not be well to have more courts of justice and fewer courts of law?

If in America we do not as a rule keep up that clownish barbarism of wig and gown in court, in making of the judge a Santa Claus to frighten litigants and overawe the people, and of the officiating attorneys in like robes mountebanks giving to the court-room a burlesque air, we still retain in our minds enough of the ancient superstition regarding law as to cause us to forget that law and government are made by the people for the people and not the people for law and government,—in a word that the people are law and government, that judges are the servants of the people, and that the court-room with its clap-trap is simply machinery to aid the people in giving expression to their will.

"Ah! in England, don't you know," says my cockney friend, "we wouldn't think we could get justice if the judge and solicitors did not appear in wig and gown."

All the same the English courts are superior to ours, the wigs and gowns, like King George and his aristocracy of imitation men and women with their ancient antics, being innocent mummery which does not greatly interfere with the course of business. Compared with those of England our courts of law are a fraud and a farce; a fraud, because five times as much money and time are spent over them as is necessary, and a farce, because when this is done three-fourths of these strained efforts bring no adequate results.

On the invitation of Lord Chief Justice Alverton, Judge Hunt, of San Francisco, sat through a day's session of the criminal court of appeals in London. In two and a half hours of that session five cases on appeal were heard and decided, oral decisions being rendered from the bench as soon as the cases were submitted. Another amazing thing noted by Judge Hunt was that in England the impanelment of a jury takes but little time, frequently being completed in a few minutes.

In answer to this one might say that a competent jury of disinterested men in an important case cannot be picked

up off hand in half an hour. No? Well, then can a competent jury of disinterested men in an important case be secured in three days, or in three months? Is ever such a jury secured? Is it ever the aim or desire of the attorneys on either side to get such a jury; is it not rather their aim to get jurymen prejudiced in their client's favor?

Is it not as fair for one side as for the other to allow the judge to impanel his twelve men in the jury box and go on with the trial, after having asked each one a few pertinent questions?

And, finally, would it not be as well to have honest and capable judges to try cases, without being hampered by the useless presence of twelve ignorant or idiotic men,—judges subject to recall, that when a bad man gets himself upon the bench he may be replaced?

Attorneys in England are prohibited from asking unnecessary questions, which explains why the jury in the famous Crippen case was obtained in two hours. Crippen was defended by masters of technical law, and yet he was tried and convicted in three days, and hanged on schedule time.

Speaking of the attitude of English courts toward gentlemen of the bar, Judge Hunt says: "Courtesy is the watchword. Not a question is permitted to be answered or a word spoken which will tend to prolong an action. An appeal taken on a technicality is an unknown quantity. The great masses of court records which we in this country associate with an appeal are unknown in England. Decisions on appeal are given orally and immediately after the conclusion of the argument."

I thank Judge Hunt for his signal service, as it enables me to ask why we cannot have courts more like those of England, and judges who will execute justice in one quarter of the time and cost now employed, and put a stop to hair-splitting and hunting for technicalities?

How different from our high priests of jurisprudence who are so buried beneath the weight of superfluous learn-

ing as to require often a year or two to work their way out of it with a decision which even then may be nearer wrong than right. The truth is they are obsessed by technicalities; nicety in quibbling is practised as a fine art.

Laws in opposition to public weal and popular opinion are and should be inoperative.

Laws made to secure the ends of justice but which defeat justice are absurd, and if continued they hold up to scorn the intelligence of the people who permit them to exist.

The United States Supreme judge who delights more in exhibiting his skill in splitting hairs and finding technicalities than in exacting justice disgusts even Mr. Taft, who does not take the trouble to split his hairs but carries his complaints to Congress.

The judge who sits upon the bench incapable of doing, or unwilling or failing to do that for which he was created is a worthless machine which should be thrown away. But the judge was not created to do justice, we are told. Then let the proper laws be made by the proper law-making power, and not go on century after century, learned counsel beating the air before solemn judges in deep meditation over the absurd conglomeration called a code. The time spent in wrangling over a single case by our so learned jurists should be sufficient to frame the simple rules which would secure justice. But were the laws plain and the road to justice easy where would be the occupation of our so learned jurists with their long talks and large fees.

It is well enough to say that the judge is sworn to administer the laws and not to make them, and that it would be dangerous to allow him to unreel out of his own brain in the name of justice whatever his fancy or feelings should at the moment dictate.

Is this more dangerous than to depute twelve men with little brains to spare thus to unreel, not the law but the evidence which they hold is or should be one with the law? Further than this, what code of laws was ever made that

an astute judge could not find flaws enough in it to defeat the purpose of the law? Far better is an honest judge with a few laws than an unintelligent jury with many laws.

Or if the laws are so ineffective and judges so unreliable why do not men learned in the law make the laws what they should be without spending so much time in idle talk, and then let the people install men as judges to administer these laws and execute justice? Here in these United States, in the fiftieth century of our civilization, for men of learning and intelligence to stand around like images of wood or stone realizing the miserable condition of things, the imperfections of the law and the inefficiency of the courts, with little or no attempt to remedy matters is not praiseworthy on the part of the profession.

It is ridiculous that laws should be allowed to stand whose operation divides the minds of the ablest men, when they should be so direct in securing justice that a school-boy might construe them.

Here is an assembly called a court of justice with interpreters of the law and ministers of learning. With due solemnity the judge takes his seat amidst calls for order. Then begins the battle between law and justice and when justice is duly overthrown the conqueror steps proudly forth, once more a victor in many battles.

Is not the mens legis, the spirit of the law, to be considered at all, but only the letter of the law?

Let us have law and order by all means, and statutes and constitutions, and fighting men and hangmen, and battle-ships and penitentiaries, all to serve the fetish law, but let the law meanwhile feed its fetish. Law is a necessary evil, and judges must confine their decisions within the limits of it, but as long as law is so faulty is it wise to so blindly serve it? Might we not have a law that courts should first of all secure justice and that a law which defeats justice should be inoperative?

Indeed steps have already been taken in certain quarters in that direction, as an amendment to the constitution for-

bidding the reversal of a judgment by the supreme court on technical grounds, which is a step toward giving justice the supremacy before the law that it deserves.

When the wise mechanician sees that his machine is imperfect, that instead of accomplishing his purpose it defeats it, will he endow it with inexorable necessity and stand by in a state of imbecility, and declare that though he made the machine he must not alter its running?

As laws are made to secure the ends of justice, if they fail in this they are not laws, or should not be so considered, and it should not be permissible for the judge to construe them to the obstruction of justice.

An illegitimate child may not claim a share in the parental estate. Is this right? No, but it is the law. That is to say, a law is made and placed upon the statute books to perpetuate injustice? It seems so. Then let the law be changed, and until it is changed the people it appears must submit to legalized injustice.

Before the American bar association, in New York, G. W. Kirchwey, dean of the Columbia law school, declared that "Our courts must realize once for all that the power to do justice, greater than the power to administer law, is the power that is really committed to them; that a precedent is only a signpost pointing out the direction in which the feet of justice must go, not a rule binding upon the mind and conscience of the judge; that our courts are set in their high places as interpreters of the popular sense of morality and right and the popular sense of justice, not as interpreters of obscure oracles handed down from a remote antiquity. They will receive and they will deserve respect so long as the law which they lay down is the expression of the public will, and no longer."

There is no excuse whatever for the miserable machinery we have for grinding out justice. A stranger from Altruria sitting in one of our court-rooms for half an hour would set us down for a nation of imbeciles. What is it they are trying to do? he would ask. Or what is it they

are trying not to do? Not one murderer in ten is punished at all; not one in a hundred is hanged; for killing twenty-one men, working-men, in a bunch, and confessing to it, the murderer, a labor leader, is sentenced to imprisonment for life, but will probably be set free in a few years to go forth and kill twenty-one more, if he chooses to do so.

A somewhat hollow appendage of law is precedent. What is precedent? Previous usage; something similar and antecedent, which because of having been used must be used again. Sound or unsound, right or wrong, just or unjust, having once taken part in a judicial decision it becomes a rule. The absurdity of which appears in the excuse of the California supreme court when brought up against an admitted violation of the constitution in the Ruef case, which was that it was only following its own custom!

A law once broken, or an illogical or absurd ruling made by a high tribunal, it is a precedent, and may be used indefinitely to legally break laws and enforce unjust decisions.

It made it right because a supreme judge had broken the law these many times for him to go on breaking it at all times, so he said. And he was right, if there is so much in precedent.

Whether or not precedent is sensible and sound, whether or not it is right and proper to follow precedent depends altogether on what the precedent is, which reduces the proposition to an absurdity.

The great obstacle standing in the way of the reformation of court practice is the fetish that men of the law make of their profession. Learned in the law, learned in the scriptures, are expressions which to the vulgar mind imply something akin to the supernatural, and lawyers and judges seem tinctured a trifle with like superstition. Nowhere was this ever more clearly exemplified than in the widespread discussions relative to the recall of the judiciary,

in which was displayed a rather unusual lack of logic. Nowhere have our lawyers and judges, guardians of jurisprudence and ministers of justice, ever appeared at greater disadvantage than while speaking on this measure, which has been adopted by so many of the states. The attitude assumed and the arguments advanced were the outcome of various motives or idiosyncracies. The ablest attorneys, who should and did know better, were governed by their relations, actual or desired, with the judges. To advocate their recall would antagonize the court and lessen the influence of the pleader.

Another class believes it bad for judges to be placed in a position so closely subservient to public vagaries.

A third class holds to the superstition that law and limbs of the law belong to the category of things sacred, and not to be lightly handled by the layman.

Some of the judges favored recall, and some were against it. Mr. Taft, usually found on the wrong side of any question, and if ever again made a judge would himself soon be a fit subject for recall, strongly opposed the measure.

It was for lawyers and judges an unfortunate break in the long age of their adoration this abrupt revolution in ideas and sentiment concerning law and justice, concerning the rulership of men by men, the rulership of the people by the people; it was unfortunate for the judiciary that their sanctity should be thus imperiled and their prestige thus lost to them forever.

To a layman the arguments advanced by the judges showed a fundamental error of judgment, a warped intellect not unlike that displayed by Mr. Gladstone in his discussions with Robert Ingersoll. The former assumed that the scriptures were the inspired word of God and attempted to prove their validity by the writings themselves. The judges assumed that they were different from others, that the judge and his office were sacred. The people do not so see it. They see nothing in the judge or in his office,

or in courts of law—all articles manufactured by the people —that need protection from the will of the people that are not found in governors, legislators, sheriffs, or other officials.

The question arises, are those judges with minds so warped by so simple a subject as the recall of the judiciary, are they competent to hold court at all, or attempt to determine other simple subjects?

Such judges as still hold to these ancient hallucinations would do well to give them up, for the people will have the recall whether the judges like it or not, and if any do not wish to serve on these terms they are not obliged to do so.

To the reflective mind of average penetration all the arguments opposing the recall of judges while favoring the recall of other officials are equally fallacious. Those of the first class, where the argument is made simply to curry favor with the court, are not worthy of consideration, being hypocritical throughout.

Those emanating from the second and third categories are equally unsound. The first usually advanced is the effect of popular pressure upon the decision of the court. This implies three equally absurd conditions. First, the fear of recall is or should be no greater than the fear of non-election for another term, and poor indeed must be our opinion of one we imagined so weak and culpable as to speak falsely through fear of losing office. Second, no judge was ever yet recalled for rendering a righteous judgment, nor is he ever likely to be. Third, no righteous judge ever yet feared recall.

No nation accords its judiciary a higher position than the United States, and for the most part our judges are able and honest. They are the bulwark of society and exercise a powerful influence for good. How can we say, then, that such men are so weak and timid as to allow their decisions to be influenced by fear of the people who elected them, by fear of any consideration, least of all that of losing office! To discourage judicial legislation, as is the

tendency of the profession, is to reduce the supreme court to a piece of machinery, to serve as a balance-wheel for the regulation of the law.

Admit as they tell us, those learned in the law, that judges are not lawmakers, that they are not administrators, that they are not to determine what the law should be but what it is, and that their independence, their sense of dignity and of freedom is of the first consequence to the stability of the state. We should answer that man establishes the law, while a power superior to that of man establishes justice. Men make a law which until abrogated must be blindly followed, though it leads down to destruction. This makes a fool of one and a fetish of the other.

They might argue that as the laws are conflicting and justice erratic they would reserve to themselves the right of interpretation and like the judges follow their own shades of opinion. One is as logical as the other; the law impedes justice for the judge and business for the grafter.

What is a government without a constitution, they ask; what is a court of justice without law; what is a judiciary without hidebound books to keep the judges straight? Do we want to invest courts of law with arbitrary power, and give them legislative as well as judicial functions, and permit the judge to determine cases according to his fancy? If the law is faulty change it, but do not ask the judge to forswear himself.

By no means. First let the law be just, then let the law say to the judge, in cases where law and justice conflict, let justice govern. If the incumbent is not competent to do this, remove him, and put in his place a man who is competent.

Idle talk, impracticable, will not work, they would say. Then adopt some course that will work, any course but the present one, which works too well for the devotees of high crime.

To say that courts of law, as at present existing, are not

swayed more by corporate money and elective legerdemain than by the interests of the commonwealth is to say what every one knows to be untrue. Judges as well as senators and presidents are very human, and few decisions are rendered that are not first submitted to the subconscious lime-light of future elections.

The eyes of the judge resting on a wealthy litigant are not the same eyes that regard the ragged offender.

The people are the law and the government. The people, not the judges, are the Almighty. The people think more of right and wrong than of the law, the judges care nothing for right or wrong, the law is their deity.

Judges should not be influenced by popular feeling, they say. Why? Judges are not infallible; they are mere men like ourselves. The people are sometimes right when the judges are wrong. Or if judges should not be swayed by the people, should they then be swayed by the eloquence of an attorney? The Almighty who listens alike to the prayers of his people and the howlings of the mob judges all. May not earthly judges, therefore, hear without prejudice the voice of the people,—which we have been told is the voice of God—as well as the words of a paid pleader? The one is spontaneous, the other partisan; the one is void of special interests, the other is for thus much moneys per diem.

It appears then in the matter of recall that the people may be trusted to elect a judge, but not to discharge him. At election, it is the sovereign people; at a recall it is the mob. To recall a state judge in most of the states requires the names of 50,000 or more voters to a petition, and after that a majority of the voters at the polls,—quite a considerable mob.

When there can be no recall except by a majority of all the voters in the state, and that is mob rule, then the state is a mob. In an elective judiciary the judge is responsible to the people. He may call the people a mob if

he likes, he may say of those who elected him to office that they are a rabble and under the rule of passion, it makes no difference; these are they who placed him on the bench, and to them alone must he answer for his acts, that is to say if he still wishes to serve a mob in the capacity of judge.

Will the recall lessen the independence of the judges more than it is already lessened by the desire for reëlection? Will fear of recall be greater than present fear of defeat at the polls?

It would make judges subservient to the people and compel the bench to assume an attitude of defense, we are told. And why not? The judge is one of the people, chosen by the people, and if charged with error or misdemeanor why should he not defend himself?

Prominent members of the legal profession who regard the law, or pretend so to regard it, as something sacred, and the machinery of law not to be tampered with, who invest the presiding officer with more than ordinary powers and dignities, with worshipful forms of approach and address, disrespect not to say intimidation being sacrilegious, do not so without a purpose. Hence the arguments of the greatest lawyers are of the least value in determining this question.

Fear of the effects of the recall shows lack of confidence in both the people and the judiciary.

Voters sufficiently intelligent to elect good officials are not likely to undo their work without cause. No judge with clean hands and a pure conscience need ever be afraid of the people who placed him in office.

When the district court of the District of Columbia proved disloyal, in the absence of any provision for the recall of judges Mr. Lincoln had Congress abolish that court and establish a new one, leaving the unjust judges to their own devices. Comparing this incident with Taft's presumptuous veto of the Arizona statehood bill Senator Clapp said, "There is absolutely no logical distinction be-

tween the recall as applied to bad judges and the recall for other bad officers."

A judge of the United States supreme court, Stephen J. Field, sitting in San Francisco and Los Angeles, feared assault from a former judge of the supreme court of California, David S. Terry, employed, not the law, but an attaché of the court to attend and protect him. Travelling up from the south on one occasion it happened that the two judges found themselves on the same train. Stopping to dine, Terry finished, and was passing out by where Field was seated with his man when Terry flipped his glove in Field's face. Whereupon Field's man rose in his seat and shot Terry dead. The slayer, some would say murderer, was arrested, and after a form of trial was of course acquitted.

Here is a striking example of the law's logic, a proof of how much or how little faith the man of law places in his profession. Was it not an unjustifiable assault? Yes, but there is the law. Was not the dignity of the court assailed? Yes, but there is the law. Or should the court keep a gun in its desk wherewith to maintain its dignity? Is then the law a fitting instrument for every thing except itself? Is it fair and proper for me to kill a man for flipping his glove in my face? Is it right for a United States supreme judge to do so? Field knew his life was not in danger, that Terry sought only to insult him.

Behold the majesty of the law! Here was a judge in good standing and in the possession of all his faculties, sitting on the bench of the highest tribunal in all the two Americas, backed by all the enginery of power in the United States; when his person is threatened by violence, instead of invoking for protection the law which he so liberally dispenses to others, he orders an assassination in the old vendetta form, and sees it carried out in his own presence. And never a word of inquiry or reproach from any of the limbs of the law.

When the mayor-preacher's son shot to death a news-

paper man for alleged defamation, a prominent lawyer, on hearing of it, exclaimed, "I'm glad of it." "Yes," said his informer, "now hang the young lord of the mayoralty and two of them will be disposed of."

"He shan't be hanged; he shan't be hanged!" broke forth the lawyer violently.

"Why, judge, I thought you were a law and order man. A force outside of the law slew the man, now let the law slay the slayer."

"He shan't be hanged, he shan't be hanged," was the only argument this able jurist could find in extenuation of an illegal act.

William T. Sherman, at one time army captain and banker in San Francisco, a vehement though illogical defender of impotent law, took offence at something James Casey said of him in a newspaper Casey published.

"I went up stairs to Casey's room," Sherman says, "and told him if he ever attempted to levy blackmail on me or my brother bankers again, I would pitch him and his press out of the third story window."

Oh! my dear General, why this violence, why this disgraceful display of mobocracy, why not employ the law or call out the military?

Indeed, it would be difficult to find an officer or servant of the law, a professional or military man of ordinary spirit, who has not many times in the course of an active life taken the law, in a greater or less degree, into his own hands despite his ceaseless shoutings of law and order. Even the saintliest divine, in his dealings with the devil, does not always follow the law of the Lord.

It is really amusing as we look back upon it, the absurdity of it all, the actual supporters of law and order arrayed ostensibly against law while securing the purposes of the law; the limbs of the law, and its loud-mouthed advocates, flourishing their pistols and bowie-knives in defense of lawbreakers, and shouting defiance to law-respecting citizens.

Limbs of the law, as quickly as laymen, will become a mob to quell a mob.

Geary, the mayor, calls vigilance "an unlawful and disgraceful business," and then joins it. J. Neely Johnson, governor, denounces vigilance and incontinently assaults Lawrence, editor of the *Times and Transcript*, the governor getting the worst of the fight. Murray, chief justice of the supreme court of California, and Terry, one of the associate judges, delighted in deeds of chivalry beyond the pale of the law.

Were a business man to manage his business as the judges manage theirs, he would soon find himself standing alone.

Were a business man, in the management of his affairs, soberly to consider such chicane as judges claim to be necessary he would be called a trickster.

Were a business man to take the time and employ the methods of judges in reaching conclusions and deciding issues he would not long be a business man.

There is no more necessity for judges to act outside the pale of common sense than there is for business or military men to do so. A general taking two years in which to plan a campaign would cut no more ridiculous figure than a judge who put off a decision for two years which should be rendered in two days, and which an English judge would determine in two minutes.

The rule of a clique or a cabal is but little better than the rule of a mob. The judge who decides for law against justice is a more dangerous instrument in public affairs than the judge who decides for justice against law. The central idea, or frenzy if you like, of the mob is on the side of justice, and where justice is quickly and surely meted out there is no mob rule.

A slavish following of ill-constructed laws is the cause of half the crime and of all the mobocracy. If sometimes might seems to make right, we may be sure that at the end

right makes might. No law, leaving the mob to have its way, is better than bad or imperfect law which compels the conscientious judge to an act of injustice.

Man being man coercion is one with his nature. He not only loves to coerce others but he feels the necessity himself of being coerced, not by others but by himself. So he makes laws for himself and others. He subscribes to them. He reveres them. They are Moloch, more than Diana of the Ephesians, more than the golden calf at Mount Sinai. Created as an aid to righteousness, they are more than righteousness; created to secure the ends of justice they are more than justice. Moloch, Diana, and the Calf are greater than their makers. Were it not better to make justice the Moloch, the Diana, and the Calf, and let law serve the end for which it was created?

The law is set upon a pedestal of Moloch and approached with bowed head and bended knee. Its high priests are the holy ones of a reincarnation, the justice of heaven brought to earth. Though they be rank-smelling with iniquity, they have a skeleton robe of righteousness which must protect them. Justice herself must stand aside and bow in humility before the law.

The Asiatics have 30,000 deities good and bad. The bad ones they propitiate by prayer. The good ones, being good, need no supplicating. The modern high jurist has 30,000 technicalities, each one a god, and all bad, and so requiring endless adoration and praise.

As you pass a person on the street unconsciously you take his measure. As you speak with him you feel it still more. His voice rings true or false; he cannot disguise it; he is what he is. I have seen sitting on the bench men so fixed in constitutional integrity that no power on earth could commit them to a dishonest course. Measure up properly the man you make judge and neither you nor he need ever fear recall. Such a man would recall himself long before those who voted him into office would have

an opportunity of doing so when once he found his honor or his manhood placed in circumscription.

San Francisco has always had some good superior court judges, able and conscientious men, with minds more intent on present duty than on future reëlection, and not afraid to send a rebuke to the judges of a higher court whenever they deemed it necessary. With regard to the higher courts it has been from the first entirely different. No greater scoundrels ever disgraced a judicial bench than some of the supreme judges of gold-digging days, southerners, mostly, fire-eaters, murderers, pimps, and prostitute keepers, more criminal than any criminal class the country has ever seen. And they have had some worthy successors, and yet always enough others of high integrity sufficient to save the state. The railway men paid little attention to judges of the lower courts, but took care always to own and control the appellate tribunals.

When Hiram Johnson overthrew railway rule, however, he drew the sting from these wasps also, and with the scare from late publicity, and its effect upon the pending bill for the recall of judges, these high officials deemed it about time to attend to their own reformation.

Too much is made of the law; there are too many lawyers, too many judges and courts of law. An increase of judges is asked for when the number should be reduced, instead, and every judge in office should be required to do twice the work in half the time.

At the same time the country needs a better judiciary, able judges of high integrity; state attorneys who spare no pains to punish the guilty but will not convict the innocent of crime for reputation's sake; honest lawyers with an open mind and clean tongue; jury-box void of wooden images; and over the judicial bench the inscription, Law always, but Justice First.

CHAPTER XV

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE

ONE would think that a single experience like the Schmitz and Ruef episode would prove sufficient for any community for a lifetime, but it seems that further humiliation must be endured before accomplishing the complete regeneration of the city, now near at hand. And we must always remember that it was not the people of San Francisco, or of California, who thus chose the lower life, but cliques and classes of society banding in various forms and degrees for the furtherance of their personal interests and evil instincts, without regard to their own good name or to the prosperity of the commonwealth.

During the Taylor administration, which stood for good government and the punishment of criminals, rich and poor alike, there were four several classes that chafed under the restraint.

First, the high bribers, who found themselves in danger of prison bars. Prosecution to them was exceedingly distasteful. With these were their friends and sympathizers, men of financial standing and easy morals, having business relations with the criminals.

Secondly, corporations, special interests, and the many lawyers and politicians who live by guiding corporate capital through the mazes of the law, escaping the law while breaking it, as the Southern Pacific railway, its governors and satellites, who besides running their trains had for so long a time been running the government. Convenient for these, as well as for the bribers themselves, was a prosecuting attorney who would not prosecute whenever an implement so vile could be found.

Third, the predatory press that sold itself to infamy for a small price at the first offer.

And finally the low element, so-called but in reality no lower than the highest of this unholy category, the denizens of the Tenderloin, thieves of low degree after the manner of the olden time, procurers, gamblers, and the keepers of French restaurant assignation houses, all who delighted in the thought of a promised free open town, a Paris in America.

All these, together with the herds of voters their money and influence could drive up to the polls, were fewer in number than the adherents of good government, which were and are the real San Francisco. So anxious, however, were the bankers, street railway officials, and all the other classes above mentioned to defeat Heney and stop the prosecutions of the rich criminals that they agreed to debauch their city and turn her over to the so-called labor union party in return for that party's agreement to support and help elect to the office of district attorney a man who would have all the indictments dismissed.

This then was the unholy alliance, by means of which was elected mayor of San Francisco another labor leader, even more objectionable if possible than Schmitz, one P. H. McCarthy, a blatant Irishman, coarse, vulgar, brazen-faced, and wofully incompetent—a man whom these same bankers and capitalists would not have had connected with their own business in any capacity.

A pair of Pats, and a thousand other Pats; Pat of the southern chivalry, Pat of the Emerald isle; in the enforced embrace each feels himself degraded. And justly so. Not that Pat scorned Pat the less, but that Pat loved his liberty more. Wherefore a new shuffle and a new deal. High low Pat and the game. And over the dunes is heard the battle cries, Stand Pat Calhoun! Stand Pat McCarthy! For Pat joins Pat and the country goes to Pat. St. Patrick save us! Why drave he all his snakes to America?

In an unholy alliance capital joins hands with labor, and not a blush upon the face of either. Decency must be defeated at any cost as it hurts business. High crime and low crime fraternize better than graft and good government.

Before the world Pat and Pat were not friendly, but in private Pat played into Pat's hands with distinction. If Pat would help Pat elect to office certain men bad enough for his purposes, notably a lawyer, a lonely lawyer, and such a little one, you know, Pat would help make a mayor of Pat. For Pat did not like to think of himself in short hair and striped clothes behind prison bars, even though the intervening supreme court should smile upon him reassuringly. And as for his company, whose twenty-five millions of money had been transmuted by some magic process into ninety millions of stock, on which the municipality was kindly requested to allow a fair interest to be made,—this company would like the Geary street or other city railroads discouraged.

Union labor alone as I have said never elected any one to office in San Francisco. It was only when the labor leaders joined hands with high crime to defeat good government that they found themselves successful at the polls. And it is worthy of remark that whenever a labor leader was elected to office, the working-men were always the first to sicken of him. So with regard to the chivalrous supporters of high crime, whenever they placed one of their tools in office they were quick to become disgusted with him and drive him out. They wanted only virtuous women to enjoy, and men of high integrity to do their dirty work. Let all the world be good, else there is no relish for them in their crooked ways.

The suzerainty of Mr. Patrick Calhoun in San Francisco was not attended by flattering success. A strong man of determined purpose, as his ample jaw and thick neck indicated, he carried about him too much the air of a bully to please people inclining rather to the intellectual. That he possessed courage no one doubted, particularly

after he had stricken down with his huge fist, in open court, a little fellow who had spoken irreverently of some of the not too charming qualities of the Carolinian. Calhoun had driven the union strikers off his cars, for which act the people praised him. Had he appeared before them in the guise of the Southern gentleman he professed to be, he could have had anything in reason at the hands of the municipality. When tempted to fall, had he exposed the tempter and vindicated his own integrity, he would have saved himself and the city much trouble, and have got his wire-poles planted without debauching the town. As it is he will scarcely be able to reinstate himself in the good opinion of good men.

San Franciscans are the easiest people in the world to get along with, affable, liberal, and tolerant, but the lowering eye and set jaw of the bully or bulldozer does not appeal to them. They are not afraid—that is to say since Hiram Johnson delivered them from the Philistines. They never were quick to take offense where none was intended. Too long a lesson they had in sufferance under the railway infliction, but they are regaining their manhood, and South Carolina gentlemen should have a care, especially in obstructing their utilities while seeking interest on ninety millions of stocks and bonds which cost twenty-five millions or less in coin.

It was in January, 1906, that Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan matured plans for a crusade against crime, which with the aid of Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns was inaugurated the following June, shortly after the great fire, which interrupted their operations for a short time.

In April, 1908, the house of James L. Gallagher, chairman of the boodling supervisors and chief witness against Calhoun, was dynamited, the family narrowly escaping death. Notwithstanding which Gallagher was afterward induced to leave the state and reside abroad until the bribery cases were dismissed.

It is not strange that indicted criminals undergoing trial should resort to further crime to facilitate escape. It is difficult to prove, but not difficult to imagine by whom was instigated the dynamiting of Gallagher's house, the bribing of jurors, the shooting of Heney, the theft of government papers, and other crimes committed to defeat justice.

The prosecution of the distinguished criminals dragged its slow course along, every possible impediment being thrown in the way of justice that the mind could invent or money procure.

Mr. Heney was shot down in the court room, narrowly escaping with his life. His assassin was shot in jail, some think by those who set him on to kill Heney.

There are few examples in history of baser ingratitude than that bestowed by San Francisco on Francis J. Heney for his signal service in delivering the city from the hands of evil-minded men. All along through these years of laborious effort, his most efficient services given without recompense or reward, bought-up newspapers barked at him; bankers and their friends snarled at him because of a fancied injury to their beloved business which a cleansing of the city would entail; the prosecuted ones cursed him low and deep, as they were having no good time of it.

Nor did the lesser villains of low degree like him, the sort of fellows that a little money would hire to shoot him down in court or dynamite the dwelling of one of his witnesses. And during these almost superhuman efforts the lower courts supporting him nobly while the upper courts on some trumped-up technicality hurled back upon him one convicted criminal after another, all these rich and poor supporters of high crime while throwing every possible impediment in his way jeered at him. "Why don't you do something?" they cried. "Why don't you send the criminals you talked about to prison?" And all the while came pouring in upon him from the anti-prosecution press a black stream of vulgar vituperation.

So they defeated him at the polls for the petty office of district attorney, these patriotic business men, assisted by the Southern Pacific coterie, the gentleman from South Carolina, and the choice society of the Tenderloin.

Although there were comparatively few convictions the legal prosecutions brought dire distress upon the bribers. The disgrace attending the ordeal seemed to affect them less than the cost in time and money and the possibility of prison bars.

Influential newspapers were hired to blackguard good men and denounce the best measures, and when accused of thus selling themselves made answer, "That's what we are in business for." New journals also were established, so that morning and evening the high grafters heard recited in sympathetic tones their Iliad of woes, while issues of vital importance to the community were denounced with vulgar vehemence refreshing to their souls. High society opened its arms to high crime, and consolatory feasts were held at the eating-palaces where much wine made glad the heart. Under the infliction a few of the more sensitive boodlers fell away in health and spirits; some languished in prison; some were set at liberty because of ill health, for the superior judges were generous as well as just.

It was not in sending criminals to prison, in greater or less numbers, that constituted Mr. Heney's great work. The men of whom he had the handling in court were made to suffer pretty severely as it was. But it was in rescuing the city from the power of selfish and evil-minded men, and in establishing a reign of honesty in place of this reign of avarice, and which resulted shortly afterward in the complete purgation of the city at the polls.

Said Governor Folk of Missouri, "We hear it said that your crusade here was a failure because only one or two men have been put behind prison bars. You cannot measure the effect of a fight such as you have been making by the number of men in stripes. It can only be gauged by the awakening of the conscience of the people."

All through these years of good report and evil report, while kind souls who knew nothing about it were lamenting the superlative wickedness of San Francisco, underneath it all was another influence, the influence of good men working for good government, working without self-seeking, without purpose of reward, willing to accept office if necessary, but not hungry for place. These both corporate capital and the labor leaders opposed, for both were willing to use means for the accomplishment of their purpose of which good government could not approve.

Capital claimed the right to bribe, to buy stolen goods, to buy franchises, the property of the city, from the thieves who stole them from the city. The labor leaders claimed the right to coerce, unlawfully to dictate to capital, to the people, and interfere with the welfare of the state, with prosperity and the growth of cities, and all economic development. They claimed the right to burn and destroy, the right to murder and maim, the right to boycott and dynamite.

Of such practices, whether of capital or labor, no right-thinking man, no man of honorable instincts, of common sense or common decency can approve. Such practices no community can tolerate and live. The result until Hiram Johnson came was intermittent politics, a string of senators and governors, in greater or less degree subservient to graft and bribery and misrule, creatures cringing to the Southern Pacific railway; and as for the city, with now and then an exception, here a mayor thief, there a mayor mountebank, with beefy supervisors and cheaply bought satellites, both capital and labor sat by in shame gazing upon the results of their combined handiwork.

Ruef's career ran a successful course for a period of ten years, and but for Heney and Burns would in all probability be running now. Though the brightness of the latter part of it may have been dimmed by the shadow of potential prison bars, yet he had safely secured the fruits of his industry, which were so large that even the heavy

drain attending his struggle for freedom could not deprive him of the whole of them.

When he first attracted attention he was in the administrator's office as assistant. At the time of Schmitz's reëlection he was in the full blaze of glory, yet soon to be extinguished. Intoxicated with success, and with what he believed to be political omnipotence, he defied those who were laboring for civic honesty, and even attempted to obtain the office of district attorney when it became apparent that through that office there were to be prosecutions.

Upon Ruef's conviction of bribery he was sentenced by Superior Judge Lawlor to fourteen years' imprisonment. Lawlor was approached with considerable sums of money, his life was threatened, and leniency begged in person by a Jewish rabbi and a Catholic priest, but he remained firm. The supreme court granted a rehearing, but repented under threats of impeachment by the legislature then in session, and Ruef was finally landed in the state prison in March, 1911.

Five years in which to imprison a notorious felon, whose guilt was self-confessed and abundantly proved, and which would have taken perhaps five days in England, is a commentary on our system of jurisprudence, on the practice in our courts, and on the efficiency of our supreme judges needless to discuss.

Because among the grafters were certain depositors whose interests were inimical to the interests of the city, the bankers made no offer for the bonds of the municipal railroad on Geary street when they were placed upon the market, nor would they purchase any of them until they saw that if they did not the citizens would withdraw their deposits and finance the public works themselves. Thus may be seen the quality of banking-house patriotism.

When the Hetch-Hetchy municipal water bonds were first offered there were no bids. Not a single bank or capitalist would buy, not from any question of validity, but

because of the influence of corporations against the measure, and because of the indifference of moneyed men to the welfare of the city. "I get six per cent. for my money in New York, and you ask me to take four and a half," was the final argument of a banker who had made his every dollar out of California.

"Why all this hubbub about a little bribing?" quoth the railway governor. "Are you not all of you bribers and bribed? Do you not bribe your assessor, bribe officials for patronage and rulers for place? Do you not even make a poor girl pay for the privilege of teaching in your schools, and can any laborer get employment on public works who will not vote for the reelection of his master, of all his masters?"

"Pat is a good fellow," says his honor from the sunny south who often sits at meat with sinners. "What's the matter with Pat?"

So Patrick felt safe that the bars were up between him and San Quentin so long as his friend sat upon the judicial bench. It was annoying nevertheless; there was always the risk, however slight, and the expense, which could not have been less than one or two millions.

All the same, poor Pat toiled on, for he was grit to the back-bone, even if he was not always happy in the performance of hollow social functions. The hair silvered and the features wrinkled. Pat was punished, yet the battle was not altogether lustreless, for still were his, the stars without the stripes.

Success is the sine qua non. There are various forms and phases of bribery, but iniquitous all. Buying votes with money is one way; giving employment on public works in return for votes is another way. Buying a legislature is one way; a promise of patronage is another way. It is the weakest spot in our republican government that from president to postman, from the moment he gets himself into place his wits are set at work, his resources conned,

and his forces marshaled to secure reëlection. Our worthy presidents will not take money from the federal treasury to buy for themselves another four years of blissful power, but they will employ any and all others of the many federal resources at their command as bribes for future favors.

With the new tyranny, the tyranny of combined labor following the tyranny of combined capital, comes a new economic force into American life, assuming the mastery over all the other economic forces. With this arrogant assumption appear the elements of hatred and revenge, and so crime becomes king.

All men are criminal at heart, in greater or less degree, and all women, some as dark as Erebus, others as light as the seven thousand angels standing on the point of a needle.

Crime is king; but when a wicked ruler is deposed peace smiles again. Crime is king; as a dog returns to his vomit so returns the evil-minded to his evil ways. Rich and poor alike lean toward wickedness; hunger for money draws the one, hunger for bread the other. Other influences than those which nature and the devil furnish must be employed to change this innate love of wrong into a love of right for the sake of righteousness, into a desire to be clean for the love of cleanliness, a desire to be decent from a preference for decency.

Crime is king. An interregnum of crime marks an epoch in history. An interregnum of crime signifies placid days and increase of virtue; signifies progress in all that is best and noblest in man. Crime is king, the king of evil, yet one of the mainsprings of human activity. It promotes inventions, aids industries, and gives occupation to idle hands. It sharpens the intellect and achieves wealth and distinction. Palaces are reared to its votaries, and armed attendants given them; temples of justice arise and lawyers and judges come forward to meet that but for which they themselves never would have been created. Then why should not our high priests of the golden temple worship crime?

Crime is lord and overlord. By it the poor are oppressed, capital coerced, labor suborned, and strikes sustained. By it state favors are secured, special interests promoted, and trusts protected. By it senators are made, municipalities managed, and a thousand sparkling events thrown round our daily lives. By it the land is filled with churches, theological seminaries, Sunday-schools, library buildings, and free universities. Then why should not all mankind worship crime?

With the advent of high crime incident upon the civil war came rapid changes in religious thought, eliminating the abstract forms of faith and the cruder conceptions of eternal punishment. The consequence was that many hitherto of conscientious morality gave themselves up to cupidity and the fascinations of fast living.

We construe our deities from their works and their agents. Every man is partly of God and partly of Satan. The devil incarnate seldom shows himself; occasionally we see Faust at the tail of Mephistopheles.

Thus crime increases in the congregations of the righteous, and from a thousand pulpits in the United States occupied by clergymen in good standing not a word of concrete censure is heard, for concrete wrong-doing pays the pew rent. There is but little religion in the churches, and that little graft is strangling.

Yet the good clergyman should not be too severely censured. Like the rest of us he is under the spell, a loyal subject of King Crime whose surname is Graft. He has a family and cannot risk the welfare of wife and children for a little matter of conscience. Nature cries louder than the wounds of Christ, and is nearer, withal, and nature is inexorable and cruel. Her laws are a Juggernaut car rolling on indifferent to what it crushes, indifferent to happiness, or misery, and which may not be evaded by any howsoever supreme technicality.

The crop that springs up from the dragon's teeth thus

sown, what of that? It is the burden of this chapter, and I am weak and sick in the telling of it.

It is a fine thing to be rich, even though it be stolen riches, even though it is known to be predatory wealth, so that punishment does not ensue. Men bow to the thief, just the same, and smile on him, though beneath his covering of cloth he feels himself filthy. Women ogle him, his pastor purrs upon him, his wife and daughters mingle in the delights of high society. It is his reward for being a moral leper.

This as to the first sowing of the teeth. With the second comes emulation, imitation in large and small ways. The strong enough man sees how he can gain some millions by illegal combinations of capital, known as mergers, trusts, and seizure of public domain, or other unlawful appropriation of public property. Others less capable or less confident with humbler efforts must satisfy themselves with spoils from building contracts, road-making, bribing for a franchise, or over-selling at double price to a speculative incumbent, not to mention the more plebeian practices of embezzlement and modest pilferings. Thus crime in a thousand ways becomes as the air we breathe, impregnating the blood and undermining the integrity of the commonwealth.

In common with other centres of population San Francisco responded easily to the general criminal impulse. We were common humanity like the others, neither better nor worse, though our ever-increasing alien additions tended to our grading downward rather than upward.

All the same, there is good stuff in the city yet.

This was at the beginning of our dark age which came upon us gradually. We were ashamed of our wickedness at first, but gradually the new men of graft grew bolder, working meanwhile upon the hitherto respectable men of money until there appeared a considerable number who openly advocated immunity for wealthy offenders for business' sake while punishing poor criminals for example's

sake; men who love too well to pose upon a pedestal of their own construction as protectors of finance and industry, and oracles as to what should be and not be, who love money dearly and have a high regard for business that begets money, who uphold crime and call it good for business, who would for personal gain sell the city and their own souls and call it prosperity, who set up a bastard morality, teaching circumvention of the law, holding that prosperity is better than purity and crime less criminal than plain honesty.

Likewise with a logic peculiarly their own, which says that capital will not come to a city so perturbed, but prefers a place of treacherous repose, one of easy moral tone, where immunity for any indirection may always be purchased, where disreputable houses may flourish under special protection of the police, where before any profitable investment can be made, or franchise secured, or enterprise begun, or excessive taxation avoided, toll to the municipal vampire must be paid.

"Oh, no!" finally exclaims the bewildered capitalist, "if they punish criminals in San Francisco it is no place for me!"

A new doctrine out of economics this, which teaches of that supersensitive thing called capital, which values first of all security and stability, that it shuns good government and respectability, preferring an atmosphere of vice and crime, that it likes better association with tricksters and swindlers than with men of conscience and right doing. And for our bankers and wealthy citizens of honor and good repute, let us ask, is it not playing with dynamite upholding as too many are doing the attainted methods of flagrant malefactors?

Then corruption crept into the counties. Hitherto in the country some degree of purity was found. Simple and single-hearted, genial, neighborly, wishing well to all and evil to none, the men of bucolic minds and direct manners, to whom such terms as graft, interests, and the economics

of predatory wealth were as Sanscrit, they could not choose but be honest.

But now a more ambitious outcropping appeared in the fields and farmyards. Young men, perhaps, who, with some smattering of knowledge gained at free universities, knowledge gained at the expense of the state to be employed in making more criminals for the state to support, had absorbed the trickeries of the city men in their modern ways of making money, and returning home had applied those methods to get rich quick among their unsophisticated friends, until not a courthouse or a schoolhouse could be built, not a patch of road repaired without some portion of the appropriation going into their pockets. Thus was the cleanliness of the commonwealth befouled at the fountain, the homes of purity polluted, for during the past hundred years the best elements of intellectual and material development in the city had been drawn from the country.

In the present atmosphere of official environment it is almost impossible to escape the subtle influence of private advantage, which may be called bribery if you will, the bribery of self-interest, bribery for political influence, bribery for securing or holding office.

Senators who buy their way to Congress are themselves to be bought when they get there, and instead of a government by the people we have a government by the purse.

Are we then, like poor Mexico, a republic in name only?

He laughs best who laughs last. Terry of Texas killed his men but got himself killed. Casey killed King, but the king of killers was hard upon his heels. Ned McGowan achieved wonders, but an ungrateful country sent him away for his country's good. Honest Harry Meiggs dropped his honesty but for a moment while he could gather in two hundred thousand dollars of other people's money and sail away to South America and make a few millions; but when he wished to return to dear California, pay up and be honest again, he was flatly refused by the legislature.

There are many yet in California who like to live de-

cently and among decent people, who believe in every man working for what he gets and in getting what he works for. Those who would get the world did not make it, or work for it. They are simply appropriators of the works of the Almighty, or of their fellow men of low astuteness. And we wisest of living peoples, with the power thus acquired by conscienceless capitalists inherent in us, permit them thus to defy the law and join issue with the government to the corruption of legislators and the demoralization of business standards.

Ever since the civil war, where the seeds of the iniquity were sown, the controllers of capital have become more and more open and unblushing in their criminal ways, until they now boldly assert that good business is better than good morals, and that punishment for crime is for the poor and not for the rich.

Several causes united to impede progress after the fire of 1906. The insurance money, amounting to $164,000,000, did not all come in for five years, though most of it was paid the first year. The panic of 1907, owing to financial conditions in New York, checked investments from that quarter, while certain unpatriotic bankers who sympathized with the bribers openly approved of high crime while professing good faith toward the city, thus holding themselves up to the scorn of all good men.

With the rest came labor troubles, the teamsters' strike making possible the election of Eugene Schmitz, who was three times chosen mayor. The high crime bankers and the bribing capitalists assisted Schmitz, and later McCarthy in their elections, but opposed Taylor, who was not a man to be bought. McCarthy was beaten by Taylor in 1907, but was made mayor at the next election. The corporate interests assisted the bankers, breaking the ranks of good government.

Many of the owners of real estate found themselves with a vacant lot and an insurance policy, and nothing else, unless it were a mortgage. As the insurance companies

were slow to pay, rebuilding could proceed but slowly. On the whole, the insurance companies did well, they did their best. They were severely stricken. Against the total destruction of a city no provision is made.

Huge aggregations of wealth have become a despotism. Huge monopolies of labor have become a despotism. And if both are not controlled by the people they together will grind the people into dust. When the modern Moloch rears his grim force in the market place, the people stare; when the god of intimidation appears in arms against the god of our fathers, the people shout.

It was a triumph second only to Governor Johnson's election the defeat by Mr. Rolph of P. H. McCarthy as mayor of San Francisco. A labor leader of the most undesirable type, the city would have presented a singular spectacle at the coming fair, with a chief magistrate the embodiment of vulgarity and a gang of labor manipulators to act as hold-ups to the nations invited hither. His former election, like that of the chief of city spoilers, Eugene Schmitz, was due to the moneyed men and corporations, who in the Schmitz election preferred an accomplice in office to an honest man, and in electing McCarthy and his minions, among whom was an accommodating district attorney, enjoyed a sweet triumph over those whose prosecution of high crime, as they claimed, hurt business and impeded progress.

They sickened of their success, however, even though they succeeded in setting bribers free, and they were glad enough to join the good government forces in cleaning them out when they had no further use for them. The newspapers, also, came slowly around when they saw the certainty of Rolph's election and wiped their lips, ready once more to sell themselves to the highest bidder. It was due, the deliverance of the city, to the long and patient efforts of the best citizens who preferred honesty and clean living to crime and immorality.

CHAPTER XVI

COMPARATIVE REPUBLICANISM

PORFIRIO DIAZ, president of Mexico, was driven forth by the populace. Ask one of them why, and you will get no answer; he does not know. Investigate, and you will learn that the deposed president had ruled for thirty years, that he had continued himself in office at first by the help of the army, and later by his inherent will and power. At the expiration of each term, directly or indirectly, he had himself nominated president, at the same time naming members of congress, governors of states, jefes politicos, and all the chief officials of the nation, whose election following was a form or a farce, his alleged crime being running a republic which was a republic only in name, and preventing another from taking his place and doing worse. In a word, the government was autocratic, and while conducted as a republic it was not a republic; the sovereignty of the nation was not in the people but in Porfirio Diaz; the administration was not given to officers elected by the people and representing the people, but to Porfirio Diaz, elected by and representing Porfirio Diaz.

A mestizo of Oajaca, Diaz became early the coadjutor of Benito Juarez, also of the state of Oajaca. Side by side, one as head of the civil service and the other as chief of the army, they fought first, after the deliverance of their own souls from ignorance and superstition, for the intellectual emancipation of their country, and finally for the liberation of Mexico from material foes, within and without, from the imperialism of Lerdo and from their own insidious clergy, whose inordinate love of wealth and power

nothing short of secularization could control—the two patriots triumphing in the end by the overthrow of Maximilian and driving Louis Napoleon's soldiers back to France.

Who was Benito Juarez? He was one of the most remarkable men of any age or nation. A full-blooded American Indian, of the Aztec strain, he came down out of the mountains of Oajaca with a drover while escaping the ill-treatment of an uncle. He could not speak a word of Spanish, but only his native Aztec tongue. He was a wild waif, less than half clad, having a bronze skin and matted hair, eleven years old, with a face brightly illuminated with genius implanted by divine favor.

A priest picked him up, washed him, and had him educated for the church. Later, preferring the law, he became chief justice, then governor of Oajaca, then president of the Republic. That within him was the genius, the inspiration to deliver himself from the thraldom of his environment and discern the relative attitudes of church and state to the progress of mankind, is one of the most remarkable examples in history.

For at that time the church in Mexico was omniscient as well as omnipotent, embodying most of the learning and controlling most of the wealth of the nation; and here was a wild Indian, caught and reclaimed while young, though carrying always the imprint of his race in the dusky skin, the high cheek bone, the lank hair and piercing black eye, a savage instilled in all the civilized superstition of the time at the feet of an Oajaca Gamaliel, his intellectual transformation resulting in the profound statesmanship which founded the Republic and saved it from internal strife and foreign invasion—his deliverance, I say, seems a miracle akin to the conversion of St. Paul without the attendant light and directing voice.

When we see that Mexico owes its late happy condition equally to the two men, Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz, and that one receives his reward in honors, his statue

standing in many market places, while the other is driven forth in ignominy at the hands of those who envied him his honors and his place, we do not feel our respect increased either for the mestizos of Mexico or for the aliens who now delight in censure of that which they so lately praised.

What, then, was Benito Juarez, and what was Diaz? The one a wild Indian and yet a Washington, one who loved his country, giving to it the fruits of his immortal mind, and died, taking no toll; the other equally a patriot yet doomed to martyrdom.

Should we deem it worth while to institute comparisons between neighboring republics it is but fair to consider at the outset the quality of humanity involved, relatively, their origin and environment or other engendering conditions.

It is generally understood that republicanism as it stands to-day is not a definite quantity but rather a progression. The problem is not yet worked out in how far this form of government is applicable to masses of mankind of greater or lesser intelligence. It seems to us, citizens of the greatest of republics, that the system works well where the people are honest and intelligent. But if the people are sufficiently honest and intelligent no government of any kind is necessary; and that is the whole substance of republicanism, the nearest to no government of any yet invented.

Masses of mankind, however, are not all intelligent and honest, and the more wild and unruly they are the stronger must be the reins that control them. If under long discipline, as in England, the people become tame and tractable, the reins of rulership may become as silken threads and yet be all sufficient, though in empty royalty and useless aristocracy there still remain the hollow forms and senseless mummeries of an obsolete barbarism which one who has tasted freedom could never adopt.

Here in the two Americas we have the several phases of republicanism thus far evolved, most of them not yet a century old, each working itself out along lines of its own, independent of the others, but all modelled upon the matchless system adopted by Hamilton and Jefferson. This, or any other system is and must be modified to meet the quality and condition of the people for whom it is employed, and to speak of this or that one as a republic only in name is to say the least speaking vaguely.

What is a republic only in name, and what a true republic, a republic not a republic only in name?

Notwithstanding the proximity of our sister republic, and the long reign of its late president in the name of republicanism, Porfirio Diaz and his Mexican suzerainty have been understood but by few. The man has been usually portrayed as a despot, his rule autocratic, his will absolute, his reëlections a farce, his congress a fraud, and his republic no republic at all.

This is very near the truth, but it is not the truth. In the sense in which one generally hears it spoken and received, that is to say, in an evil sense, it is very far from the truth.

During the progress of my historical work I made several visits to the city of Mexico and saw much of President Diaz and his ministers. I used to meet them frequently in their respective offices at the palace, but I saw them oftener at their private residences, particularly at the house of the president, and at the home of Romero Rubio, father of Mrs. Diaz. During these visits from time to time I went with General Diaz over his entire career, touching the strings which sounded his inner nature, until I came to know him well, and to understand his idiosyncrasies and aspirations at the beginning, and his hopes and endeavors toward the end. I had every opportunity of studying the man at close range. And this is what I came to know, in his mind and heart, in public and in private, that he was

direct and sincere in all his ways, and that he was void of avarice and cared little for personal aggrandizement. Therefore when I heard of his treatment at the hands of his people I was shocked, and grieved beyond measure over the mistake the poor deluded mestizos were making. His predecessor in the presidency, Benito Juarez, had served four terms successively and had died in office. Diaz not only took up the work of Juarez and continued his reforms, but adding modern progressiveness and economic development to political regeneration carried forward the country to a high tide of prosperity. Juarez had laid broad the foundation for popular government following the best models, Diaz proceeded to erect the superstructure but found the material inadequate. A popular government presupposes people; there were no people. There was an aristocracy who would not work but were willing to govern. Then there was the mozo or servile class; between these classes there was little or nothing in the way of responsible population.

The whole country from mountains to seaboard was still infested with highwaymen; the clergy were disaffected, preferring imperialism and Maximilian, and no secularization. The Mexicans, these wild mestizos, must be held in check and driven with a tight rein. Call it despotism or tyranny if you like, that is what was wanted; and it was the only kind of government that would save the country from anarchy and endless revolutions.

Even though Juarez had held office through four terms, Diaz started out with the idea that the president should not succeed himself. He framed a law to that effect and at the end of his term gave his seat to General Gonzalez, a fellow-soldier of the intervention war, coarse, illiterate, self-seeking, whose libertinism debased morals, and whose cupidity kept the government exchequer empty. He was always getting into scrapes and calling on Diaz to help him out. So frequent were these demands that at one time General Diaz kept a coach and horses standing night and

day at his door ready to dash off to the palace or elsewhere to quell a riot or quiet the army and so keep Gonzalez on his feet a little longer.

Long before the time was up Diaz determined that there should be no more of that sort of government if he could prevent it.

Meanwhile, though not in office he spent his time working for the people. He promoted education, established schools, attended examinations, and gave out prizes.

When he assumed the presidency the country was in a state of anarchy. Revolution was in the cities, while the country roads were infested with highwaymen. With a strong hand he cleared the country of robbers and revolutions and held it for thirty years in a state of peace and prosperity. He caught some of the chief bandits, dressed them up in bright new soldiers' clothes, and sent them forth well armed and proud as peacocks to hunt down their old comrades and clear the country of them. In a word Porfirio Diaz has been from first to last his country's benefactor. He employed every means at his command to elevate the people and develop the resources of the country.

Rising from humble origin, he found his country poverty-stricken, priest-ridden, struggling in the grasp of a foreign foe; he left it prosperous, progressive, and happy; a good government, an efficient army, and thousands of industries flourishing all over the land. Where shall we find another such instance? Surely any form of government, any economic policy which produces such results cannot be called bad. Under no form of government save absolutism or a republic in name only could this have been accomplished.

Every people will have the sort of government suitable to them. An anarchic or revolutionary condition seems best to suit Mexicans; before Diaz' time they had it and will now have it again.

We love to interfere in the affairs of a weaker neighbor, to play providence, perhaps to play the bully a little, and

watch for some advantage to fall to us, like California, for example, only legitimately, of course. So we mobilize troops along the border when they are in trouble, and when our boys who cross over to take a hand in the fight are caught, the cry is raised protesting over the just punishment of those who thus leave their country to stir up strife, aid revolution, or otherwise unjustly intermeddle in the affairs of another.

In all filibustering expeditions it is the same, whether William Walker's band of tatterdemalion cutthroats in Nicaragua, or the mild and courteous Austrian prince with the French army and Mexican clergy at his back, or adventurers from the United States assisting rebels in their attempt to overthrow the existing government, no sooner are they caught and a just punishment threatened than protests and a cry for mercy are raised.

In the case of Maximilian, Secretary Seward had warned Louis Napoleon that French intervention in Mexico would not be permitted; that his too palpable game of statecraft in having at hand an army of intervention for the United States as well as for Mexico, as soon as the south should show sufficient strength, would not work; and that as soon as our little misunderstanding at home was settled we would look into the matter of French and Austrian imperialism in Mexico.

And the French emperor, reading the signs of the times aright, withdrew his army and so saved himself trouble. He urged Maximilian also to withdraw, but the chivalrous Austrian said no, he would not desert his friends.

Unfortunately for the captive Maximilian, the edict had been for some time promulgated on both sides of "No quarter; death to all prisoners."

Under this edict the migratory republic, held together by Juarez as president, had been driven from the city of Mexico with its ministerial supporters, and a few papers and blank books standing for the archives of the nation.

Juarez fled first to San Luis Potosí, thence after a brief

respite, he retired slowly toward the United States border at El Paso, to the spot which to-day bears his name, whence he might cross the boundary at a moment's notice should it become necessary, for capture he knew was death for himself and all his associates.

Why then did Secretary Seward, probably the best and brightest man that ever filled the chair of state, why did he, knowing that Louis Napoleon was pledged to destroy the American union if once he could get an entering wedge, knowing that Maximilian was pledged to kill Juarez if he could catch him, why did he raise his voice with the others for mercy on this poor innocent interloper?

Oh, diplomatic courtesy. Our government must not appear brutal, even to fiends or their victim; besides, he knew very well that Maximilian must die, and deservedly so.

In reviewing affairs in Mexico, past and present, we should not fail to consider Diaz the man apart from the Diaz government. We should not fail to consider, likewise, the quality of the people to be governed, and their condition, and the condition of the country at the time Diaz the dictator took matters in hand.

If then we choose to compare the republicanism of the United States of Mexico with the republicanism of the United States of America, and slightly to sneer at the former as a republic only in name, though modelled after the perfection of all republics, we may do so intelligently, and derive such satisfaction therefrom as we may.

We shall see more clearly the quality of humanity with which George Washington and Alexander Hamilton had to deal, their inherited social forms and institutions, their democratic instincts and idiosyncrasies, their dominant ideals and aspirations, and realize more fully how different, how much more difficult the problem which confronted Porfirio Diaz in his attempt to achieve similar high results along similar lines but with base material. And as we understand, the sneer will turn to lines of admiration.

The ancient antagonisms of English and Spanish speaking peoples followed their respective colonists to the New World. The Spanish American cannot tell you why he hates the Yankee; the Yankee thinks he knows why he despises Spanish intermixtures of whatsoever degree of duskiness.

The former thinks mainly of what he fears and envies, superior strength of mind and accomplishment; the latter regards with disfavor a union of weakness and arrogance. Were they weak like the wholly black, or shrewd like the wholly white, they might be more endurable; but from a proper understanding of the respective colonial developments, and of the later republican experiments, one was as far away as the other. What we have chiefly to consider is the present emergency, and the further unhappy involutions which are destined to follow in the further attempts at republicanism, or dictatorship, in respect to ourselves and others.

Three centuries of viceregal rule in America, following ten centuries of despotism in Europe; this for heredity and environment as applied to the Spanish portion of the Mexican make-up, which with the endless native American intermixtures, gave Diaz the material with which to establish a government by the people, a wild, turbulent, humanity characterized by ignorance and fanaticism.

The Anglo-Americans of Washington's day, they and their forebears, had spent their centuries in efforts for democratic institutions and political and religious liberty. They knew and were prepared to determine truth from error, and to establish a government upon the broad principles of equal rights to all. There was no field in the world better prepared for the planning of pure republicanism than the English colonies; there were few worse places for the experiment than Latin America.

There was no middle course possible for Diaz in Mexico; his rule must be absolutism pure and simple, a despotism of brute force, or republicanism only in name. He could

not choose the former, as he had just fought against any sort of imperialism, foreign or domestic; besides, he did not believe in arbitrary rule, even in arbitrary republicanism, any further than the necessities of the case demanded. This is clearly proved by the law he formulated at the beginning of his reign, to the effect that no president should succeed himself, which law he was forced to rescind after giving it a trial.

There had always been a lack of confidence between the executive and legislative departments, both before and after the rule of Herrera, which rendered the strictly republican form of government impracticable. It must be arbitrary government or anarchy, and obviously absolute rule, without the means of its enforcement, was not to be found among the law-makers; hence the army must be utilized.

Look at the two republics as they stand to-day, American and Mexican, their institutions, their new inheritance, their present environment. Both have changed wonderfully, both have wonderfully increased in wealth, intelligence, and industrialism. The American people have greatly increased in number and have deteriorated in civic morality and honesty. The Mexican people have not increased as much in numbers, but have improved more in morals.

The Americans have lost in patriotism; they have lost in their respect for the past and their pride in the future. The Mexicans have gained in knowledge, in economic and military efficiency, and in accomplishments, both practical and ornamental.

I have no sneer for Mexico, nor for the government of Porfirio Diaz, howsoever called, so long as the cardinal fact stands, that Mexico has been making great strides forward while the United States, save for the time and influence of Theodore Roosevelt, has been changing for the worse, changing from Anglo-Saxon to alien, changing morally from honesty to high crime.

That it was the more difficult task, the one undertaken by Diaz few will deny; that he carried it forward successfully for a period of thirty years the republic itself bears witness to-day; that it was as base as it was unprofitable driving him forth in ignominy the present condition of things amply testify. And times will be worse there before they are better. That Mexico, tamed by prosperity, and restless under a long peace, now seeks the excitement that leads to anarchy all who know the people are forced to admit.

Furthermore, as Washington was the father of British freedom as well as American independence, so Diaz established the Monroe doctrine for Spanish America as well as the deliverance of his own country according to its declaration.

It is not the part of a noble nature to prey upon the adversities of a great man. It is not the part of a noble nation so readily to forget in his declining years the work of Porfirio Diaz for civilization and the welfare of the human race.

Has our republicanism reached such a state of perfection that we can reasonably cast opprobrium upon any government that best accomplishes what is best for the people?

It is intended that republicanism should be a government by the people. Is this the case with us? If the people rule, then we might ask, what people? Not the better element in our commonwealth. It may be demagogues and politicians at one time, and at another special interests and the money power, the labor leaders putting in an unwholesome appearance at all times, but never has the government been made up by the best men fairly chosen by the people.

Will any one who knows pretend to say that republicanism such as we imagine our own to be would have secured better results in Mexico during the past thirty years than that secured by the rule of Porfirio Diaz?

The only question I should like here to ask is not how

far we are from a happy state of true republicanism, but how much better administered, if at all, has been the United States of America under Taft than the United States of Mexico under Diaz; and how can we justly assail our neighbor, as so many of us like so well to do, with all our imperfections upon us. What single act of Diaz is more open to ridicule and just censure than that of a president abandoning his official duties and making junketing trips about the country at the expense of the people to secure his own reëlection and defeat his former benefactor? How have we the face to slur a sister republic as a republic only in name, to impute it to her as a crime, and half sanction the inroads of malodorous Americans who cross the border to fight against the very principles that lie at the foundation of their own government, namely, the right to rule rightly?

In our settlement with the south, after the civil war, barbarous Mexico would hardly have been as barbarous as were we, nor so impolitic as to give the franchise to four millions of manumitted African slaves.

Nor would the republic only in name have permitted in its midst an oligarchy of industrialism, the rise of special interests to seize and appropriate to their own use the natural wealth of the nation, to buy and sell legislatures and debauch the government. At no time during the late dictatorial rule in Mexico would have been possible the ultra charitable proceedings in Congress and the presidential amiability in relation to prominent politicians, called statesmen sometimes, under indictment for high criminality.

The dictator president of the republic only in name would never have submitted to the trifling with justice which is becoming so common throughout the United States.

The dictatorship of Diaz in Mexico was a good government, the best possible for that people, and one of the best in the two Americas. The cloak of republicanism thrown

over it exerted little influence for good or ill, other than to reconcile the people to what sometimes might otherwise be deemed arbitrary measures.

If in its democratic incipiency the rulers of Mexico did not realize the impossibility of a republic without a people, of true republicanism or a government by the people in the absence of a people capable of self-government, they did not hesitate twice to decline imperialism, once in the person of Iturbide, and again when Maximilian came. If they could not at once achieve perfect republicanism they would at least hold to the form while laboring to accomplish the fact.

Are we prepared to say that our government is the best in the world, that republicanism is the best form of government for any people save those who want no governing and therefore no government? Are we prepared to say that our government as at present administered tends to develop the highest moral and political ideals? Are we prepared to say that the associates of Taft were better men, more high-minded, patriotic, honest, or decent than the associates of Diaz? Are we not prepared to say that in some respects our government is rotten to the core, and will fall in pieces if decay is not arrested?

Is boss rule better republicanism than the republicanism of Diaz? Is a government by railroads for railroads better republicanism than the republicanism of Diaz? Is a government by high crime for high crime better republicanism than the republicanism of Diaz? Is the domination of the industrial interests of the country by self-seeking demagogues to the subversion of law and liberty better than the arbitrary rule of one good man? Is Madero and anarchy preferable to Diaz with peace and prosperity? Then wherein consists the superiority of a republic not a republic in name only over a republic which is a republic in name only?

Had Porfirio Diaz committed as many blunders as have been perpetrated by our pure republican presidents and

legislators since the civil war, as the cruelties and injustice of the reconstruction period, the enfranchisement of the negroes, the prostitution of American politics and citizenship by the admission without limit of low incendiary Europeans while excluding harmless and useful Asiatics, of permitting corporate capital to usurp the government and intimidate the people, of allowing special interests and personal greed to appropriate and destroy the nation's wealth and resources, of tamely submitting to the tyrannies of labor leaders, their boycotting, strikes, dynamiting, maiming, and murdering, spending long sessions whitewashing into place bribing senators and incompetent or peccable ministers, and a score of other like infamies, we might with more reason disparage a nation of half civilized mestizos as a republic in name only.

Diaz controlled Mexico; no one can truthfully say that he ruled in the interest of Diaz and not in the interest of Mexico? Six interests controlled by five men own the United States; can any one truthfully say that these interests were worked for the benefit of the United States rather than for the benefit of the five men? Can it be true then that the United States of America is a republic only in name?

We do not realize how great a part of us is sham. Consider, for example, the presidential pose, as he mounts the presidential car on his homeward journey to vote, a journey the cost to the people of which would buy the suffrages of one thousand of our worthy African citizens. We must not think that our politics embrace all the wisdom of the ages and all the virtues of the cults; China and England have some good in them, though their pageants are much of a piece.

Where on this earth shall we look for a good government, for a government better than our own, better than that of Diaz in Mexico? Not in Germany, with her young men doomed before birth to military servitude, to a life of human butcheries; not in England, whose nominal ruler

is but a figure-head of society and the national street shows, and where respectability may be found only among an aristocracy of worthless drones; not in Spain or Italy, and possibly not in the new republic of China.

Less than two years before his fall the foremost statesmen of other nations were crying up Porfirio Diaz as the greatest statesman of any nation, having accomplished the greatest work of any living man. Now all are mute save only those who seem not to recognize the difference between statesman and revolutionist.

A nice mess they have made of it, Madero and his crew, as any one knowing Mexico could and did foretell. Shallow-brained Americans with the others howled upon Diaz as he was hustled out of the country for the great crime of running a republic which was a republic in name only. Now they may try once more the other kind, which means internal strife and anarchy perhaps for another half century.

When too late to serve the nation only by way of example, the character, the strict and true hearted integrity, and the earnest patriotism of Porfirio Diaz will be seen and understood, and the man valued at his true worth.

He could not boast like Juarez of pure native blood, uncontaminated by any European intermixture, yet he rose from his low estate to the highest in the nation, and won the respect and confidence of all the nations of Christendom.

Prosperity sometimes presents difficult problems. It is with nations as with individuals, inordinate wealth begets luxury and laziness, from which come disease and death. Caught in the throes of overweening prosperity the United States of Mexico fell on evil times; the United States of America is heading in the same direction though along different lines.

At the present moment the best people of the best communities are working as for their lives for—what? For

honest and fair republicanism. They are fighting graft, high crime, financial and industrial despotism, fighting evils which threaten to strangle all that is best in our otherwise happy land. They will be known in coming politics as the Progressive party.

Porfirio Diaz, in his enforced resignation from office and flight from his native land presents one of the most pathetic figures in history. As it is written, "Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of these works do ye stone me?"

We have been told before that republics as well as princes are ungrateful. All Mexico kicks the carcass of the dead lion whose gentle roar so lately sent them shivering, while among the baser sort of our own republic are found those to yap them on.

Call it despotism if you like. It is a high and holy despotism, a despotism for the well-being of the people, a despotism which might beneficially be served in moderate doses even to our own model republic, a live impulse, a factor for good which should put to shame the senseless mummeries of effete monarchies such as Europe delights in.

The simple mandate of this good despot filled the offices of states and federation with good men, while in our own less favored land millions of money must be spent in electing legislators to invent laws riveting still tighter the bonds of a despotism of licentiousness.

The success of the Madero insurrection incites other insurrections, and political and industrial revolutions is now as it was before the time of Juarez and Diaz, the normal condition of things.

On the day that Diaz was driven forth there was no better befitting government in the world than his, none more honest or patriotic.

Why?

Because it best met the necessities of the situation; be-

cause it was the only sort of government that could rule an unruly people; because Diaz was absolutely honest and patriotic.

Revolutionists took up the sword, drove out Diaz and took his place; now therefore it will be many days before the sword shall depart from the house of Madero, or anarchy from the republic of Mexico.

Under the thirty years of the so-called despotic rule of Porfirio Diaz, Mexico emerged from a state of mediæval anarchy, advanced along lines of highest development and prospered, intellectually and economically, as few nations have ever prospered. Anarchy is again at hand, the product of a selfish and brutalizing despotism such as never soiled the garments of Porfirio Diaz.

CHAPTER XVII

EVOLUTION OF A LIBRARY

PROVIDENCE, free-will, and necessity were the phrases a hundred years ago; we now say evolution, which sounds if less orthodox more progressive. What we mean by them does not so much matter, as it makes little difference what one believes as long as one can never know anything about it. Spencer and Browning, after Savonarola and Kant, dive deep below the surface workings of Shakespeare and Goethe, and revel in subconscious undersouls until lost to themselves and others.

Which means that I hardly know what started me off collecting books—trash, my clerks used to call them, as they were the sort that never would sell—me, a west-coast trafficker in books, handling them as one handles bricks, not for the knowledge but for the profit in them.

Stuff such as one might expect to find in a waste-basket, or on the scuttle of coal with the wood to kindle the fire; this at the beginning; later this refuse would fetch its weight in gold.

I did not think of that, however, at the time, but only that it might be worth something sometime, vaguely, or idiotically, as my aforesaid clerks would have expressed it, had they dared, surmising a possible intrinsic value—in any event like Toodles' coffin, 'andy to 'ave in the 'ouse.

I suppose I was a crank, if indeed I am not one still. I do not know what a crank is, though I should prefer having to tell what it is than what it is not, because as we are assured everybody is a little queer.

As the work of gathering the Bancroft Library was

long, I will make this account of it short, though the involving thereof continues, and let us hope, like Bryan in search of a presidency, that this collecting may run on forever.

Well, then, I began in 1858 by bringing together all the books I could find in my stock on California, extending my territory later to the north-west coast, finally taking in the western half of North America from Alaska to Panamá, including the whole of Mexico and Central America. I searched both continents several times over for historical material.

I purchased every book, map, and manuscript written or printed within my chosen territory or elsewhere relating to it.

I made many visits to southern California and Spanish America, keeping employed there a score of copyists for a number of years in the California and Mexican missions and national archives. I sent copyists to Alaska and St. Petersburg for the same purpose. In my business journeys east, in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, I kept an eye open for anything and everything, good or bad, relating to my subject and not already on my shelves, for there are few books out of which one cannot get some good; and it was easier and cheaper to buy outright and let time and use determine the value, than to stop to investigate while purchasing as to whether the thing was worth buying or not.

I studied the Mormons at Salt Lake, the Mexicans at the lakes of Tenochtitlan, the Hudson Bay people in British Columbia, and the early Oregon pioneers by their jubilee camp-fires. Crossing the Atlantic I visited many times the capitals and universities of Europe, my agents attending the public and private sales. All this intermingled with business and writing history for a period of fifty years, and—that is all.

At least, that will suffice for a skeleton; there can be as many volumes employed as one likes in the filling in.

I never was greatly given to fads at any time, least of all during these early days when it required the closest attention to business to escape disaster. Yet surely at first it could have been nothing more to me than a passing fancy, this picking up and preserving historical data intrinsically valuable though of no present utility.

As the collection steadily grew in volume and value, that which at first may have been a fad became a fixity, and I found myself wondering what I should do with it, though I had no thought of ceasing to collect. When after a decade of this drifting, amid many fluctuations of mind as to potentialities and purposes, I found myself seated at a table writing history. The work of collecting then assumed more definite shape, as besides continuing the original ingathering in a general way, there were innumerable gaps to be filled which required special work. It was not long, therefore, before I found my work proper interrupted by what proved to be in the end a series of historical journeys to various parts at various times.

English society in the colonies is more democratic than the democratic societies of an earlier day. It is so refreshing for a time to be free from the stifling atmosphere of insular monarchy, with its attendant paraphernalia of lords and ladies, of fighting men and gospellers, each with a like train of subservients, and all receiving their lunar glory from some bedizened George or William.

At Victoria with my stenographers in 1878, the old servants of the Hudson Bay company, chief factors and chief traders as well as the early settlers, explorers and missionaries came from a distance to see me. They seemed to realize the importance of my efforts, and were quite particular to have their life work set down correctly, sometimes quarrelling with each other to the verge of combat over the validity of a date or incident, so that finally instead of receiving them together I admitted them singly.

Sir James, chief factor and governor, had passed away

before my visit, but Lady Douglas was in evidence, always attended by some of her relatives, but so bleached by civilization as scarcely to be recognized as an American aboriginal.

Why is it that England is so much better served by her distant agents than the United States is served whether at home or abroad? One can doubtless account for some part of it but not for all. First, England rewards and punishes more promptly. Spain was badly served, even in her best days; she seldom rewarded, but was quick in punishing, often inflicting the penalty before the offense.

It was a difficult position, and Sir James filled it with credit, that of acting at once for the fur company and for the government during the transition period from chartered traders to a provisional government, the interests of the former being to hold the country in savagery fit for fur-hunting as long as possible, while the inrush of gold-hunters was forcing open the wilderness to English occupation.

Lady Douglas placed at my disposal her late husband's papers, while Governor Richards and the then chief factor of the Hudson Bay company gave me access to their respective archives.

A church of England missionary to the Cariboo country spent a month with me here, a month of midnights, or say the thirty and one nights, as he came to me only at night, remaining usually till break of day, talking clearly, eloquently, and continuously, interrupting himself only by sipping brandy and water, which seemed to brighten rather than befog his brain as the night wore on. He was one of the best and purest of men, and his fascinating recitals proved an invaluable contribution to the history of that period.

The hospitality I was obliged to extend to the fur company's officials and old settlers, usually in the form of whiskey and gin, in order to attract them to my rooms, proved too much for their pugnacious dispositions, and brought to a close our intercourse.

Sir Matthew Begbie was a boy on the playground but the stern chief justice on the bench. I sat in his court through one or two criminal cases, and it was refreshing the freedom from cant, browbeating, and pettifogging so common in some places. Justice Begbie would permit no trickery or trifling; least of all was he disposed to search for technicalities to defeat the ends of justice. Once only during my presence in his courtroom did he feel called upon to reprove a counsel, but this he did in no slight measure. "I cannot understand, sir, how you have the temerity to offer before any respectable tribunal, for the consideration of any judge whom you can accredit with common sense, to say nothing of legal acumen, such nonsense as you have interwoven in your argument. Let us have no more of it."

On my way down the coast I saw some of Seattle's people, the old chief having departed for his heavenly hunting-ground, and also the white men who had held early intercourse with him.

Entering Oregon at that day from either side was like coming into another country. Portland was more like an eastern city than any in California. There were present many New York and New England people, orthodox religionists, congregationalists and methodists largely, overflowings from the economic efforts of the Willamette valley missionaries. For public spirit and integrity the merchants and bankers of Portland had nowhere their superior, while the newspaper press was truthful and efficient, more so then than later.

A pleasant custom in vogue were the camp-fire rendezvous of the early immigrants and their families every year at Salem, where a week's life in the open, with talking and dancing, was a whole year's solace to their souls.

There was an intelligent Russian, Ivan Petrof, who came to my Library out of the civil war, whom I found useful and on the whole faithful.

He translated into English all my Russian material, that being the only language in my Library that required such service.

It is quite remarkable the Slavonic aptitude for acquiring languages. When he went into the war this man could not speak a word of English; before he left the army he was writing letters home for American soldiers who were either disabled or had never learned to write.

I had a little Pole also,—he said he was a nobleman at home, he called himself Nemos in my library,—who was never at a loss in any language. Another skilful linguist was Alphonse Pinart, a Frenchman, the son of a Paris banker, a noted savant, and the author of several ethnological works. He spent several years roaming through Mexico and Central America picking up priceless treasures from the monks and others, making the most unique collection of any except Andrade's, and which was finally joined to my own and passed over with it to the university of California.

When charged to his face with a knowledge of fifty Indian languages, Pinart would not deny it. Why should he? He spent one winter in Alaska living in the underground house of an Eskimo, studying the origin of the Indians. He came down to San Francisco satisfied. "They came over from Asia," he said with a sober countenance.

How many times we have seen this same farce, and similar ones elsewhere, enacted by college professors and members of learned societies sent out by rich men whose money might thus gain for them a cheap reputation for scientific tastes, the learned men and their wealthy patrons alike failing to see the absurdity of telling out of hand the origin of the American Indians.

In the Bancroft Library at Berkeley is a book entitled *Origen de los Indios,* giving some forty or fifty theories promulgated by learned men of various ages and nations

as to the whence and wherefore of these aboriginals, which are so like each other yet so unlike any other race.

As it is a question which never can be answered, it is like the diving anywhere into the unknowable and coming up with a dogmatic answer which must put an end to controversy.

When the doctor taps on your chest, puts his ear to your back, tweaks your nose, and then speaks out boldly and loud, "The trouble with you, Sir, is tiedouloureux," who shall dare to gainsay him?

Consider the claim set up so elaborately by Lord Kingsborough in his nine mammoth folios which cost him his mind and his fortune, and afterward adopted by the Mormons, that all the aboriginal tribes of North and South America were Jews, that is to say the veritable ten lost tribes of Israel who wandered away upon the dispersion from the tower of Babel.

This theory is susceptible of greater elaboration than any other, not because these savages were more like the Jews than any other people, but because there is more of early manners and customs in the Hebrew writings than is found elsewhere regarding any other people.

Some say the native Americans were Irish, or English, or Scandinavians who crossed over to America by way of Iceland and Greenland, and we know that the Norseman did make such voyages at an early period.

Some maintain that the Indians came from Portugal; some say Italy, others Asia; some maintain that they came from Africa, and others from any and every quarter of the earth, and who shall say that it was not so or that they were not autochthonic in their origin?

It scarcely requires the penetration of a French savant, or a Columbia college professor, to decide that the Aleuts and Esquimos came from Asia, when one can see them any day crossing Bering strait in their bidarkas or skating across on the ice.

True, the Eskimos skirt the north pole; they are a race by themselves and the only one in all the two Americas not related to the Indians. But if the Eskimos can cross so freely, surely the rest of the world can do the same.

Further, we have found in these later times, far below the strait of Bering, Japanese junks wrecked on the coast of California, and the Chinese and South Sea islanders could easily enough follow the trade winds from point to point across the ocean to Mexico or to South America. But first of all it should be shown that they had come from Europe or Asia, or the old world at all, or that America herself is not the old world sending over Abraham and Lot to people Palestine.

This sort of learning is like the good clergyman's answer to the question some one put to him as to what evidence there is of the immortality of the soul. He said he had noticed that what men ardently longed for they usually obtained, and as they all wanted to live forever they would probably do so. The answer, no doubt, satisfied his congregation, but what did he himself think of it?

But perhaps some of us do not want to live forever, having had quite enough of it in this world. And how about Satan who longed ardently to rule in heaven, and so many of his followers who want so much to be healthy, wealthy, wise, powerful, and so on; and why should we die at all if ardently desiring perpetual life would give it us? True, Rockefeller ardently longs for all the oil, and as he secured the most of it he must be near heaven and happy. The truth is our parson had no shadow of evidence to offer but did not like to say so.

Simple facts, however, do not satisfy latter-day investigators, who perforce must dive into the depths of profundity and stir up the dregs.

Quite different was my work in the south, in California, Mexico, and Central America, though the object was the same, to gather and garner further knowledge, but more

especially to fill gaps in the material for my history such as would enable me to give continuous narratives of persons, places, and things.

I went to General Vallejo, at Sonoma, with a hundred questions which he could answer better than any one else; to some of them, indeed, no one else could give an explanation. He was not communicative at first. The Hispano-Californians of that day fancied themselves ill-treated by the Americans, and they were not far from right.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo upon the cession of the California country guaranteed the rights of property to all the inhabitants. The proper thing for the United States government then to have done was to appoint a commission, have the occupied lands surveyed and titles established, the government assuming the burden of proof. Instead, the owners were called upon to come forward and prove their titles. This they could not do. Many of them had received no written deed with their grant. Boundaries were loosely defined, and witnesses were difficult or impossible to obtain. Lawyers were called in, and long and expensive investigation followed. The usual fee for securing to the occupant a title was half of the land, while with a bill of extras he might easily sweep up the other half, so that many of the Mexican families lost their all; while he was not much of a lawyer in those days who had not a Mexican grant in his pocket, the title to which his client had paid for.

It was then and for this alleged purpose, namely, the quieting of titles to pueblo and mission lands and Mexican grants, that the archives of all the missions and pueblos were ordered sent to the United States surveyor general's office at San Francisco, where all papers appertaining to the matters in hand were retained, and the remainder returned. Three hundred bulky volumes were the result of this gleaning and collating, and so valuable were they for my history that I felt it necessary to have the information they contained ready at hand for use in my library.

I could not borrow the volumes, as it would be irregular for them to be out of the surveyor general's office, and I could not use them at arm's length. So I rented a room adjoining those of the surveyor general, who kindly consented to consider the volumes while there and under his control as still in his office. In this room I placed a dozen kitchen tables and chairs, and at them as many Mexican copyists and epitomists. This work I gave in charge to Mr. Savage, my most valued expert in Mexican mustiness, who went carefully through the mass of documents, marking some to be copied entire, some to be partially copied, and others to be epitomized. These copies were then bound together, after proper classification, into some seventy volumes, I think it was. This work not only satisfied my historical requirements, so far as these archives were concerned, but was most important as a public benefit in safeguarding the contents of this collection in case of the destruction of the original papers by fire.

I say that General Vallejo and all the Spanish California families were shy of Yankee protestations and sincerity of purpose, and such was the influence of this man that I could hope to do but little with his countrymen while he held aloof. I must therefore win him over by some means.

I found myself obliged to lay diplomatic siege to this whilom guardian of the frontier; the result would determine my success or failure with the whole fraternity of grant holders of historic lore from San Francisco bay to San Diego.

With me at this time in my army of assistants was a sporty Italian, sharp in feature and slight in stature, lithe as a cat and as tricky as Ruef upon occasion, though I must say that he always proved true to me. True, poor fellow! except on one occasion, when he killed himself because of inability to meet his obligations in mining-stock speculations without acquainting me of his intentions. He surely knew that I would help him through if he would confide

his troubles in me, as aside from the value of his services I had a strong liking for the fellow, for he was a winsome little rascal; but death cancels debt and covers dishonor; at least that is the Latin idea of it, and a foolish one it is.

Cerruti was his name, General Cerruti he called himself; said he had been consul-general in Central America, had been engaged in numberless revolutions there, from one of which he had fled for his life to San Francisco, and turned himself up in my library.

After a formal visit of a day and a night at Sonoma, and the return of it by the whole Vallejo fraternity in a six weeks' stay at my house in San Francisco,—it was the way of these innocents, ask one and they all came to the last of the cousins and aunts, and to terminate the festivities I had to be called away on important business. After all these courtesies and blandishments, as the old general still remained evasive if not obdurate, I turned the matter over to the Italian, who opened the campaign by making love to two of the general's daughters.

The battles of the general—consul-general—hero of a hundred revolutions, his adventures by devious ways, would fill a volume, and are given at some length in my *Literary Industries;* suffice it to say here that in due time he brought round the other general—commandante-general—in fine style, making of him from that time forth one of my most devoted disciples. Cerruti spent a year with him exclusively, most of the time at Monterey, writing a *Historia de California* by M. G. Vallejo, in five volumes, folio, covering the time from the author's first appearance in the country —he was born in California in 1800—to the year 1847.

The two generals meanwhile had converted Governor Alvarado, and a similar *Historia de California* was written out for him, and bearing his name. Many others of the early California families up and down the coast, all of the important ones, were visited by Cerruti and Vallejo, also later by Mr. Savage and others of my corps, which resulted in a harvest of dictations and documents, the Vallejo

collection alone amounting to fifty large volumes with thousands of important original documents.

It is not my intention here to enter into details regarding the development of my library, for say what I might I never could give an adequate impression of the labor performed during these years of bibliographic obsession, the days of intricate endeavor and nights of anxiety; wherefore let it pass.

Still continuing my rôle as collector of books in detail, even to the minutest scrap containing valuable information, I became a collector of libraries, securing at least twenty other important collections, and twice as many minor ones, notably that of Señor Don José Fernando Ramairez, eminent state and federal judge of the city of Durango and president of the emperor Maximilian's first ministry, in which were many rare and costly books and unpublished manuscripts; that of E. G. Squier, United States minister to Central America, and author of several important ethnographical works and books of travel; that of Elwood Evans, lawyer and littérateur of Olympia, Puget Sound, and author of an unpublished manuscript *History of Oregon* which came in with the collection; that of Mr. Pinart, the distinguished Americaniste before mentioned, that of M. G. Vallejo in his house at Sonoma not included in his gatherings with Cerruti; that of Benjamin Hayes of San Diego, formerly district judge at Los Angeles, and collector of historical data since long before the advent of the Anglo-Americans; that of Isaac Bluxome, executive officer of the two great popular tribunals, the San Francisco vigilance committees of 1851 and 1856, his identity being hidden in the dread signature "33 Secretary," the collection consisting mainly of the archives and papers and manuscripts pertaining to the vigilance committees; that of Manuel Castro, an able and efficient officer on the Mexican side in the war for the Anglo-American conquest of California and the Bear Flag movement, and consisting almost entirely of valuable papers and manuscripts, nearly all of

them in Spanish; those of several of the Hudson Bay company's posts in British Columbia and Alaska, being chiefly papers, narratives, and fur-trading annals in the great northwest; that of Caleb Cushing, being selections from his collections sold by auction in Boston in 1879; that of Don Juan Osio, formerly judge and governor of Lower California, and author of an unpublished historical dissertation, throwing much light on times and events of which there is no other existing record; that of Sir James Douglas, Hudson Bay company's governor of British Columbia, containing among other valuable manuscripts the unpublished adventures of John Stuart, at Stuart Lake, and Simon Fraser in his descent of Fraser river; that of the French Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, resident of Spanish America for twenty-five years, and author of several works on Mexico; that of Placido Vega, general commanding under President Juarez during the French intervention, consisting of public and private documents; that of Thomas O. Larkin, United States consul at Monterey prior to the acquisition of California, the collection consisting of a large and very valuable mass of documents and records of official correspondence during the important period from 1844 to 1849; Russian material from Innokentie, metropolitan of Moscow, Iöhan Veniaminof, missionary to the Aleuts, Admiral Lütke, and Ethöline, formerly governor of the Russian American possessions; these and many others, all of them being collections made by prominent and educated personages, mainly from their love of literature and appreciation of the value of historical data which but for them would have been forever lost.

Most important of all was the Maximilian library, a collection made by Don Juan Andrade during a period of thirty-eight years of continuous effort, drawn largely from the monks and monasteries of Spanish America, and sold or to be sold to the Maximilian government as the foundation of an imperial library of Mexico. Upon the death of the unfortunate emperor, fearing lest his books should be

seized by the incoming powers and the results of his life labor be lost, Andrade hurried them off to Vera Cruz on the backs of 200 mules, and thence to Leipsic, where they were sold by auction, my agent purchasing some 6,000 volumes of the rarest and most precious books and manuscripts relating to my subject in existence.

Thus it is seen that my collection is not the work of one man alone, but of many men, working in widely separated fields, each unknown to the others, but all to the same end, the massing of early historical data covering an area equal to one-twelfth of the earth's surface, and whereon is now being planted a civilization second to none the earth has ever seen.

All this time there was carried on a constant ingathering from many different sources. With abundant means at my command, and the disposition to employ them in what had ere this become a most absorbing occupation, I was able to accomplish in a brief half-century what no government or society would have accomplished in ten centuries, that is to say what otherwise never would have been accomplished. Besides the ancient lore brought forth from nooks and corners, every book relating to the subject, published in any language in any part of the world, was immediately purchased and placed on my shelves.

At the best a collector, whether of books, coins, or china, whether of railroads, banks, oil fields, or iron mines, is a creature sui generis. He may be a benefactor of the race, or a fool, or both, and none the less benefactor because fool, none the less genuine because a sham, because he fancies he is deceiving all the world while deceiving only himself.

With the wealthy collector of curios and painting the impelling force is usually vanity pure and simple, the desire to be credited with taste or discernment which he does not possess. Banks and railroads may be gathered in from love of power or from cupidity; to try to get all the oil or all the iron is greed.

A bibliomaniac invests a book with a personality not discernible by the world at large. There are those who will steal a book who will not steal money.

One does not give $50,000 for a bible to read when a fifty cent one has better print; and why should the Bedford library fix the price of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, containing John Bunyan's autograph, at only $440,000 when the valuers might as easily have written down $880,000.

It is not true that a thing is worth all it will fetch, and will not be so until the more rabid collectors shall have passed away.

If I may here summarize the salient points in this fascinating labor of collecting I will therewith close this chapter.

The opportunity will never again occur for securing so large an amount of material regarding a region of such wide extent,—one-twelfth of the earth's surface,—at so early a period of its history.

I was on the ground and began operations late enough for history to have begun, but not so late that I could not learn all that had occurred from the beginning. It is easily understood, therefore, that as all these several concurring conditions will never again appear simultaneously, so no other country can ever have a similar labor performed in its behalf.

It is not probable such an undertaking would ever be accomplished by a public institution, because to be effective it must be begun at or near the beginning of history, and prosecuted with enthusiasm and vigor continuously without regard to cost of time or money for a long period of years.

Elaborate work was also done in the way of originating or creating material wherever such a course was deemed advisable. The time for this was opportune. There were throughout this vast area hundreds of prominent men making history, each in his own way and in his own locality, and many of these experiences, personally or through

agents or employés, I wrote down, taking their words from their own mouth, thus bringing their narratives into my collection in the form of manuscript dictations.

Some of these manuscripts covered but a few pages, others filled several volumes. Indeed whole histories were sometimes written in this way, where the personage and the period were deemed of sufficient importance, as in the case of Vallejo, before mentioned, and Juan B. Alvardo, last Mexican governor of Alta California, each writing, in Spanish, at the hand of an amanuensis furnished by me, an independent work from his own point of view.

Such, briefly are some of the ways and means by which this remarkable collection of American historical data, and this series of written histories have come into being. It can now readily be understood what would have been difficult to make plain at the beginning of this narration, namely:—

First, that this collection contains more of original American historical data than any other library in existence.

Second, that it is not only the largest collection of original American historical data in the world, but without this collection no other collection can ever hope to equal it.

Third, that no collection of equal magnitude was ever before made by a single individual, at such cost of time and money, or with equal care, thoroughness, and discrimination.

Fourth, that no state or nation in the world has had its early annals so gathered and preserved as has thus been done for the states and nations of western North America.

Fifth, that this being a collection of purely west-American historical material, and the collections of others working in the same field for the first half-century and more of national existence being merged by purchase into this collection, obviously there is little left elsewhere for another to gather, no millions of money being able to reproduce it or to purchase another like it.

It is not too much to claim that my historical writings

have doubled the value of this collection, and the collection largely increases the value of the history, as in the way of notes, references and indexes it has made possible the handling of the whole mass, or any portion of it, by future students and investigators, for the innumerable purposes which will arise in the future. In other words, the history compelled me to index the whole library, thus making it at once available to the individual scholar as well as to a corps of literary workers.

Apart from its value as literary data, its practical usefulness has already been manifested in determining questions of fact involving large public and private property interests.

With pardonable pride Californians may ever regard these treasures. Since the days of the early Egyptians men have collected books and made libraries, searching the world over and vying with each other, men with men and nations with nations, to have the largest and best, and yet here in California, during the brief period of our existence, in these most important particulars we have outstripped them all.

Thus it may be seen that a great library is not like a Carnegie building obtainable to order; it is not a work of creation but of development. It is not an article of brief manufacture but of long continuous growth, springing up ofttimes spontaneously, and flourishing in the sunshine perhaps, or it may be hidden in the shade. Nor may the term great be restricted to bulk alone. Money will quickly buy in London books enough to fill an ocean liner, and though the mass of printed matter were great it could in no sense be rightly called a great library. On the other hand, a collection of books made systematically and thoroughly along intelligent lines for a well-defined and praiseworthy purpose, at the cost of a lifetime of labor and the requisite amount of money, may truly be called great, though the number of volumes thus brought together be not more than enough to half fill that same ocean liner.

Neither is an empty building a library, howsoever deeply graven in stone over the portals the words may be which so affirm it. The way certain founders of libraries have of late of erecting a building, giving to it the name desired, and then leaving it to time and chance to supply the books if not actually dishonest is not praiseworthy. The collection usually made under such circumstances, beginning with government reports and garret emptyings, and ending in dime contributions and tea sociables is hardly worth the housing. In the formation of a library, common sense and common honesty would say spend ten dollars for good books and one dollar for housing them, rather than the reverse.

In 1883 I erected on Valencia street a fire-proof library building and moved my collection into it, since which time the Bancroft building on Market street, whence it was taken, has been twice burned to the ground while the library still lives. Later the collection passed to the University of California, at Berkeley, where it has found permanent lodgment.

CHAPTER XVIII

METHODS OF WRITING HISTORY

GRADUALLY as the historical material relative to western North America grew upon my hands I began to think more and more of its ultimate disposition. I began to feel that the original incentive, of which indeed there had been but little, would scarcely justify the ever-increasing proportions which the fad or fancy had assumed. If I had drifted into the affair merely to see how many marbles I could get, I began to think that I had about enough, all that my pockets would hold.

I considered for a time putting my gathered information into encyclopedic form, of making what might serve as a Pacific Coast supplement to any or all American or European publications. I spoke to several of my friends about it, and even went so far as to decide in my own mind whom I should have for editor to take charge of the work and become responsible for its accuracy, and what persons there were I might avail myself of for his collaborators; but I finally dismissed the idea as one not sufficiently satisfying.

Then I thought of establishing a great daily newspaper, to be placed upon a plane above any other in America, one which should deal in truthfulness and honorable endeavor, and eschew pretense, vituperation, and every shade of blackmail. I thought I could see a way in this of making good use of my library in having always at command the sources of multiform enterprise as well as the developments of the day.

I would choose for my aim the best European model,

say *The Times*, of London, modernized, made American, or better Californian, the old Thunderer but defossilized. I sounded several persons upon the subject, and my project leaked out, when presently, not at all to my chagrin, for I was by no means sure of my footing, I found that others had stepped in and appropriating my plans were getting ready to do the work. Not long afterward *The Times* newspaper, with a facsimile heading of the London *Times*, was started in San Francisco. It ran for five months when it collapsed.

More and more the desire to achieve results grew within me. I ran my mind repeatedly over what might be undertaken with my resources. I had many valuable manuscripts giving the efforts and achievements of men first in the field to break the ground for the building of new empire. I might edit and print a series of a hundred or more of these manuscripts, which would be of value in the various libraries of the world.

Still I was not satisfied. Slowly the more ambitious idea of history crept through my mind, but only to be rejected as beyond my capabilities. I loved work, and I did not care for money, but I abhorred failure.

My business was prosperous, and I felt secure that it would bring me in whatever means I should require for any reasonable purpose. Meanwhile as traffic in the city was drifting southward, and my quarters at Montgomery and Merchant streets, even with additional storage rooms on Clay street, were restricted, I concluded to let my historical instincts lie fallow while I provided a more suitable housing for my book business.

I determined to build; but to obtain a suitable site was the first consideration. There was but one direction open to me. I started from where I stood and canvassed every piece of property on both sides of Montgomery street to Market. They were all out of the question, being cut up into small holdings with substantial buildings on them. I

continued out Market street. Lots on the north side were too angular and inconvenient for my purpose. Finally on the south side of Market street, between Third and Fourth streets, I found a place where possibly I might get in an entering wedge.

At first there was only one lot available, twenty-five by one hundred feet. A four-story frame building stood on it, and the price was thirty thousand dollars. This was in 1869. I found I could get two lots in the rear, fronting on Stevenson street, each twenty by seventy feet, for six thousand dollars each. A Frenchman owned the twenty feet adjoining for which he demanded twelve thousand dollars. The two lots adjoining on Market street belonged to Mr. Somers, who did not wish to sell, but in order to secure a good building for the block he kindly consented to move southward, provided he could get the same space on the same side of Market opposite Dupont street.

I obtained options on every thing, including the Frenchman's lot, and gathered my company early one day into Mr. Tobin's office over the Hibernia bank, then at the corner of Montgomery and Market streets. There were five transactions to be consummated, the failure of any one of which would spoil the whole. Suffice it to say that after a long day of some anxiety the sales and purchases were satisfactorily completed.

Some time afterward having occasion to borrow some portion of the money for building, with Mr. Tobin's abstract of title I applied to Mr. Burr of the San Francisco Savings and Loan Society. Yes, I could have the money, a hundred thousand dollars, at eleven per cent. per annum and eight hundred dollars lawyers' fees for passing upon the title.

As Mr. Burr was not a lawyer, and as the somewhat intricate title had already been firmly established by a competent person, Mr. James de Fremery, a director in the Burr bank, took exceptions to Burr's methods, withdrew from the bank, and organized the San Francisco Savings

Union upon equitable principles, with Lovell White and Alexander Campbell as cashier and attorney respectively, and whose dealings, like those of their neighbor the German Savings and Loan Society, have ever been examples of high integrity. A generation has passed away and the old Burr bank and the de Fremery bank may now be seen united as the Savings Union bank of San Francisco at Grant avenue and Market street.

Upon the completion of the Market street building I placed my library on the top floor with a man in charge. I was then obliged to give my whole attention for a time to business. I had allowed prosperity of late to carry me along a little too fast. The completion of the overland railroad had upturned and disarranged matters to the discomfiture of some and the ruin of others. To a few it was a benefit; to many it brought disaster.

In the first place, in anticipation of what the railroad would do for the country business had expanded and real-estate values had become inflated. Sales were extensive, much borrowed capital being used. And now when everybody wanted to sell and settle up, prices dropped and transactions became limited.

The arbitrary action of the railroad men intensified distress. All at once they had become masters of men, and all the people were their enemy. Inquiry was met by insult; it would be a poor railroad man who should give to a passenger a civil answer. The law was laid down regarding freight charges, and a system of espionage inaugurated. A scale of charges was established, and to secure the lowest rate the merchant must get his goods all out by rail; he should not lend his advantages to another; he could not bring goods over the line for one who used Cape Horn vessels or the Isthmus route; he should not sell goods to any one not a favored patron of the railroad, and so on.

In place of the palmy days so long anticipated when every one was to be rich and happy, California suddenly

found herself under a cloud of commercial despotism such as would cause a feudal baron to blush with shame. Revenge, too, was sweet, and all who had offended during the period of construction were made to suffer. Reprisal was the order of the day. Towns as well as individuals were placed under ban. It was not forgotten or forgiven of San Francisco that the citizens had preferred to give six hundred thousand dollars rather than take stock where they had no confidence either in the enterprise or in the men who managed it.

Finally, the books of all doing business with the railroad should be open to the inspection of its agents at all times. But all this I have presented in a former chapter of this *Retrospection*.

An unlooked for pusillanimity, I am sorry to say, appeared among the people. There were but few of them of the old stock; aliens had come in; even the old merchants were afraid; some failed, others declined business and departed from the country; there was no talk of tearing up the rails and hanging the offenders as might have been heard in times past; they did not even band for mutual protection, these timid traffickers, as the men of Chicago had done; there was too much of the subservient blood of Europe in their veins; each was looking out for his own safety.

And so continued this tyranny with certain modifications for a period of forty years, until as we hope the end has come, and for which let us thank God and Governor Johnson.

The hard times held in check historical aspirations. In common with others who had anticipated a rich harvest on the completion of the railroad, my affairs had become unduly expanded. Besides building on Market street, and adding manufacturing in all its branches to an already extensive mercantile business, organized with a score of departments each under a competent head, I had erected an elegant dwelling at California and Franklin streets,

getting out hard-wood finish from New York, roofing-slate from Vermont, and tiles and stained glass from England.

Anticipating an advance in prices of real-estate, I had bought lots farther out on Market street which I could not now sell except at a serious loss. But suffice it to say, with some battlings and many bad quarters of an hour I weathered the storm, which indeed had finally swept over the whole financial world, and came out into the open sunshine again little the worse for the conflict. And with what is usually regarded as justifiable pride in a merchant, I should like here to remark, that in all my business career I have never failed to pay a just debt nor asked for an extension.

I began to consider seriously declining business altogether, or at least so much of it as might seriously interfere with my history-writing, which I had now firmly resolved to undertake. I had been long enough bound down to working only for money, and the occupation had become distasteful to me. I had no expensive indulgences, and I had money enough both for my family and for carrying on my historical investigations. And, although but for this infatuation I should have more to spend and should have been able to save up some millions for my children—for I could always make and save money when I tried—yet from first to last there never was one among them who was not more enthusiastic in my historical aspirations, and more solicitous for me to proceed, and more confident of my success than ever was I myself.

I never imagined that any thing I might accomplish would possess any high degree of merit other than that of absolute reliability. The simple truth in plain language was all I aimed at, and if any doubted my judgment or questioned my inferences, there before the reader should be the sources of my information from which he might draw his own conclusions. I had no imaginary axes to grind, no ulterior ambition in view.

As a financial proposition I was publisher enough to know that such work did not pay, and poorly equipped as I was in ability and experience I never hoped to achieve fame. I appreciated the situation only so far as to see that howsoever crude might be my effort, there was here an opportunity to do for this western America more extensive and complete work than had ever been accomplished for any other country in the way of gathering and preserving its early history. I was here upon the scene at the psychological moment, able and willing to do an important work which no one else would undertake and which could not be done later.

I had always possessed a strong predilection for achieving something in literature. I should engage in this work, if at all, purely for the love of it, and in the hope that it might prove useful. It was personal gratification alone that prompted me; it was purely a love of literature, a desire to do something more in the world than buying and selling and getting gain that urged me on as an impelling force to this undertaking, and this was the only reward I ever promised myself or expected.

Nor was I slow to appreciate my further advantages, which I might recognize without egotism. I was in possession of the means wherewith to accomplish my purposes. I had sufficiently emancipated myself from business as to give me the time I required. I was full of my subject, and full of enthusiasm regarding it. And finally I could devote to it, if my life should be spared, the energy and intelligence which gave me to know what I wished to accomplish, and the singleness of purpose and directness of application of one mind for a series of years without the interference of government officials or board of directors.

I am quite sure that the main object in my mind in the reduction of this mass of material to practical proportions, and placing its contents in print in the form of historical narration was that it should be useful to the present and

future generations laboring in the many fields which it covered.

I knew that if I shirked or neglected this task it would never be done, but that masses of valuable knowledge would be thrown away as impossible of utilization and so lost to the world forever. As it turned out I have only to refer the reader to the solid pages in my history of references to the books and manuscripts in my library, thus brought forward into the light and made to live in literature. No one would ever have been insane enough to make such an attempt without the ways and means at hand to carry it through.

In writing of the present or proximate times the wise historian will confine himself as nearly as possible to a simple narration of events without speculation and without dogmatizing. Opinions too strongly asserted are seldom free from prejudice. The best work for a historian of his own time is to state facts and give the authorities. No such work can be worthless.

I thus realized that with this wealth of material something important could be done, but what or how I could not tell, and long after the business of the day was over my mind would dwell upon the subject until it became an obsession.

I saw at once that without assistance I could accomplish but little, and the question was how to utilize the work of others in historical research. What could I do? Here was work for twenty men for twenty years—and in truth it proved to be in the end much more than that. It made my head ache and my heart sink to think of it.

Confronted by mixed masses of material, 16,000 books maps and manuscripts rapidly increasing to 60,000, with 500 broken files of newspapers amounting in numbers to many thousands, in various languages, issued at widely different dates and places running through the century, their contents invaluable as relating to early events—this for the material; as for the men or machinery wherewith

to reduce the mass to manageable proportions, there were none.

Nothing at hand available to attack the proposition, or even to throw out hints of how it might be done. Even had there been present all the learning and experience of the universities of Europe and America, of what avail were it? Of what avail in this quagmire of erudition were gentlemen of the old school, accustomed only to pluck flowers of philosophy along the beaten paths of knowledge made pleasant by the mediations of many who had gone before; of what avail the expert master of psychological mysteries for a plunge into this murky mass, therefrom, as he would say, to reflect adequately the deep human significance and scientific importance of the collective life which should be there?

Psychological speculations upon the action of mankind under given conditions, with economic elucidations as to what is and will be, howsoever interesting and profitable for the student is not all of history. The many able professors in our universities who stand in the world's front rank as analysts of human phenomena should not forget those who have gone before, that the field of their speculations has been many times written over from various viewpoints, and that without this labor of others they could have accomplished but little; that in every line they write they are in a measure applying the thoughts and accomplishments of others to their own elaborations.

This is one of the many emergencies I had to meet in my literary exploitations of a trackless field, a task long since and in various ways performed for those who confine their speculations to the beaten paths of history, a labor not always appreciated by those who derive the greatest benefit from it.

Then as now I held the highest opinion in regard to the future of these shores of the Pacific, though I was scarcely prepared for the immediate expansion of the American people such as actually occurred after the Span-

ish war. As to the relative importance of historical events, however, I have always felt that the presence of the Russians at Fort Ross, or the Hudson Bay company's people at Yerba Buena were as important as the adventures of Romulus and Remus with their pet wolf.

I had neither the time nor the inclination for much speculation, my chief concern being to bring into perspective from the mixed mass before me the pertinent truths of history; and I never for a moment lost sight of the sublime significance of the unfoldings of a new civilization.

As there was a work here to be done, a work which would have itself done, and as I knew nothing but business I must apply to it business methods or none, and I had not proceeded far before I became satisfied that in no other way could any thing have been made out of the situation.

But how to go about it was the question. I understood well enough the usual way of gathering facts, extracting material, and presenting in narrative form, well digested and organized, the completed work.

The author does everything himself, investigates, searches out sources of information, reads, analyzes, extracts, collates, and determines.

"I never trust any one to do this for me," he would say. "How should I otherwise know it to be correct? And how could I assert it to be correct if I did not know it to be so?"

So might the shipmaster say, "How shall I know this vessel to be safe unless I lay every plank?" Or the railroad builder, "Unless I drive every spike how shall I vouch for it?" True, but the world would not move forward very rapidly at that rate. I have had hundreds of men, and so has every other large employer of labor, whom I would trust in the most vital affairs as fully as I would trust myself.

All the same a strong prejudice existed among the scholars and writers who had spent their lives in preparation for work along the old lines against an innovation

which practically rendered their way obsolete; and every one knows that it is not easy, once having become accustomed to certain methods, whether in the way of law, medicine or theology, which by many for many years has been held to be the only right way, it is not so easy to discard it even though another way is proved to be better.

On moving my collection from its original place at Montgomery and Merchant streets, I was able to give it spacious quarters upon the upper floor of the new Market street building, where were good light and air and all the adjuncts of a model literary work-shop. The library room was 170 feet long and forty feet wide, with my own private rooms adjoining. All the available wall space of the library room was covered with well filled shelves, a portion of the middle space being utilized later as the collection became enlarged.

A plan finally took shape in my mind, after considering and rejecting many others, which enabled me to begin. It was first to index the entire collection as one would index a single book. To this end five long tables were made and placed lengthwise in the middle of the library room. On either side of the tables were seated the indexers, the number being usually kept at about thirty. At a volume a day each, twenty thousand of the more important books might be gone over in two years. But during the progress of my work the number of volumes increased threefold, which increase had to be met as best I was able.

To prevent the index from scattering the extracted information over too wide a range of subjects, forty themes were given out, under which all real knowledge might be classified, subordinate lines being added as occasion required. Thus under mines would be brought together all the mines throughout the entire territory, the sub-titles, as Zacatecas 1681, Coloma 1848, bringing together all existing local information, a thousand different mining districts being thus brought under one heading, yet each district

complete in its arrangement, and all distinct one from another. So with regard to other subjects, as Agriculture, Botany, Manufactures, and so on.

The indexers were selected from those applying as best I was able to distinguish in some measure which were the more promising. These were instructed by those I had drilled, their work proved and passed upon by the one in charge of the table, who also gave out the books and kept an account of what was done.

My assistants, here as elsewhere, were educated men of all ages and degrees of competency and of all nationalities. The trial of an hour decided the fate of some, while others were promoted to more advanced positions, and retained their place some of them for ten or twenty years.

Next came the extracting of all the information extant upon each of the several localities thus brought together and placed within reach by the index. Comparatively few were able to stand the test of competency in this work, as besides absolute accuracy certain literary ability was required to write it out in proper form. Out of a thousand indexers perhaps a dozen might be found, and if in that dozen there should be one or two who could render me real assistance in arranging, revising, rewriting, condensing, adding, eliminating, or whatever else was essential to assure proper narration, I felt myself fortunate indeed.

With my subject well in hand, the treatment mapped in my mind, conflicting statements reconciled and knotty questions settled, I composed rapidly, whether writing out my narrative or dictating to a stenographer.

During the following six years of preparation, a general plan, covering my entire field of effort, developed in my mind, which I carried out successfully, though modified as the work progressed to meet emergencies.

Central America, being first of the continental discoveries and occupation by Europeans, obviously should be the proper starting point.

So I began there with the coming of Columbus, and Rodrigo de Bastidas, and Vasco Nuñez de Balboa to this weird land of strange adventure and romantic experiences.

At every turn the natives interposed, forced upon the issues of the moment before all things else except gold. For a time I floundered about trying to overcome or evade them. If I passed them by too briefly their agency in conquest and occupation would remain ill-understood; if I stopped to describe them properly, who and what they were, and why they so behaved, the continuity of my work would be affected, events become misplaced, and the thread of the narrative broken or lost.

There was but one thing I could do; to get rid of them I must write them up.

Thus originated my first work, *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America,* in five octavo volumes, with many maps and illustrations.

My system worked admirably here. It focused to the paper beneath my pen every peculiarity, every phase of form and feeling of all the many several tribes and nations, of whatsoever degree of culture or of savagism, inhabiting the seaboard and interior all the way from Alaska to Panamá.

I first mapped out the country and then arranged the detail for the treatment of the subject, directing my assistants to lay out the material so arranged for my use. Beginning at the north I called the first division Hyperboreans, the second Columbians, followed by the Californians, and the wild tribes and civilized nations of Mexico and Central America, I gave separately and at length their respective manners and customs, their mythologies, languages, and primitive history.

It was fortunate in several respects that it so fell out that this should be the first of the series to be written and published, as for a new and untried author it was less difficult of accomplishment than the subsequent volumes, less open to criticism, and more immediately useful to scholars.

The volumes when published brought my undertaking at once into favor, and secured for me a high reputation for faithful and efficient effort.

Soon after their publication I received letters from Doctor Draper, President Porter of Yale College with a complimentary degree, Mr. Lecky, Sir John Lubbock, and Herbert Spencer commending the book in the highest terms. Emerson, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others were also profuse in words of appreciation and praise.

Then along similar lines I continued writing and publishing my histories, issuing one volume at a time, the whole period of publication covering fifteen years.

After *Central America*, in three volumes, came the *History of Mexico* in six volumes, covering a period of nearly four hundred years. I soon saw that the allotted space was too limited properly to include the exploitation of the northern states of the republic, and the secession of Texas; I concluded therefore to embody this latter work in two volumes entitled *History of the North Mexican States and Texas.*

Then followed the *History of California*, in seven volumes; *Arizona and New Mexico*, one volume; *Northwest Coast*, two volumes; *Oregon*, two volumes; *Washington Idaho and Montana*, one volume; *British Columbia*, one volume; *Alaska*, one volume; *Utah*, one volume; *Nevada Wyoming and Colorado*, one volume; *Popular Tribunals*, two volumes; *California Inter Pocula*, one volume; *California Pastoral*, one volume; *Essays and Miscellany*, one volume; and *Literary Industries*, one volume.

All of these volumes contain numerous references to the sources of information whence it was derived. I desired above all accuracy in the statement of facts, and in their elucidation good judgment and fairness of decision in relation to men and things.

I adopted a system of checks and counter checks which rendered it almost impossible for an error to pass the proof-

reading, no matter how many pages of references there might be in a chapter. In one instance, however, where there were two editions of the same book paged differently, one edition was given in the list of authorities while the references were made to the other edition. The error was not detected until half of the edition had been sent out. Every copy, however, was immediately called in and the proper corrections made, though involving no small labor and expense, as the books had been widely scattered in the delivery. No other instance of the kind ever happened with me, nor have I ever had pointed out to me an uncorrected error in the references, notes or text.

My method evolved itself from the necessities of the case. I had no one to confer with. There was available no person of experience whom I might engage to assist me, and had there been such it would have made no difference, for never before had there been such an undertaking as the reduction to forms available of such a mass of raw material as that which was now before me.

The coöperative method of history-writing, wherein some score of expert scholars or professors each contribute a monograph upon that part of the subject with which he is most familiar, the whole being planned and put together by an editor, had not yet come into vogue, nor did it until after my work was published and my method eyed askance by professionals.

Still later appeared another form in which to present historical information, the encyclopedic, on which are engaged many writers, great and small, the names of none but the more prominent being mentioned. This differs from the coöperative method only in degree, the latter giving a volume to an epoch or an episode while the former is more topical, from a few lines to many pages being given to a single subject.

The vastness of my plan made it appear chimerical in the eyes of some, yet it was clearly enough to be seen that

the old system must pass away, that there was a limit to individual endeavor, and that henceforth no extensive historical investigation would be undertaken by one man alone.

An elaborate publication was brought out by the librarian of Harvard university, consisting of monographs by different writers on historical subjects arranged chronologically by the editor and printed as history. The work is historical but it is not history in the ordinary sense, it is not a systematic record of past events.

A few persons only ever understood the situation. I was far from understanding it myself at the start. I had nothing to go by. Never before had such work been undertaken or accomplished by any one. Lord Kingsborough essayed an impossible task, and his ninth folio volume found him bankrupt and insane, as we have seen.

There are few similar instances on record, for there have been made by a single individual few attempts which were beyond the accomplishment of one man. Neither the individual, nor the coöperative, nor the encyclopedic, nor any other known method of writing history could have been successfully applied to my work, as no such conditions had ever before existed, and no such work had ever before been done.

History on the coöperative plan is not history, but merely phases of history by writers of various ideas and individual trains of thought welded together by a nominal editor, whose work is ill-organized and ill-digested, unassimilated, lacking unity, lacking all adequate reflection, all the "deep human significance and scientific importance of the collective life it seeks to describe," and which no one but a trained professional with a mind narrowed by conventionalism would ever undertake.

What would a so-called history of the American Revolution be, made up of disconnected papers by Patriek Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton, and edited and promulgated by Aaron Burr? Notwithstanding the numberless historical monographs and

the writing at history in what may prove to be documentary material, epitomes, and episodes, there is but little writing of history, of organized historical work, going on at the present time.

The federal government and many of the several states are constantly grinding out historical volumes without purpose or plan and which are of little use to the general reader or to any one except the writer of history competent to put the information they contain into proper form and sequence.

Obviously in all specialized work there must be a lack of uniformity which destroys continuity even where a careful plan has been formulated. Specialization is valuable in organized historical work only as prepared material to be brought into compact and consecutive form by a single mind.

All subordinate literary work was at the time of my history writing impersonal. The newspapers of that day were not loaded with the names and faces of sub-editors, reporters, and special writers until the reader became nauseated from having the same portraits placed under his nose every day in the year.

After my books appeared showing on their face research such as could not have been accomplished by one man or a dozen men, it became evident to copartnership writers that no great historical work in a new field could ever be carried out by a single person; and that even to work over old fields in the most effective way, specialists must be employed, each expert in his own sphere. Some good work was accomplished in this way though it could scarcely be called history, as I have said. The person assuming the editorship was usually selected by the publisher having the project in hand for his popularity or prominence, and who had nothing to do with the enterprise except to lend it his name, and for which he received due compensation.

In some instances he looks over the ground, makes out a list of subjects, and gives them out to the several writers

whom he regards most competent for the purpose. There is no unity in the work, no consecutive narration, no ideas to be advanced and no deductions to be drawn. The novelty of it has passed away and the method is already obsolete, and such history as is the work of one person must hereafter be confined to a few volumes such as can be encompassed by a single writer with perhaps half a dozen assistants.

Cooperative history presupposes that the reader is familiar not only with the facts of history but with the philosophy of history and needs no further enlightenment in these directions, so that the writer may give himself up to reflections on the several phases of history brought into somewhat undue prominence by special pleading.

He who labors in fields already well worked may employ other words but finds few new facts, while for the ideas which he imagines his own he is indebted to some scores of others to whom he gives scant credit.

To have turned loose into my raw material such a writer, or even to have given free rein to an able university professor, experienced in coöperative history work, yet with faculties contracted by running for a lifetime in a single rut, asking him for a proper consideration to present me over his signature a volume which should "reflect adequately the deep human significance and scientific importance of the collective life" he might be able to find in the mixed mass before him, that I might place his volume beside a dozen other volumes, by a dozen other like professors, and call it all history, writing my name in a general title-page as editor, would have proved ludicrous in the extreme.

But even had I so desired there was no such person present. I had only raw material to put at work on raw material. If ever I was to have assistants I must make them. If ever I was to reduce my material to forms available, lacking a method I must make one. I knew

what I wished to accomplish and I made no secret of it, or of the several means I employed in my efforts.

Always the doors of my library were open to all the world.

Theories and methods alike I regarded lightly so that the finished work met with the approval of the best judges, and that I fortunately had from first to last.

People have said, and I for one know it to be true, that never before since the writing of history began has any such amount of steady persistent effort of honest, earnest, well-directed and intelligent labor been given to any historical work, nor yet the half of it, whether by a government, a society; or an individual. Nor is it likely ever to occur again, it being next to impossible that the several essential conditions should ever meet again.

The merely mechanical writing was the smallest part of it. The most strenuous effort for me was in the long and arduous task of collecting, extracting, and classifying the material.

My people used to expostulate with me for giving such free references to my sources of information. They said I was not doing myself justice, and that many writers who came after me would use my work without due credit; or worse, extract all their information from my work while pretending that they had before them the original authorities.

For in all my writings, in the main, I used only the original authorities.

That my work should be seized with avidity and appropriated without credit, even by coöperative history writers and professors of high repute, to say nothing of the writers for newspapers and encyclopedias was to be expected, was in fact a gratification rather than otherwise, as showing the value of what I had done. So few of the histories made nowadays are worth stealing! The credit received from the best people amply repaid me for all my efforts.

I well knew that this would be the case, and so was not disappointed as to the result. On the contrary I was glad to find my books of use to searchers after information, and to welcome every one to their use, whether they gave me credit for the same or not, that being a small matter, as I used to tell my friends.

There were two reasons which governed me in giving the references so fully for all that I wrote: one was that the authority was entitled to the credit, and the other that my books would be the better for it.

My men used also to complain that I was not fair to myself in giving them credit for so much that they were not entitled to. I assured them that it gave me pleasure to make such acknowledgment both verbally and in my *Literary Industries.*

And so with regard to my friends and the public; although mine was the first historical effort that had ever been undertaken by a single individual on an extensive scale, on every side I heard expressions only of confidence and good will. My concern was rather about the undertaking and how it could best be accomplished, more especially with regard to arrangement, accuracy, and completeness.

It was scarcely to be expected that such innovations as I had made throughout my entire work, in gathering material, in copying archives, making translations, taking dictations, filling gaps by writing down the acts and experiences of those first to appear and take part in establishing new communities, the reduction of the conglomerate mass to forms available with the assistance of inexperienced persons trained by the author to work all of them along the same lines, all to produce similar results, as if accomplished all by a single hand; then in like manner but with a still greater degree of uniformity the several parts to be brought together, compared, discrepancies reconciled, the truth of conflicting statements ascertained, and finally laid before the author for the accomplishment of the written work, it

was scarcely to be expected that such work should escape criticism from those who knew nothing about it, or were jealous of its accomplishment.

Yet it never was severely criticized. Before proceeding far in my work, I took care not to place myself at the mercy of the local press, or of professional jealousy, but to accept judgment only from unprejudiced persons who knew nothing of me and cared nothing for my purpose. In my visits east I confined my intercourse to the best men, to literary men and scholars of highest repute, men like Charles Francis Adams, Edward Everett Hale, and Wendell Phillips, knowing that there I should meet the fairest treatment.

From first to last, as I have said, the work held no secret. My greatest safeguard was publicity. The object and the plan were known to all; the experiment with its many tests was worked out under the eye of all; each worker's work was under the eyes of every other worker, and all open to strangers, visitors being little questioned as to who they were or what they wanted.

I knew what I was trying to do, and before I had been long engaged in the effort I knew I should accomplish it. The doors of the library were never locked during working hours. Visitors entered and departed without formality, an intelligent attaché being always in attendance to show the rare and curious books and explain the nature of the work going forward. The severest drudgery I was called upon to undergo was in trying to utilize the labor of others; my only pleasure was in my own work.

It was not always easy to avoid treading on the toes of some among so many of divers prejudices. I was not only deeply interested in those whose stories I told, but I was in hearty sympathy with all who came early to this country, while the various religious beliefs, Catholic or Mormon, Jew or Gentile, were all one to me. Dear old Archbishop Alemany, one of the best and purest men that ever lived, kind hearted and tolerant withal, seeing where I had spoken

rather carelessly of transubstantiation and the infallibility of the pope, said, "They are doctrines very dear to us." I was only too glad to modify my expressions.

The Jewish rabbi took offense at a quotation I made from the Bible where I was describing how well the Jews were doing in California, and what a good country it was for them. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," were the words, as harmless as they were expressive, it seemed to me, and taken from his own sacred book of Deuteronomy. He did not like it that they kicked.

In order to ascertain what value they placed upon their brethren in Russia, I asked in case of a war on their account would the Jews join the army and go, or would they leave others to do the fighting for them.

Noticing the interest another church dignitary took in Abraham Ruef, I wondered if his church and people would prefer to have him at liberty and among them, or that their society should be purged of his presence and he be held in prison.

The logic of religion and the affections it is difficult sometimes to fathom.

It was amusing to watch the antics of the California Pioneer society, whose members many of them were no less ignorant than childish, and who became greatly excited whenever the truth was too plainly spoken regarding any one of their pet heroes.

It is the way we are made. Speak a work affecting our prejudices, and we are up in arms regardless of truth or reason. A word of censure offsets a page of praise. In my history of California I give biographical mention of some thousands of white men who came to the country prior to 1848. Praise predominates wherever possible; when not possible the truth is told, which brings a buzzing about the ears of the author from all the witless fossils of this San Francisco society of Incurables. The so-called conquest of California and the bear flag performance were fruitful topics for discordance. Tell them that the con-

quest of California was achieved at Chapultepec and ratified at Guadalupe Hidalgo, and they would not understand a word of it.

Professor Royce, of Harvard, after carefully examining my authorities concerning many disputed points, reviewed my work in his *History of California* and pronounced my deductions fair and accurate in every respect, particularly those relating to the unsavory Fremont.

Among the priests in charge of the California missions, as well as those high in ecclesiastical authority in Mexico, I found many charming men, all well educated, and most of them tolerant and affable. Whenever the cause of Christ demanded plain pugnacity, however, a champion was always at hand, as when the author of a Catholic history of California lays low in the dust the author of a non-Catholic history while appropriating the work of the latter almost bodily. The author of the Catholic history must admit the value and accuracy of the non-Catholic work while denouncing the author for his ignorance and bigotry. Less honest writers simply purloin the facts and take the trouble neither to acknowledge nor denounce.

There have been Mormon histories of Utah, and Catholic histories of Oregon, and Episcopal histories of British Columbia, but the historian who is none of these, and whose heart is in his work considers only the men and their achievements, religious beliefs having little significance except as affecting material development. Religious zeal built the missions of California, the nuclei of the coast towns from San Diego to San Francisco. Religion framed a state in the mountains of the desert, and religion overspread the valley of the Willamette with settlers, following the missionaries and measles, beneath which burdens the natives soon melted away.

In carrying forward the narration of events I found frequently, as was to be expected, a hiatus in the material necessitating special investigation to fill the gaps, as I have heretofore explained. For example, lacking Russian ma-

terial for the history of Alaska, after obtaining from St. Petersburg everything printed on Russian America in the Russian language, and copies of the manuscripts relating to the subject in the St. Petersburg academy of science, I sent Ivan Petrof, first to Alaska, making two voyages thither, and then to Washington, to the office of the secretary of state, where were lodged all papers and documents which were in the hands of the Russian authorities in Alaska at the time of the transfer of that country to the United States. On the two expeditions of Mr. Petrof to Alaska he obtained much valuable material, and took important dictations from Russian and Hudson Bay company officials, while the greater part of the two years which were spent subsequently at Washington produced the most satisfactory results.

In like manner while my men were engaged in the south, copying the papers of and taking dictations from the old Californian and Mexican families, Arguello, Coronel, Estudillo, Arnaz, and Ortega of San José, Santa Bárbara, and San Buenaventura; and Bonilla, Altamirano, Corona, Barrios, and fifty others of Lower California, Mexico, Honduras, and Guatemala, they had instructions from time to time, as often as paucity of information was discovered, to make special effort to supply the deficiencies.

Before and after my historical exploitations northward, I made frequent journeys to Mexico and elsewhere, primarily to fill breaks in the continuity of events, but having always in view the acquisition of fresh information.

In one of my visits to Mexico, I took down, with the aid of native stenographers, a narrative of his life and career, from the lips of Porfirio Diaz, president of the republic. The interview took place at the house of General Diaz, calle de San Augustin, and occupied a fortnight. This manuscript sheds new light on this most brilliant period of the nation's history, the events of which had never been published.

I was led to write the *Resources and Development of Mexico* in this way. The book was printed in English and Spanish, and published in 1893. Two years before this, while I was at his house one day, General Diaz was going over, with no small satisfaction, what had been accomplished in Mexico during his régime, showing the marked advance that had been made in agriculture, in the exploitation of mines, in railway building, in manufactures, in schools, colleges, and intellectual development, and in the growing efficiency of the army. "I take pride in my country's advancement," he said. "I care for nothing else. I wish you would write a book telling what has been done, and what may be done, giving the condition and resources of the country."

"To do that," I replied, "would require a thorough canvass through the states for the latest and fullest data."

"I will attend to that," he said. "I will not only requisition the governors, but send special agents to gather all the information you require." Whereupon I undertook the work, he reading and passing upon it as it was going through the press.

In the archiepiscopal archives at San Francisco, at the mission of Santa Bárbara, at Santa Clara, and other centres of ecclesiastical lore, as well as in the county archives of Los Angeles and other pueblos, epitomes and abstracts were made at various times by my various secretaries, ex-governors judges and generals often serving in that capacity, thereby adding their own knowledge to that which they found written in the musty folios which they drew forth from their hidden recesses and gave to the light of day in the form of added manuscripts for the use of my historical work.

While conducting the *Evening Post* in San Francisco Henry George brought me the manuscript of his *Progress and Poverty* and left it with me to look over. Few books of a serious character had as yet been written in California.

There was a large volume on military law by H. W. Halleck, but as the author was neither military man nor lawyer out of the common, when he fell his book went with him.

Upon examination of *Progress and Poverty* I became satisfied that if issued from so unimportant a literary centre as San Francisco it would not receive the attention it deserved at the east and in Europe. This I explained to Mr. George and advised him to take it to New York for publication, which he did.

One day Dom Pedro II of Brazil came upon me unceremoniously and manifested a great interest in my work. He was on a tour of inspection throughout the United States, eager to adopt any new ideas beneficial to his country.

He placed at my services whatever there might be of use to me in the archives at Rio de Janeiro, and also obtained for me all that I required from Portugal.

I might go on reciting experiences like these to the end of the volume, so I may as well stop here.

And while my copious notes and references threw open to all the world the sources of my information, and while many writers and compilers used my volumes without due credit, others of a different sort pursued a different course. Nevertheless I can truthfully say that from first to last I never felt any lack of appreciation of my work, and from the best men, from scholars of highest repute, I always felt I was receiving more praise than I deserved.

This *Retrospection* I finish on this my eightieth birthday.

My work is done.

CHAPTER XIX

ASIA AND AFRICA IN AMERICA

OF the several dark-skinned races that met western civilization in America the Japanese though latest to arrive were quickest to respond to its influence; the African was the slowest; while the Chinaman, the most advanced of the three, and as an economic asset the best for low-grade labor in the world, was so sterilized by ages of inaction as to be impervious to the modifying influences of progress.

In 1848 there were but three Chinese in California; 700 came in 1849, 3000 in 1850, about the same number in 1851, and 10,000 in 1852. Then a sharp decline, the tide setting in the other way, and that without expulsion laws. More came later, and again the tide turned; whence it appears that California is not altogether and forever a paradise for the celestial.

Nippon did not even awake at the call of gold, nor yet until Commodore Perry knocked so loudly at her portal, threatening if not opened to break it down.

A true story of the Asiatics in America illustrates not only the elasticity of our old puritan principles, and certain glaring defects in our republican systems, but it brings home to us as well the amazing gullibility of the American people. "A century of dishonor" Helen Hunt calls our treatment of the Indians; she might add another century and include the Chinese.

The first reception of these ancients of the Asiatics by the best men of San Francisco,—or should I say by the white devils of this weird environment as best befitting the

thoughts of the visitors,—may be better described in the words of an eye-witness than in a report at second hand.

Albert Williams, the founder of the First Presbyterian church in San Francisco, in 1849, a good man of sound mind and practical ability, minister of Christ, friend of the sick and suffering, friend of the stranger, working for no earthly reward, working with other good men in this sometime hell-hole of gold and gambling, working with Frederick Billings, with Governor Mason, with George W. P. Bissel and others of that stamp, thus writes:—

"Very naturally the trade of California with the opposite shore of the Pacific originated. Soon as the news of the discovery of gold reached its ports, ships lying in them were loaded and dispatched to the California market. Arriving at a time when goods of all kinds almost were in demand, cargoes were readily disposed of, and the vessels returned for second loadings. Here was demand, there was supply. An active though limited trade with China engaged leading mercantile houses in San Francisco. Finley Johnson & Co., Osborn and Brannan, G. B. Post & Co. and others embarked in the trade. Articles of American and European growth and manufacture in the Chinese market found their opportunity to meet the new demand, products of China, tea, sugar, rice, and fruits were sent in quantities. This course of trade became settled, the importance of the business was felt and commented upon. At length communication with China by steamship was mooted. J. H. Osborn of San Francisco was foremost in urging upon the United States government the establishment of a mail steamship line between San Francisco and Hong-Kong. The end was accomplished.

"Looking back to its commencement, it is seen that in the track of the newly opened trade the Chinese themselves came to our shores. At first the number was few, so few as hardly to attract attention. Like other immigrants they came as adventurers, they were importers and

jobbers. Very few were in other employments. Nearly all were merchants. They were intelligent, and by their orderly demeanor they commended themselves to the public confidence and respect, their number steadily though slowly increased. In the summer of 1850 there were about one hundred Chinese in San Francisco. The first public recognition of their presence in our city was made an occasion of general interest. Consignments of Chinese books and tracts, secular and religious, having been sent to us, it was suggested by their consular agent, Frederick A. Woodworth, that a public distribution should be made of the publications among the resident Chinese. Arrangements were accordingly made by a committee consisting of Mr. Woodworth, Mayor Geary, and Mr. Williams. In the afternoon of the 28th of August, 1850, their entire number assembled and were conducted in procession, two by two, to a large platform on Portsmouth square. In their rich national costume, not omitting the costly fan to shelter them from the sun, they were objects of marked observation. In turn they were addressed, through Ah Sing, the interpreter, by Mr. Woodworth, Mayor Geary, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Williams, the several speakers united in expressing the pleasure shared in common by the citizens of San Francisco in their presence, the encouraging omen of opening friendly intercourse with their country, the hope that more of their people would follow their example in crossing the ocean to our shore, and finally charging them with a message to their friends in China that in coming to this country they would find welcome and protection. The dignified manners and general attractive bearing of the China boys, as Mr. Woodworth familiarly styled them,—others said they bore the appearance of mandarins,—called forth universal commendation. The *California Courier* making note concerning them expressed the general sentiment. 'We have never seen a finer-looking body of men collected together in San Francisco,' it said; 'in fact, this portion of

our population is a pattern for sobriety, order, and obedience to laws, not only to other foreign residents but to Americans themselves.' ''

Such was the estimate of the situation placed by these representatives of the American people then in San Francisco, a newly opened port of the advanced civilization, and nearest the celestial regions of the cultured heathen who now for the first time timidly approached our shores in response to pledges of good faith and courtesy.

It was the voice not of aliens or demagogues but of true men not yet demoralized by prosperity, of true Americans, sons of those who had come for conscience sake, and had called from the wilds to all the world, "Come over to us and be free!"

It was the voice of humanity, of fraternity, calling to the victims of the old world despotisms and superstitions. More to the point, perhaps, in the minds of these utilitarian occupants of the San Francisco dunes, it was the voice of good business. Here for the first time in history met upon the most friendly and favorable terms the latest civilization of the West and the remotest civilization of the East.

It was an opportunity such as could come but once to any people, an opportunity such as the powers of Europe would have fought for if fighting could accomplish the purpose; an opportunity for the statesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, the philanthropist, the proselytist, an opportunity for us to make the whole of China our sphere of influence, and give us the beneficent guardianship of half a continent older than England and richer than India.

And we threw the chance away. The insensate folly of it! Congress was occupied with that dismal curse of Africa, the enslaved black man and his master, and had no time to talk of continents; besides, the celestial empire was far away. The politician was thinking of place, the journalist of patronage, and the agitator of his dinner; these, the masters of the situation, united their strength for pelf. What cared they for principalities and powers, for the

glory of Yankeedom, for the prosperity of the United States, or even for remote advantages to themselves!

The friendly emissaries from far Cathay returned home and reported. They told their people, the mild-eyed dwellers upon the streams of paradise, and the sterner inhabitants of the celestial hills, that the foreign devils lately arrived upon the opposite shores though white and bearded were not evil-minded beings, but good devils, friendly and kind, ready to share with them their gold and give them their clothes to wash, their ditches to dig, and lordly aliens to wait upon. So with the rest of the world came the Chinese to California, specially invited thither, though spurned and scourged on their arrival, and for fifty years thereafter.

The Japanese, their emergence from exclusiveness at the call of Commodore Perry, their marvelous development, their deeds at arms and their coming hither in unwelcomed numbers are incidents known to all, but the story of the Chinese in America has never been fully or fairly told. It is a tale not particularly pleasing, not specially creditable to a people professing broad benevolence, love of equity, and filled with a desire to benefit the world, to enlighten and civilize and Christianize every nation of whatsoever color or creed.

It is a tale of patient endurance on the part of a people not altogether lovely, and by no means altogether vile; a people whose nation, buried under the accumulations of its own numbers, is still dreaming life away in its old half-civilization, and yet with vitality enough, with temerity hitherto unknown among its members, for some to pledge dearly loved wife and children for passage to the wilderness across the fearful waters, where they might gather a little gold with which to return and make them all happy forever after.

The rude encounter they were called upon to undergo at the outset with a dominant race, which too often de-

lights in its rudeness, was small as compared with their relentless persecution by demagogues and politicians high and low, by a servile press and a thoughtless people, all under protection of a great and good government that delights in dealing out fair justice to the white man and to the black man, but which balks when up against the yellow man. Color-blind, or color-wise, or color-crazed, which? The anarchistic Italian, called white; the cannibalistic African, known to be black, fine material for American citizenship even though fresh from his native jungle and of the proper shade, but pale yellow is an off color in federal dispensations. So decreed the sapient law-makers at Washington, incited thereunto by alien agitators and a prostituted press.

In the face of these influences what could they do, the merchant, the farmer, the manufacturer, the professor, the preacher. A true expression of opinion would bring upon them unpopularity and loss of patronage; it were easier to float with the tide. So the iniquity must be continued, not for ourselves or for the good of the country, but to please the fancy and gratify the passions of low-grade Europeans who had no more right to dictate terms than had those they would drive away.

It was in the placer mines of California, in the early gold-gathering days, that Chinese working-men first made their appearance in any considerable numbers in America. To the somewhat unlearned and inexperienced mid-continent Americans who came hither from the opposite direction upon the same errand, they were a queer humanity. Eyes aslant and long tail of braided hair; half-shaved scalp with black stubs standing in the scraped yellow skin; fuzzy face with flat nose and wide-extended mouth; raiment brilliant and baggy; shuffling gait and clattering feet, high squeaking voice,—this for first glance and the outside; later, after many deep soundings for fresh iniquities to be used in their undoing, they were found to be mild and un-

offending; self-centred and retiring, yet, when cornered ready to fight with reckless indifference to danger; hard workers, economical and thrifty,—or as others would say low-wage grinders, parsimonious and niggardly.

Temperate, preferring a little of the divine drug to great measures of brain-burning drink; never seen staggering on the street, or joining in noisy riot, or begging for bed-money, or lying dead drunk with upturned bloated face in the gutter as their vilifiers are sometimes found; pagan in mind and morals and yet more Christian than many Christians;—or if one chooses, opium-smoking, devil-worshiping heathen,—yet void of small revenges, void of the many outrages that the white and black indulge in; declining to intermeddle in politics; declining citizenship, assimilation, or amalgamation; declining any new religion yet never attempting to enforce their own; declining boycotts, strikes, and dynamiting; declining theft of franchise, looting, and the usual official vileness; asking but little in the way of free education, free prisons, hospitals, or asylums.

From an industrial point of view they are the best class for certain work that comes to this country, and if our morals and Americanism cannot survive their indifference, we had better reconstruct ourselves. Indeed that they do not desire close relationship, but are satisfied to do our drudgery, disturbing nothing, stealing nothing, and then retire, is one of the best features of the case.

When the American miners saw these strange beings from the ancient east pecking at the placers, they cried "Scat!" as to ground-squirrels in a field of grain. For was not this their country, for which somebody sometime had bled and died; was not this the land looted from Mexico by Polk's politicians, and was not the gold thereof their very own? True, there were present other foreigners, who were likewise interlopers, Mexicans, Kanakas, and tropical islanders, English, French, and Germans.

The Europeans, however, did not fly away so readily at

the shouting of "Scat!" but seemed able to take care of themselves; so the patriotism of the Americans might all be saved to discharge at those of dusky skin.

While the yield was plentiful and the gold-picking easy it seemed scarcely worth while to quarrel over the relative rights of American citizens and foreigners. A little way back in the Sierra there were probably many mother lodes, mountains of metal, perhaps, from which pieces and particles had been brought down to the foot-hills by the water and the ice, places where mule trains might be loaded with gold and ships bear away cargoes of it. But the gold mountains could not be found, and the weary prospectors came back from their wanderings, and the miners returned to their old claims, driving out those who had taken possession during their absence.

Other rumors of other great gold deposits were heard, and away rush the mercurial miners only again to return, which they must do or starve. At first a claim that did not pay an ounce a day to the man was not worth having, but when forced to it they were content with eight dollars, and then with four dollars a day, below which returns white men would not work, though the Chinamen held on, scratching around abandoned claims and working over several times the old tailings, content to secure even a dollar a day. So the Chinese remained at their gold-gleanings long after the white men had given them up, and still the press and politicians baited them.

Meanwhile among the miners whenever sport was afoot there were plenty of participants. And what could be better fun for a band of patriots in defense of their new gold-giving country, on a warm Sunday afternoon, filled with Sunday whiskey, than a raid on a Chinese camp to see the celestials fly? Mounted on mustangs with pistols popping, away they go, into the valley of death, the brave fellows; when shall their glory fade? "What in hell are these heathen doing here any way, carrying off our gold, and leaving only a hole in the ground!"

But when it came to knife practice pure and simple, if peradventure some unlucky wight got his queue cut off too near the shoulders, the raiders were always ready to apologize for the mistake like gentlemen.

No one dare frown and say "infamous" on their return, and get a pistol-ball in his hat for his pains. The rumseller would not say so, nor the store-keeper who sold them goods, nor the hotel man, nor the humble ones who found profit in minding their own business.

The aspirant to legislative honors laughed loudly over these brave exploits, promising laws that should fix the foreigners, and so reaping a harvest of votes.

After all it was only a freak of the miners which started it, and which led to such unhappy results both in the United States and in the British colonies, for had no steps been taken in the one case they would not have been taken in the other. The migratory gold-diggers really cared nothing for the little that could be gathered from their leavings; the farmers always wanted Chinese help, particularly in their households, and few factories could long continue without them. The press and politicians found profit and patronage in keeping up the agitation; nothing was to be gained by taking up the other side; there were few to speak a good word for the Chinamen, so that it was thought that more were against them than was really the case.

In the city streets likewise, Johns and demijons appeared as funny fellows as they with their almond-eyes and pigtails, their wooden shoes and shiny dress, a candle-snuffer on the head and a balancing pole with baskets over the shoulder. It made them laugh and play, the nice little boys on their way home from Sunday-school, who would throw stones at them and pull their pigtails, while the big boys to show their bravery would give them a kick or throw dirt in their eyes, the tormented strangers making no resistance.

Then up sprang Dennis Kearney, out of the bogs came he, and his one cry from first to last was, "The Chinese must go!"

Why must the Chinese go, Mr. Kearney; and by what authority do you come hither all the way from Kilkenny to order any one out of America?

"Bedad they take the work from our wives, and the bread from our childer, and lave us no cesspools to clane, and we wouldn't clane 'em if they did."

And if they do thus and so have they not as much right here as you? Is it the mission of the American people to find work for the Irish? Are we commissioned by the Almighty to provide for the European and drive out the Asiatic?

Suppose you talk less, Mr. Kearney, and go to work. Regard the Chinese with an unprejudiced eye; there is much you may learn from them to your advantage if you will profit by their example. There is room here for both of you if you will step back a little way and not place yourself quite so much in evidence.

Yet ever and forever, on this Market street sand-lot in San Francisco at the triangular Yerba Buena cemetery, in front of where the city hall was later placed, mounted on a drygoods box the cry goes forth from this blatant Irishman, "The Chinese must go!"

Standing by listening to the chaste eloquence of Dennis, and meditating thereon were the impecunious politician, the demagogue, and the embryo walking delegate, for here sprang up in a night these several champions of labor, each to depend forever after on the labor of others for his food and clothes.

Then the white working-man, who had votes and spent money, fancying himself ill-used as he was constantly kept informed, took up the cry, and soon there was not a newspaper or politician in the country that dared speak a favorable word for the Chinese.

It was the irony of impudence the appearance upon the

sand-lots of the city hall of the scum of Europe crying out orders to the American people, and stranger still that the American people should hear and obey.

The charges formulated against the Chinese were false in every particular, or if true were not serious. Far worse might be said of their accusers. All were predicated upon the hypothesis that Europe and Africa have rights in the United States which Asia has not, and that it is our duty as between the Irish and the Chinese to consider the welfare of the former alone. The same line of argument, if arguments such assertions can be called, was followed by all, sand-lotter, demagogues, statesmen, and editors; yet the only true reason why the presence of the Asiatic among us was undesirable was because he did not vote, although none of them took the trouble so to state it.

If all these fatuous charges failed to convince, the demagogues would sometimes fall back upon the truth, and give the real reasons why they opposed the coming of the Asiatics, which were solely individual and selfish—it would not pay them to do otherwise.

Even the white working-man did not care how many of these little yellow things came to America, well knowing they were no match for him, until he was persuaded by his masters, the politicians and labor leaders, that some sort of wrong was being perpetrated against him. Then on the sand-lots, the intelligence thence radiating throughout the state, throughout the world, the Chinese were everything that was wicked and undesirable, while their virtues were turned into grossest vice. "The Chinese must go!" cried Dennis, demagogues repeating, "The Chinese must go!" a subservient press echoing "must go" and from distant Washington the wail of elusive votes "must go!"

Ah, men of sense, is this your boasted republicanism, a government by the people for the people? Rather a government by wild Irishmen, for wild Irishmen and self-serving labor leaders!

Wherefore it appears that some of us do not want the Asiatic in America. We will take his tea, his silks, and his works of art but we do not want him. The nations of Christendom are willing to exploit his country and parcel out his lands among them, retaining the inhabitants to work them, though they abhor slavery, unless it be such slavery as India enjoys.

Should admittance to the celestial lands on these or other satisfactory terms be denied them, they could batter down the doors with their guns as did England when out with a chip on her shoulder peddling her India opium, or as gallant Commodore Perry threatened to do if the little apes delayed him too long while standing on their holy dignity. True, we deny them admittance to our shores; but that is different.

What is the matter with the Chinese working-man? Is he lazy and ultra-amorous like the negro, anarchistic dirty and revengeful like the Italian, thieving and vermiparous like the Slav, or impudent and intermeddling like the Celt and Teuton?

Are not their merchants as honorable as our high-crime bankers and corporate capitalists, and are their dens of vice more repulsive than our Barbary coast and classic Tenderloin? Is it because they are not quarrelsome, do not indulge in street brawls, or stagger about drunk in public places, or fill our hospitals and penitentiaries that we so dislike them?

The Chinese will not amalgamate we are told. They care nothing for our doctrine of race suicide; they will not make love to our matrons nor marry our maids, nor breed a few millions of yellow piccaninnies for American citizenship.

They will not assimilate politically; they do not care to become voters, play policeman, or lean upon a shovel-handle over public works at three dollars a day. They do not care to control whiskey-shops, guard gambling dens, or protect restaurant palaces of ill-fame; they do not care to steal a

franchise, or loot the public treasury, or buy a seat in the United States senate. They do no care for our cathedrals, but prefer their Josh house with its thirty thousand devils. They love their own country better than ours; being outsiders and un-American, they only wish to return to their own country at the proper time, failing in which their bones must be made into a fragrant little package and sent there.

Lacking these accomplishments, lacking the essentials of American citizenship, the lords high demagogue of the nation adopt the proper means to efface them, and with their effacement to efface the most promising industries of western America, delaying economic development for half a century if not for all time.

The truth is that for common labor, factory work, and fruit farming, industries necessary to our civilization but which cannot pay a high wage and live, and which first-class American artisans and mechanics will not touch at any price, the Chinaman has no equal. He is faithful, efficient, and honest; he is cleanly, thrifty, and decent.

His alleged faults are among his most valued qualities. The fact that he does more work for less pay, that he saves his earnings and in sickness becomes a charge to no one, and that he has no desire to mix in society or intermeddle in politics are all points in his favor. For surely we should be satisfied with the dregs of humanity we have already absorbed into our body politic without desiring more. We want the Asiatic for our low-grade work, and when it is finished we want him to go home and stay there until we want him again.

This is exactly what the Chinaman himself wishes; the Japanese, on the contrary, has more subtle pretensions. He is captious, clamorous of his rights, and would like to become the equal or superior of the white race. He anticipates war, and is prying into hidden things and on the alert to learn. He is more frivolous and unreliable than the Chinese, and is not so good as a working-man, but to the

half-stranded farmer or manufacturer he is better than none.

The white race proposes to control the earth. When that time comes the working-man of to-day will want men to work for him; will he employ all white labor or use the Asiatics for some things? And will his children work or remain idle? He will control the tropics but he cannot work there. Neither will the African work tropical lands unless driven to it. If the white man would possess the tropics he must employ Asiatic labor.

We want some men in the United States for work alone. We do not need them all for governing or for breeding purposes, least of all low grade foreigners, Asiatic or European. We want some who are not for ornament, and whose aspirations are to do something for their employer, and not to overturn or supersede him.

The Chinese are the best material obtainable for domestic service. They are the solution of the domestic problem. The daughters of working-men prefer factory or other work at a less wage but with more leisure and independence, while the present class of immigrants are not good for much at anything. More than 100,000 Chinese are needed throughout the United States for household service alone, to say nothing of such occupations as hop-picking, fruit-gathering and scores of menial and mechanical industries in town and country essential to the comfort and prosperity of the people, and without the slightest injury, but rather a benefit to the American working-man.

And to this labor the farmer, the householder, the manufacturer have a right, as much right as has the southern cotton planter to employ the African, without whom, or his equivalent, which it would be difficult to find for that place, his plantation would be valueless and the nation be deprived of one of its great industries.

The American and European are best for high grade work; the Chinaman is best for low grade labor. In agriculture and horticulture the lines are distinctly drawn;

the Asiatic is good for fruit-growing but is worth nothing in grain-growing or stockraising.

The value of an alien element to a new country depends upon its adaptability to unite with the best and not with the worst classes in the community. The low European gravitates toward the lowest; the Asiatic does not; he does not gravitate at all, but remains here as at home, stationary. There are two kinds of assimilation, assimilation upward and assimilation downward. The Asiatic will not assimilate downward.

If the interests of the nation are considered, if the rights of the farmer and manufacturer as opposed to the hollow and frenzied demonstrations of press and politicians are considered, and especially if the economic development of the Pacific is worthy of attention, then steps should be taken for the protection of industries vital to the progress of this section of the commonwealth. A system of passports, or other device, might easily be arranged so that the needed Asiatic laborers could be admitted as required, and sent away when no longer needed.

The origin of the infamy, as we have seen, was in the overweening conceit of unfledged Americans turned loose in the California mines, and in the aggressive unrest of the Irish transplantation.

Passing the question of the tacit consent of the United States to the unassessed presence of foreigners working in the mines the American miner chose to feel aggrieved, or to make a pretense of suffering at the presence of interlopers, especially of timid and unoffending strangers.

In the cities the crusade was continued with greater virulence and with more disastrous effect.

Impecunious politicians standing by and hearing Dennis talk saw the opportunity for gathering for themselves a little cheap fame. They could extol the Irish and denounce the Chinese as well as any one. Some of them could even shout louder than Dennis. It was but the bray of asses,

yet men listened to the bray, shutting their ears to the words of wisdom and their hearts to every generous impulse.

During inflammatory times it is easier to incite a riot than to institute a reform. Both may be at times important agencies and Kearney adopted both. Was it a stroke of genius or simply Irish blundering that with the principle laid down of "America for Americans"—an Irishism truly—the cry was raised "The Chinese must go."

So it was not in the mines but in legislative circles on the sand-lots before the city hall and in the sanctum of editors that the real baiting of the Chinese in America was carried on.

It was in the towns and cities of the United States that the idea originated of a crusade upon a people whose barriers of exclusiveness were but a short time before broken down by Christian cannon mainly at the moment for the enforced introduction of Christian opium.

An illegal foreign miners' license law, instigated by the press and politicians and directed solely at the Chinese, was passed by the legislature. It began at sixteen dollars a month and afterward was reduced to eight dollars, and then four dollars, but even the last amount could be collected only with difficulty, and likewise being a fraud on the part of the state from the first, as it was a federal and not a state affair, the matter was dropped.

Nothing was said about refunding the money of which the Chinese miners in America was thus robbed.

Setting aside the cant of politicians and the clap-trap of newspapers, let us look fairly at this matter of Chinese exclusion as it was and is. The charges brought against the Asiatics, the reasons why they should not be admitted as laborers in the United States have been and are from first to last utterly fatuous and fallacious.

First, it was declared that if they were admitted with-

out restriction they would flood the country and extinguish us and our civilization.

Secondly, they demoralized American labor, worked for too little, spending nothing, and living upon too low a plane for decency; they were parsimonious and filthy.

Thirdly, they were conscienceless heathen, with no conception of liberal institutions, who cared nothing for citizenship and would not assimilate, socially or politically.

I believe that covers it all; and the answer is this.

First, they need not be admitted without restriction; such a course was never contemplated. Such a course should never have been allowed with regard to any people, least of all with regard to the lower class of Europeans. The Chinese have never shown any disposition to flood our shores with their people; they do not want the United States, preferring their own country. It cost them money and sacrifice to come so far and receive such ill treatment, and they could not afford to work for too little. It is a matter of record that when wages fell below a certain point the tide set in the other way, more returning home than coming here.

Secondly, they do not demoralize American labor; free American labor is a thing which cannot be demoralized. Manipulators of unionism are doing their best to demoralize, to enslave it, but they will not succeed. We want the Asiatics to perform certain labor which the better class of white men decline to do, such as acting as operatives in factories and performing all kinds of farm, fruit, and vineyard work, except teaming. The white population gravitates toward the cities, which are growing faster than the country. Immigrants from Europe prefer the city to the country. White farm hands of the rural districts as a rule are shiftless and unreliable, given to drunkenness and idling, ready to stop work at any moment and spend what they have earned. Even if they could be obtained, they are far less desirable than Asiatics, who as a rule are honest, sober and industrious, yet who require watching in

common with the rest of mankind. Until European and American labor changes its mind and attitude California must have Asiatic labor or give up fruit-farming, wine-making, the hop, the sugar-beet, and like rural industries, as well as any hope or expectation of extensive manufacturing, such as will enable us successfully to compete with the rest of the world.

Nor is American labor obliged to cheapen itself and live poorly like the Asiatics whose inferior work commands a less wage. We have already an aristocracy of labor whether we recognize it or not. Further, what we choose to call parsimony is really thrift, a quality some other working men would do well to imitate, and as for filthiness those who know the people would never make the charge.

The sink-holes of corruption in the cities, whether heathen or Christian, are about on a level as regards filth and immorality, while in respectable city households, as well as in the country, those who are forced to endure the slovenliness of many of the white servants, Teuton or Celt, would never complain of Asiatic filthiness, whether of person or surroundings.

Thirdly: And here we come to the crux of the case, the most serious of all considerations, and the only one affecting the entire Republic. And singular as it may appear, the charges here brought forward as defects, as heretofore intimated, are in reality the highest possible recommendation for the admission of Asiatics. They are utterly alien in body and soul; they are un-American and will not amalgamate. So we might say of any of our good, kind domestic animals. And shall I be forbidden the use of mules on my farm because their bray is not the bray of Dennis Kearney?

They decline American citizenship. And who shall blame them, looking upon the low alien of other climes who loafs about the street and sells his vote for half a dollar? That they decline this honor, that they do not immediately on arrival begin to study politics, should be and is the highest recommendation for their admission.

So as we see all along the line, the very charges their enemies bring against them are but a recital of their virtues—peaceable, laborious, economical, honest, sober, what more should one expect even of celestial scavengers? That they decline the use of dynamite to enforce their opinions; that they do not at once intrigue to overturn the existing order of things, whatever they may be, to swear themselves into position with good intentions—the intentions hell is paved with; that they do not at once seek to become policemen, or congressmen, to corrupt our sons, to proselyte our wives, to marry our daughters—grievous faults, and grievously have they suffered for them.

They decline American citizenship—the harpers still harping; and little wonder, we say again, when we look upon its latter-day deterioration—once superior to any Roman, now, largely galvanized refuse from foreign parts. If they would curry favor with the new régime they should discard their virtues and adopt the current vices, cease being peaceable, laborious, economical, honest, and sober, and straightway intrigue for power and place.

Nor is it a very noble figure American artisans and mechanics present grudging these little pigtails their mite from work they themselves will not touch, growling like dogs in a manger at those who make their clothes and grow their food, neither themselves helping nor permitting others to help in this most necessary of all work.

Let the builders of the Republic alone; let them alone, the farmer who provides the food, the manufacturer who weaves the raw material into articles of use and comfort, the irrigator and reclaimer of waste lands, the railroad makers, and the rest; let them have the men and beasts and implements they require in their work, and let them not be hampered by American demagogues or Irish agitators. And most senseless of all, while driving away these food-producers and raising the labor wage to the highest possible rate, to complain of the increased cost of living!

The city wage-earner is neither fit for farm labor nor

will he engage in it. Then say the Kearneyite economists, "If we cannot have fruit, and wine, and olives, without Asiatic labor we will go without." Very kind and unselfish and truly Christian and American spirit. We might answer, "If we cannot have Irishmen who will be quiet and behave themselves properly we will do without them." Have our citizens from Kilkenny any objections to the employment of Chinese in powder-mills, where they are sure to be blown up sooner or later? Mills and manufactories require thousands of operatives. It is not a suitable place for boys and girls, for men and women of European blood if we wish to elevate and improve the race. The world of humanity must be clothed and fed, and there must be workers in cotton and wool and food-stuffs. Factory work consists largely in tending noisy machines in a foul atmosphere, and continued from youth to age it is neither improving nor ennobling. The monotonous working of the machine of which the operative is but a part, the endless repetition of the same motions, the constant alertness required to avoid catastrophe, the strain upon the nerves and the rattling upon the brain all tend to deaden the mind and deform the body.

The average American wage-earner will not place his boy or girl at factory work, and yet the average American workman must have overalls. In Asia are many millions who were born a machine and will never become any thing else, who are little accustomed to clothing and who never once in their lives have known what it is to have enough to eat. To these factory work in a Christian land with a little meat and Sunday-school would be a great up-lift, a blessing and a charity to them, a benefit to a civilization requiring clothes, and a means of boundless prosperity to an imperial city.

All of which is respectfully submitted, with the permission of the gentlemen voters from Kilkenny and their satellites, senators, demagogues, and newspapers. Either this, or let our abundance of raw material go past us to Asia,

there to be worked up by these same poor heathen for the benefit of the world.

No one advocates opening the floodgates to let all Asia in, nor yet all Europe. But of the latter it is too late to speak. The damage is done, we have denationalized ourselves. The United States as an Anglo-Saxon republic is a thing of the past; the typical American is no longer Uncle Sam in evening dress, but a stocky cross between Teuton and Latin, a little taller with features less coarse. I do not say he is better or worse than the Yankee.

Though we spurn the Asiatics we send missionaries over the water to convert them to our religion; though we drive them from our shore we receive them in our free schools and universities; though we prepare ourselves to fight them we show them our arsenals and tell them all our secrets for attack and defense.

Many good men were led astray under misapprehension as to popular sentiment even as to what their own opinion might be upon intelligent consideration of the subject. Yet it is easily enough explained, the great mass of the people were not specially interested. But one side of the question was ever presented, for after the crusade had been fairly set running no newspaper or aspirant for office dare say a word in favor of the Chinese. And so the myth has been kept alive for half a century.

Business men in California from the east saw at once the importance of cultivating friendly relations with all the nations bordering on the Pacific, particularly with the four hundred millions of Chinese who needed everything appertaining to the higher civilization which Europe and America could supply—which Europe would be glad to supply if America would not. What stupendous folly to throw away all of our superb advantages at the instigation of European interlopers!

Some, perhaps, may find comfort in the reflection that but for Irish agitators and labor leaders, and the indiffer-

ence of so-called Americans to the interests of America, the United States could now be in the industrial possession of China, a thing of more stupendous value even than India has been to England.

Yet even now good Americans say, as said good Americans sixty-three years ago, "Be the first to recognize China, her independence and her grand destiny. Let us open our doors to her, and cease the insensate folly of allowing blatant aliens to regulate our international affairs."

If China continues her progression she will in due time be in a position to dictate terms as hitherto others have dictated to her. Five thousand air ships sailing over America and Europe, dropping bombs into the large cities, would cause quite a commotion.

The Japanese working-man in our midst is less objectionable than the Japanese gentleman, who delights in stirring up strife and making trouble. If any Japanese are excluded it should be the educated and ambitious class and not the working men. If all Asiatic labor is excluded the result will be an industrial paralysis such as has never been seriously considered.

Japanese labor, however, as I have said, is better than none, any thing is better than the continuation of this dog in the manger policy of union labor, which will neither do the necessary work of the nation and of its people, nor permit others to do it.

At the beginning of the century nearly all the Asiatic ports were closed to American commerce. It seems scarcely possible that it was only seventy years ago that Commodore Perry was knocking at the doors of Japan threatening to break them down if not admitted. Australia, with its millions of square miles of uncleared brush, taking alarm from the attitude of California, trembling with passion as before some invisible horror, for safety shut her doors against she knew not what and for reasons she knew not why.

We are becoming exceedingly polite to China just now,

in the hope of inducing her to spend on world's fair exhibits the amount of Boxer indemnity returned by the United States, and thus bring the Orient to America on such a scale of magnificence as has never been dreamed of. At the same time, singular as it may appear, our treatment of the Chinese landing at our ports is more barbarous than that of the most barbarous nations, men and women are regarded with suspicion and examined with rudeness and insults, like criminal suspects instead of respectable citizens of the world.

The remedy as regards Asiatic labor in America is simple enough; if we wish to restrict this sort of immigration—which we certainly do wish to restrict, and European and African as well—appoint a commission to whom farmers and manufacturers requiring workmen may apply for the needed operatives and farm hands, to be sent home when no longer required.

Japan awoke at the touch to modern civilization. China, farther advanced was slower to respond, yet now bids fair to surpass all others of dusky skin in adopting liberal government with a progressive policy. Africa, like aboriginal America, will never awake.

Turning to the African in our midst we find conditions never elsewhere existing in the history of humanity.

The Anglo-African presents a pathetic picture, a picture more touching than that of Russian Jew or Armenian Christian. However white within he must forever appear in black without. However learned he may become, however lofty his ideals or high his aspirations he must wear the badge of ignorance and servitude, he and his children forever. God hath made him so; man has re-stamped him; time brings no relief. It was a cruel kindness to enslave him; it was cruelty pure and simple to enfranchise him.

Sentimentalists say that our forefathers did the African a wrong when they enslaved him, and that we owe him reparation. It does not so appear to me. Slaves were ob-

tained from different tribes constantly at war with each other, as Mandinga, Congo, Senegal, and Nard, each speaking a language which the other did not understand.

The slaver found the object of his pursuit, as a rule, an enslaved cannibal in the hands of cannibals, to be sold or else to be killed and eaten. On the horrible slave-ships his condition was but little improved. It was from such atrocities as these that the southern planter rescued him, gave him work and made him happy. True, he did not buy him from benevolence but for profit. It was not the purpose of the slave-trade, the most infamous of human deeds since the coming of Christ, to make the negro happy. Further, only a few thousand were rescued from cannibalism, whereas millions became slaves.

It is right and proper that we should do what we can for the amelioration of the condition of that unfortunate people, but not on the ground of the cruelties or injustice practised by others.

For if ever we owed the negro aught we paid the debt many times in the war which though not for him was because of him.

When all is said, the fact remains that had the early slave-traders read and followed the American declaration of human rights, so emphasized by human wrongs, the progenitors of our Africans would have been killed and eaten, and these United States thereby have been saved much trouble, past and future. But fate willed it otherwise, and the end is not yet.

Race friction will increase; there is nothing to soothe but everything to aggravate. And so race troubles will continue to grow with the growth of antagonistic populations; serious uprisings will come and continue until either the black or the white will have to efface himself.

Between the poor white trash of the south and the idle rich of the north there are certain analogies as well as comparisons to be drawn. The one has passed the other

is passing. Or shall we say that the entire south at present is poor white trash, that is if work or doing something useful makes them so. Privilege to-day is ruining the north as slavery ruined the south. The idle rich are the poor white trash and slaves combined, though they do not know it. From the poor white trash have emanated able and useful men; I know of none who have come from the idle rich.

It was right for us to set the negro free. It was our necessity, not his. We have passed the period when we can hold our fellow-man in slavery and live. But we bungled more in liberating than in enslaving him. Brazil had only to declare that henceforth all children born of slave parents were born free, the parents still remaining slaves, and the thing was done.

The tragedy of enfranchisement stares the republican party in the face like the ghost of Hamlet's father.

Were it not better frankly to admit that the freed African in America is a failure, and that when made free he should have been sent away?

He is a failure here, for effective work is not to be obtained from him except under compulsion. As an American citizen he is a monstrosity.

If we could utilize our African citizens in factories and on farms it would be an advantage to all concerned, but the negro is good for nothing as a working-man, or for anything else, except on the southern plantations, and he is not all that he might be there.

The African is lazy and licentious. It is not altogether the fault of the white man that he is so, nor yet altogether his own fault. It is kismet. The animal in him overbalances the mental. He will work only as necessity requires. At least three millions out of the ever-increasing ten millions encamped upon us live without work. The black man is trifling; he lacks application; he has neither continuous purpose nor continuous effort; he is satisfied

simply to live and enjoy. And why not? Wall street might profit by his philosophy.

We are told by good people of the sentimental school, as before remarked, that we have wronged the African, that notwithstanding the clothes and colored schools we have given him, the lessons in grace and refinement, and the several other gifts of the intellectual life, to say nothing of the bestowal of equal rights and American citizenship, that we are still in his debt.

This is discouraging.

To our fair land of America he was brought a captive—a happy captive one would think—and in a genial clime was given work, not too severe, as the change from meat diet to corn must be considered, and though for wholesome discipline cut with the whip a little sometimes when he moved too slowly.

And on his part, did he pine away and grow pale under his inhuman wrongs? Ah, no! He laughed and grew fat, threw care to the winds, and slept undisturbed by thoughts of having to go into the boiling pot for somebody's breakfast in the morning. Thus on these southern plantations for a century or more he was made the happiest of mortals, as indeed from first to last he was the most fortunate. His troubles came with emancipation; more came with enfranchisement; but he had to be emancipated; it was necessity; civilization must be allowed to move on unobstructed.

We did more than that. We gave him religion, which he took to greedily. We gave him his freedom, but he did not know what to with it, and he gained from it no new happiness. We gave him American citizenship, the cheapest thing we had—what was left over after supplying the Europeans, and which the Chinese would not take. And with the franchise in his pocket, price of votes from fifty cents to two dollars, he was left to propagate piccaninnies and idle life away in peace and happiness.

However horrid the crime of human slavery, however

repulsive in all its forms and unprofitable in its operations, the fact remains that the negro was never so well off, so happy and contented as when he was the chattel of the chivalrous south. It was as if God's curse of Canaan was but a covert benediction, for until he found the blessings of bondage in North America his lot was truly a piteous one, a savage, and the master or the slave of savages.

A million of the finest young men the sun ever shone upon, slaughtered because of these Africans, and some billions of money and property sacrificed—all together more than the whole continent of Africa and all its people are worth. I should call the debt paid, if indeed it ever existed.

We are a queer lot, we Yankees, in common with the rest of the world; even the best of us, the Boston sort, are sometimes a little queer, as when we mob William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips for speaking abolitionism that hurts our trade in the south, whilom taking the black man in our arms when that helps trade in the north or soothes our conscience in the sanctuary.

In all this I mean no unkindness to the negro, and offer no excuse for his enslavement. I have never forgotten his wrongs as they were told to me at my mother's knee. I have never wavered in my loyalty to him since as a small boy I used to drive wagon loads of him on his way to freedom hidden under the straw, but I cannot change from hot to cold and back again so often or so quickly as some of my super-sensitive friends.

The boy, becoming man, though always anti-slavery, was never so rabid an abolitionist as were his parents and others of his native town. He could no more join the mob in pelting anti-slavery speakers with stones or rotten eggs than he could later, dissolved in a spasm of repentant sentimentalism, clasp to his bosom the bad-smelling black man, or set him up as a ruler over his former masters.

One of the most intricate problems of population before the American people, and one likely to be with us, is that

of the African. The subject varies with the varying mood of the American mind, sentimentalism having entered into it largely of late. Every one knows that as an economic asset the freed slave diminished in value, while in the end the employer gained, as free labor is cheaper than slave labor.

The relative influence for good or evil of the African, the Asiatic, and the European in our midst lies chiefly in the difference between adoption and absorption. If we could disabuse our minds of the sentiment that it is necessary forever to debase American blood and institutions by the infusion of low alien elements, whether in colors black, white, or yellow, receive and hold foreigners as foreigners for whatsoever they prove themselves to be worth, not necessarily to be admitted into our political household as members with all rights and privileges; assigning them their proper place, treating them fairly, without being forced to divide and re-divide with them our patrimony, we might better be able to preserve our own integrity while giving higher service to them.

The great mistake has been in religiously or sentimentally regarding this Republic, its lands and institutions, as the world's common property. So long as the land was limitless, and better inhabited than lying waste, and our liberal principles and free institutions preserved in their integrity by the inherent force that originated them, the constant dilution has been endurable. But it cannot always last. How fast and how far in one brief century have we drifted from the plans and purposes of the founders of this Republic! We have made ten millions of negroes, of a servile race and antecedents, whose fathers were slaves and themselves in intellect, in natural proclivities, not too far removed from the jungles of Africa, our equals, politically and some would have it so socially were it possible—a blot upon our name and nation, and now we know not what to do with them. We cannot kill them, or lose them, and

they will not be driven by any force at our present command to herd themselves on some distant island or continent.

Further, we do not need the negro for any purpose, and never shall. We did not need the Indian and so eliminated him. We cannot so dispose of the negro. He is too incompetent and unreliable for any use; as a citizen of the commonwealth he is an unmitigated nuisance, and judging from the past he will so remain. The ultra susceptible, who alternately scourge and weep will say otherwise, but the facts stand plainly out that he who runs may read if he chooses. Neither do we need any more of the scum of Europe. But we do need the Asiatic, not for his society or citizenship, not to marry our daughters or manage our government, but for work, work which our citizens, whether African or Anglo-Saxon, will not do. Agriculture and manufactures both languish for lack of laborers, and illogical as it may be and strangely absurd, the government selects its foreign population not by merit or capability, but by color; the white and black may come but not the yellow. The only class the labor leaders fear, because of its competency, because they think it is the only labor that can compete with or break up their labor monopoly. Docile statesmen, demagogues, and unprincipled agitators acquiesce and aid for patronage or some other selfish motives. Meanwhile the whole country, laborers and high livers alike, cries out against the high prices of food. Labor, ever insistent in its demands for more, is cutting its own throat by killing the industries by which it lives, and sending up prices of commodities upon which depend the welfare of wives and children as well as of the workmen themselves.

African economies are regulated by geographic influence. Slavery never could have flourished in the northern states, even if the people had been in favor of it. Neither is the free negro of much use anywhere except on the plantations of the south.

As a laborer, bond or free, the negro is of economic value only in certain localities and under certain conditions. The labor must be agricultural and upon a large scale, so that he can be worked in gangs under the eye of an overseer. Then he needs to live in a warm climate. The cotton and tobacco fields of the south alone meet his requirements. In plantation life alone he finds happiness. To live together under compulsion on some allotted territory would not suit the Americanized negro. He depends upon the white man to do his mental work, his thinking and managing for him, preferring himself only to serve. He is by nature and habit a servant, not alone because of his long period of enslavement, but because of his mental inferiority.

There are those who claim for the African race an intellectual equality with Europeans, but they make out a poor case of it. Even to Asiatics the Africans are inferior in every respect, else why when every opportunity and encouragement was given them did they remain stationary, when Japan surged forward to the front the moment her reluctant doors were forced open by western civilization?

Finally, as a last word to the fathers of our future, if you wish to keep your Republic sweet and clean you will not be forever emptying into it the cesspools of Europe, forbidding even celestials to come in and scrub.

CHAPTER XX

THE THROES OF LABOR

OUT of great tribulation come the issues of life. And when we look back and see how unnecessary was all the sore travail which we had brought upon ourselves, how the results would have been quite the same, or better, had we possessed our souls in patience, waiting on time, the great deliverer, we are ready to agree with the preacher, to take our portion and rejoice in our labor.

This was the conclusion arrived at by supreme wisdom several thousand years ago and it stands good to-day. Is religion, for example, any better, or purer, or clearer for all the fantastic and insane capers it has cut, for all the foolery it still indulges in, for all the bloody battles and merciless persecutions it has given and received, and for all the horrible atrocities committed in its name?

Labor has always been under a cloud, placed there by wicked and cruel men, who seized the power and placed it in circumscription. Emerging now for the first time in history from its low estate, and taking its rightful place among the honorable things of earth, a proper acknowledgment is due to those who first entered the arena and fought its battles, even to the unsavory walking delegate. Him and all those of single heart and faithful purpose who came after him, assisting in the emancipation, we hold in grateful esteem.

Presently there crept into the ranks men of evil mind who saw and seized the opportunity of self-advancement by making themselves masters of the situation. By controlling labor they could control capital, and thence proceed to dominate government and society.

The militant attitude of labor toward all other economic forces with which it should be in harmony is but another illustration of the universality of oppugnant powers in the progress of mankind. Capital, equally militant as courage comes to it, prefers peace, though as it gathers strength it becomes subtly aggressive.

In mediæval times the overlord held the laborer in a state of serfdom, but as the centuries passed by an ever-changing environment wore upon the old heredity and developed a new individualism, only in its turn to disappear before the superior powers of combination, destined henceforth to dominate all economic enterprise.

Meanwhile labor comes to the front and asserts itself, and men see and acknowledge that in labor alone is the redemption of the race, that labor not luxury is civilization. All nature works, and when work ceases it is death. The idle rich and the idle poor alike stagnate.

Capital, the product of labor, growing stronger with accumulations and combinations, becomes arrogant and dominates all industries; but as capital can do nothing without labor, it becomes timid before the leaders of labor, who make it their business to influence labor, not for its own good but for the benefit of the leaders.

Thus labor in its turn becomes arrogant in forcing humiliating restrictions upon capital, and transforming the employers of labor into a condition of subserviency as humiliating as it is unprofitable. It rises at first in self-defense to an aggressive self-consciousness, increasing its demands until it becomes a tyrannizing force with resultant evils greater than any threatened by capital.

Capital is coercive as conditions give it courage; it presents a hostile front only when it has the advantage; at heart capital is cowardly, and waits in secret to increase its store in safety.

Labor is likewise timid when standing alone, and thus designing men have found it, and now manipulate it to suit their purposes. Two-thirds of the wealth produced

by labor in the United States goes to men who combine capital and exploit labor.

It is idle appealing to either side on any other ground than that of expediency. There is no room here for altruistic ideals, no community ground for capital and labor where humanity may sit awhile and dream.

Human intercourse is conducted largely upon trust. Every man is obliged to some extent to confide certain of his interests to every other man, whether he wills it so or not. Therefore fair dealing is the best business policy. By dealing fairly with others we place them under obligations to deal fairly with us. If we cheat we must expect to be cheated; if we overreach we must expect to be beaten in time.

It is poor policy for the wage-earner or any one to shirk. You do not say to the young man for whom you wish success, "Now, my boy, look out that your employer doesn't get the better of you. Do for him as little as possible, and get out of him all you can." For you know that such a policy is neither economy, nor thrift, nor good business.

The fair-minded citizen of sound judgment has no more respect for capital than for labor. He sees in the well-directed efforts of industry the noblest occupation of man. He feels that in the abasement of labor is placed under a ban and bars the most favored gift of the Almighty, the right of imitation in creative effort, the right of the creature to struggle upward and touch the hand of the creator.

The fair-minded citizen of sound judgment exalts rather than abases labor; he does not advocate a low wage, a low scale of living, or low ideals and aspirations for the people of applied industry. He has no respect for idleness or inefficiency, even when buried in riches; he sees in intelligent effort alone the salvation of the people.

The fair-minded citizen of sound judgment, on the other hand, does not like to see the working-man display an undue degree of arrogance and egotism, of cupidity and

selfishness, of disregard of the rights of others and the welfare of the community in which he lives and derives his many blessings. He would not see him wreck his life by a grasping policy tending to wrong and injustice.

The rapid changes in the economic world necessitate new methods to meet new conditions. Just now these conditions are abnormal. They imply labor against labor, and labor against capital, capital remaining quiescent through fear, fear of labor and of the power which labor supports and increases.

The economic life of the people groans under the tyranny of the two great forces, capital and labor, each ever seeking the mastery, each ever ready to crush the other as opportunity offers, regardless of the interests of those by whom both factions live. Out of this competitive struggle come life and death, success with plethoric wealth, failure with poverty if not with crime. Thus through the ages the eternal conflict continues, and will continue until some power stronger than either labor or capital intervenes.

Power breeds arrogance and persecution, and left to itself destroys itself. Hence, as rightfully we should expect, the leaders of labor fall on evil days, and unionism suffers in their disgrace. Meanwhile the working-man plods along in his new enslavement, and in the benefits he fancies he enjoys from it, happy in the hallucination of increased strength and manliness, and in the buffetings he is now able to inflict on his old enemy capital.

Apparently labor is testing the efficacy of liberty, but it is the efficacy only of a change of masters.

When first the walking delegate, in homely garb and humble mien, made his appearance among the down-trodden toilers of the race, he was hailed as an apostle of righteousness, sent to deliver the poor man from the clutches of the rich, to deliver labor from its long age of enslavement to capital.

It was the incipient stage of a great reform, of a great deliverance, the emancipation of the noblest of human oc-

cupations. And to the nations came the message, Labor is our Lord, at once the curse of Cain and the benediction of the Almighty, the sustenance and salvation of the race. And no longer were mere poetic idealism the sublime words,

> "Get leave to work
> In this world, 'tis the best you get at all.
> For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
> Than men in benediction. God says "Sweat
> For foreheads"; men say "crowns"; and so we are crowned,
> Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
> Which snaps with a secret spring.
> Get work; get work;
> Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

As a reformation it could scarcely have been begun in a better way, or inaugurated under more favorable auspices. It was now some time since labor had arisen from its original state of serfdom, but even yet was far from its rightful place as the peer of capital and the equal of the noblest of industries. It was regarded with contempt by an idle and profligate aristocracy, who while accepting without due compensation the fruits of labor, regarded labor for themselves as degrading.

I say that in the earlier stages of the emancipation of labor the directors and organizers did some good work. Among the self-seeking and designing ones were some good men who really had the interests of the working-man at heart, who witnessed with true sympathy the wrongs and impositions practised upon him by merciless capitalists and employers of labor. They saw his helpless condition and used the only means within their power for his deliverance. They matched craft with craft, until they were led on to illegal means and brute force, which never permanently can accomplish any good. Capitalists would as quickly resort to law-breaking but for the fact that in capital the law has something tangible to light upon by way of punishment.

Times have changed, the labor leader is no longer the

humble delegate; he has become the arrogant master, enslaving his victim body and mind, ordering his incoming and outgoing, dominating his citizenship, commanding his vote, stealing his inheritance to sell to those who would forge yet stronger his fetters.

Behold your masters, oh men of work! Sit down and write out their names. Con them over. Whom of those among them all can you trust? Who of them will not lie, or accept a bribe, or assist a dynamiter? Who of them when once in office does not disappoint the men who placed him there, does not fill with disgust the entire community?

The tendency of capital in the hands of shrewd financiers is toward combinations which give control to yet other capital resulting in monopolies which destroy the smaller industries and bring ruin upon thousands who live by honest effort. The centralization of power in the hands of a few unscrupulous men, whether of labor or capital, is one of the most threatening evils of the day.

Capital with its aggressive cupidity does not hesitate to degrade labor, even to the foul air, the long days, and the low wages of the sweating system, while labor retaliates on capital as it may, lessening its usefulness by suicidal imposts and restrictions.

All laws tending to obstruct or abolish individualism are bad as tending to make more mechanical human life and society. We do not want to see labor cheap. We want the working-man to get all he can legitimately; we want him to have out of it all the traffic will stand, but we do not like to see him commit industrial suicide, to the ruin of himself, of his employer, and of the city or country in which he lives.

Labor needs protection from capital as capital needs protection from labor; either will tyrannize as opportunity offers, for so men are made.

To secure protection, association is necessary; to secure independence, labor must organize. But organized labor

is apt to become despotic. Labor leaders are not always wisely chosen; they are not usually brought forward from the higher ranges of mind or morals. They are apt to be blatant in speech and brutal in methods, arrogant in asserting their own rights and indifferent as to the rights of others; too blind often to see their own suicidal policy, or too selfish to care whether it is suicidal or not so long as it meets their more immediate purpose.

As the first step toward the amelioration of the social condition of the working-men the unionizing of labor was a necessity. And unionism has done well for labor in raising wages and the standard of living, which benefits accrue not alone to the laborer but to all. And in the unionizing of labor there have been engaged some few honest and conscientious persons, but as a rule the leaders of labor have been and are bad men. The same evils, only in greater degree, have crept in and now attend the unionizing of labor that appear in the combination of corporate wealth.

Labor should unionize in a way that will benefit not itself alone but the entire community. To aid and not to hamper progress should be the first consideration of unionism.

The labor wage should be one that is fair to all, high enough to give the working-man a good living besides his proper share in the product of his labor, but not so high as to kill industry or retard development.

If the laborer wishes to become a capitalist he can do so in greater or less degree by saving his earnings.

Would it not be better, fairer for both sides, to reckon the workmen's wage by the hour, instead of by the day, and then let him work as many or as few hours as he pleases? Is it not something of an imposition on the employer, after fixing a nine-hour wage to demand the same pay for eight hours, and a half-day Saturday? And is it not an imposition upon the laborer to restrict him as to the number of his working hours? Some men can work ten hours easier than others can work eight hours; is it right to limit a

workman to short hours when he wants to work longer and earn more?

Two great mistakes the labor unions are making which they will have to modify before achieving that peaceable success which all desire, one the adoption of a policy opposed to public interest, and the other the employment of force. Nothing but evil and discomfiture can come to the working-man by persistence in either one of these courses.

From equal rights, which was the primary principle of unionism, labor now demands not only special privileges but the absolute control of the rights and privileges of others. As with the domination of labor capital has long dominated the laborer; so now with the domination of capital labor would dominate the capitalist.

It is needless to say that in the United States of America the days of coercion of one class of society by another class is past. Moreover, whatever is to the interest of the public is to the interest of the working-man, for more than any other person the laborer prospers with the prosperity of the commonwealth.

Whether or not the labor leaders actually incite their subordinates to crime, they use every means in their power to save them from punishment when crime is committed. Instead of purging their associations from evil, and so serve their best interests, they condone the offenses of their people and with lies and perjuries throw the blame of wrong doing upon innocent persons. This is human nature, it is true, but it is very bad human nature, and wholly unprofitable.

The government should recognize the conflict between labor and capital and take means to control the situation and so avert bloodshed and civil war.

It should be made unlawful and punishable for capital to impose unfair rules and wages on labor, and for labor to engage in strikes or interference in traffic or industries to the damage or inconvenience of the public.

Strikes are criminal, and should be made so by law, their evil effects being visited upon the people. The government protects its injured citizens abroad, can it not protect those at home?

Until labor unions are taken from the hands of irresponsible and evil-minded persons and given legal recognition and government control, business men still standing palsied with timidity, any thought of progress or prosperity may as well be abandoned. Meanwhile, so long as there remains left any individual freedom, the non-union laborer must be left free.

I am treating only of the relation between capital and labor, not the relation between labor and the luxuries of life. It is nonsense to talk as some do about labor, about being for or against the working-man. As well talk about being for or against the bread we eat or the air we breathe. Labor came as the primal curse, later to become the primal blessing. It is idle also to expect or desire working-men to live poorly and in ignorance, the result of his toil going to the idle rich. The working-man and the labor leaders are two different quantities. Let this be properly understood.

We all recognize the necessity of avoiding conditions which would place the standard of wages and living below the demands of our civilization.

Labor claims that it is not receiving its proper share of the returns from its work. Capital declares that for the product labor is properly paid; with what is further done to make it more valuable, labor has nothing to do. Labor says, you can talk, but that does not make it right for one per cent. of the population to hold sixty per cent. of the national wealth.

Honest labor is compelled to support not only the idle rich, but the idle poor. Of tramps and loafers, men able to work but of besotted laziness, there are more at large than there are good and efficient laborers at work. Unfit for unionism, unable to pay the agents of unionism their fee, as a rule they are held off and not allowed to work on any

terms as long as union labor can be had. But as election time approaches—for even of such as these are American citizens made—they are allowed to rest their weary limbs upon a shovel-handle over public works at not less than three dollars a day.

Skilled labor should always command a good price. It is sure to do so where conditions are fit. Food and capital compel labor. The price of food, the interest on money, and the labor wage are reciprocal in their relation to each other; the price of labor determines the price of food and the rate of interest on money, while food values and interest regulate to no small extent the labor wage.

As never before wealth is rolled up in England as well as in the United States, and the laboring man feeling that he is not getting his fair share of it demands more pay. Particularly is this the case when the increased cost of living is taken into account.

But the remedy does not appear even with increased wages, for as the price of labor advances the cost of all commodities advances still more rapidly.

We all appreciate fully the benefit to society and the welfare of the laboring man that he should have to the fullest extent comforts for his family and leisure in which to enjoy life. He who does the work has as much right to champagne with his dinner, automobiles for his wife, and sealskin for his daughter, as has the man who shares the profits in idleness.

Good wages are significant of good times, and in good times capital easily increases. Likewise it is to the interest of labor that capital should be prosperous, for without the employment given by capital labor suffers. Capital and labor interests being thus so closely interwoven in their action and reaction, one cannot suffer without causing the other to suffer. The relations being reciprocal the interests are reciprocal. If labor demands too large a wage, capital is palsied; if the labor wage is too low it means dull times for capital and degradation for labor.

With a high wage constant and regular work cannot be expected, and regularity of work at a moderate wage is better than irregularity with a high wage. Where the wage is too high there will always be irregularity because industrial development cannot be conducted at high pressure permanently.

From the viewpoint either of labor or capital it is a suicidal policy then of the labor leaders who by the high rates to which they force labor bring to a place two or four times as many artisans as there is work for them to do.

One of the greatest evils attending the working-man is to be without work, whether from illness or lack of employment. And it makes little difference whether unemployment arises from stress of weather or from an over supply of laborers. He is at his best when he is both for himself and his employer, when he has the work for which he is best fitted at a moderate wage every day in the year. With high wages and an over supply of workmen, employment is intermittent and hence unremunerative. It is better to work for four dollars a day every day than to work for six dollars a day every other day.

Wages in England were advanced until 1901, when successful competition was no longer possible. Then they declined, and at a time when the cost of food was advancing, which rendered the hardship greater than if they had been continuously maintained at a competitive rate from the first.

Elsewhere in the United States, away from the influence of the Southern Pacific railway, or other like octopi, the four decades of graft were the opportunity of the idle rich, the nation's resources were seized and appropriated, and the output from manufacturing plants was largely increased. Combined capital introduced new machinery and secured the increased profits, while labor continued along in the old way with occasional spasms of revolt ending in successful or disastrous strikes. Capital secured the profits,

and many men became rich; labor meanwhile made no proportionate gain. The rich retired on their laurels, and now live idle lives, lapped in luxury and supported by labor.

Prosperity comes from the economic development of resources. Our resources cannot be developed without labor. If the labor best adapted for the development of the country's resources is debarred, and there is nothing present to take its place, the work is left undone and the country turned over to dry-rot. Which means that enough Asiatics should be admitted to perform such drudgery and factory work as white Americans will not do.

The solution of the labor problem, as in all else relating to humanity, lies in the happy mean; too high a wage defeats its purpose and becomes prohibitory; too low a wage breeds poverty and discontent, and is debasing to the human race. Work is honorable; it is the only ennobling use of time, and to degrade it is to degrade humanity.

As for the unemployed, if the labor wage is what it should be and conditions normal there would be no unemployed. Of course, there are times when sickness, misfortune, or calamity overtake and overrule, yet there are few days in the year when in a well regulated American community a good man wanting work cannot get it.

Thus the conflict between capital and labor continues on through the ages, as senseless as the competitive building of war-ships among the nations. The more the laborer demands the more it costs him to live, until his demand becomes so large that the industry is killed, and then he cannot live at all. So long as high wages and high living continue, if he is thrifty he can save something out of even this artificial state of things; but the common laborer is not thrifty.

To enforce his doctrines Cain, the first of labor regulators, employed a club; dynamite is now the favorite argument, though in so serious a matter the overlords allow their serfs to handle the explosive.

"I will dynamite the whole damned United States, or I will have my rights," one was heard to say. And the whole United States sits and smiles, while those who try to catch and bring to justice the dynamiters are vilified by the predatory press.

Whatever may be the interests of one or the opinions of another, whatever may be the effect of any system or the result of any remedy, the fact remains that the leaders of labor throughout the United States, as to-day existing, are a curse to the working-man and a curse to the community.

And for the following reasons:

They set up a vicious system, feudalistic in spirit and debasing in practise, in which the rights and liberties of the people are usurped by designing men, who rule arbitrarily the affairs alike of employers and employed, and at their own pleasure, through strikes or other impositions bring distress upon the entire community, thus becoming bandits of industry, of whom both politics and "good business" stand in surreptitious fear.

They profess principles founded on a conspiracy of violence, resulting in widespread assassination.

They keep continuously the most vital interests of society in a state of feverish unrest.

They are a standing reproach to our government, making it appear necessary to allow a large class of citizens special guidance and police protection.

They are a standing reproach to our government in that they are allowed while accessories to crime to subvert the law and defeat the ends of justice.

They dominate all industry and place development under a ban.

They dictate terms to merchants, builders, and manufacturers as to their business methods and the management of their affairs.

They are the enemy and not the friend of labor, in that they, first, enslave the working-man, making of him a tool blindly to do their bidding; secondly, tax labor at their

pleasure and for their own benefit; thirdly, foster enmity between classes; fourthly, encourage resistance to law; fifthly, stir up brutal passions; sixthly, employ politics to defeat the ends of justice.

They stir up strife among men of kindred aims and interests.

They foment antagonisms tending to civil war.

They force manufacturers out of their own city to other places where conditions are free.

They build up rival places, while in humiliation and despair good citizens see their own city outstripped in population, wealth, and refinement.

They join hands with depravity and high crime to place their tools in office.

They maintain in the very teeth of the government a wide-spread association of assassins to destroy with dynamite those who employ free labor.

They put in office bad men, who are a disgrace to any civilized society, who promote civic immorality, increase taxes, subvert the resources of the community, and drive away capital.

They give the city in which they operate a bad name and shake the confidence of investors in the honesty and integrity of her citizens.

They arrogate to themselves the rights of the Almighty to determine who may work and live, and who shall not work but may die, forbidding the young men to learn a trade except as they shall permit.

They drive off thousands of honest and industrious American working-men who seek employment at a fair wage but refuse paying tribute to the labor monopolists.

They are incendiary in speech and behavior.

They are hated alike by employer and employed.

They incite their tools to insurrection and then withdraw themselves from the consequences.

They know not the meaning of patriotism; they have no interest in the country, care nothing for the welfare of the

people, care nothing for the working-man, but grovel forever in their own selfishness.

They force ships to other ports for repairs, by reason of their excessive charges.

They have ruined the shipping industry of San Francisco, which formerly employed thousands of men, and by their extortionate demands closed the works where, among other vessels, were built the finest battleships in the world.

They claim that class loyalty is superior to the law of God, and that to kill in defense of unionism and the closed shop is right; that the striker may shoot, mangle, and dynamite, killing men, women, and children indiscriminately, as in a holy crusade; but the strike-breaker is the most abominable of wretches, worthy only of assassination.

They aspire to absolute control of the working-man, dictatorship over his employer, and object to any interference on the part of the government or the people. They object to free labor or a free laborer, to Asiatic labor, to any but union labor, and such labor as a union man does not choose to do must go undone.

With the usual cant and hypocrisy of demagogues they pretend to demand only what is right and fair, while resorting to the vilest means to secure the supremacy.

While the victim of the strike, with his wife and children, is starving, the authors of the strike are living in luxury at the working-man's expense.

What is the remedy? The government has felt the necessity of controlling combinations of corporate wealth, should it not also recognize the necessity of controlling combinations of labor?

The steel trust, the sugar trust, the meat trust and a score of other manipulations and monopolies have been reached and regulated; why not by the same means have regulated labor trusts?

All the money makers are up in arms over the prosecution of rich criminals because it hurts business. Do not strikes, boycotts, and other like impositions hurt business?

As it forbids iniquitous trusts, combinations of capital, injurious monopolies to control industry, so let it forbid aggregations of agitators for evil purposes, conspiracies for concocting schemes of retaliation, threats of vengeance and boycotting for the intimidation of legitimate traffic, labor strikes to the inconvenience and injury of the community.

Labor strikes are made in order to bring employers of labor to terms. If this were all the two might be left to fight it out. But the punishment falls largely upon the people, upon innocent persons, who have come to depend upon the traffic, and from whom the traffic derives its support. It is unjust, unnecessary, and often criminal to place this imposition upon the people.

Labor should have at the hands of the American people the amplest protection, with labor unions as free as air, but let it be protection by representatives of the people, and let unionism be neither lawless nor incendiary.

Of course laborers have a right to strike, that is to quit work whenever they like, but in so doing they have no right to enter into a conspiracy to injure others.

If the people have the right to control the monopolists of money, they have a right to control the monopolists of industry; if they have the right to restrict the sordid selfishness of wealth, they have the right to restrict the sordid selfishness of labor, and it is their bounden duty to do so.

For surely there is no iniquity perpetrated by corporate capital greater than that of the self-constituted manipulators of labor, who hold in their iron grasp masses of men pledged to do their will.

We have suffered long enough from the insults and impositions of vulgar and irresponsible leaders of labor, who do not hesitate to jeopardize the lives and interests of hundreds of thousands of American citizens to obtain an advantage or gratify their vengeance.

The working-man should be made to feel that he is part of the people who govern this country, and as such he can

be his own master and regulate his own affairs as well as to remain in the leading-strings of designing men and employ them to manage for him. He should be made to feel that capital is economized labor. For there is no capital, aside from unearned increments, which did not spring in the beginning from the economized fruits of labor, howsoever many times it may have since been appropriated, to be finally lodged in the vaults of some skilful financier.

Strikes should be abolished, and can be, if the people choose, with as great ease and certainty as can be made and enforced the universal peace compact now talked of and which some day will be accomplished. There is no evil that time will not cure. Labor strikes are not only an evil but an infamy. They will remain only so long as the people shall elect to endure them. And when they are relegated to the region now occupied by mediæval tyranny, slavery, autos-da-fé, and the rest, men will look back with wonder at the stupidity of twentieth century society.

Two causes have operated to bring about a condition of things which render it easy and necessary for government to take matters into its own hands, to stop once for all strikes and boycotting, and settle wages and all the varying issues between capital and labor peaceably and sensibly, even to the servile custom of tipping, which has become simply blackmail fed by cowardice.

The first cause is universal public sympathy in favor of protecting the working-man by every lawful means, with the full recognition of his right to a just share in the wealth which he creates, and a corresponding feeling against the tyrannies of capitalists and employers who have so long withheld his rights.

Proper measures should be taken for the protection of the public, the beneficiaries of labor and capital; for the protection of American men and boys in their constitutional rights, the right of the men to manage their own affairs and the right of the boys to learn any trade they

choose, and when and how they choose; for the protection of the working-man from the wrongs of capital on one side and the iniquitous influence of the domineering managers of labor on the other side.

It was fortunate for labor that the McNamaras were caught and punished, else some might imagine that dynamiting was the proper method for the vindication of rights. It was fortunate that they confessed their crimes, else the leaders of labor would never have ceased to cry martyrdom, the suborning of witnesses, and the bribing of jurors to convict innocent men!

Aside from the organizations for secret assassinations, the open outrages permitted by the government, as brutalizing strikes, boycotts, and the interdiction laid on boys who would learn a trade are a disgrace to American institutions and a reflection upon a republican form of government.

When the labor leaders, in order to display their usual inexpensive zeal for the alleged interest of their victims propose the abolition of the poll tax, the last pittance paid by impecunious citizenship in return for protection, in all the rights of the largest contributors to the support of the government, for free schools, parks, hospitals, asylums, and penitentiaries, it should bring a blush to the face of every honest working-man that his manhood, his public spirit, his patriotism should ever be held in such low esteem.

Boycotting and blacklisting are crimes against the rights of man of which any respectable government should be ashamed; labor strikes are a crime against American citizenship, subverting public utilities and bringing loss and inconvenience upon the people.

Early in the game of graft Charles Francis Adams said that if the government did not get the railways the railways would get the government. He might now with equal correctness say that if government does not put down demagogical labor leadership demagogical labor leadership

will put down the government. For already we have before us the humiliating spectacle of the United States begging the labor leaders to withhold their hand a little longer before striking down at a single blow the great industries of the nation.

What is American republicanism worth if it cannot regulate its simplest internal affairs? So craven is the office-seeker for votes that he will sell the highest and holiest interests of his country, the vital principles of progress for his own selfish advancement. While anarchy is cropping out in the ranks of both labor and capital, tending toward civil war, the great issues of the day are with the politician seeking reëlection to office rather than with the statesman studying the interests of his country.

Europe has not been able to stop strikes these hundred years, you would say. Well, so much the worse for Europe, America can exterminate them to-morrow if she will.

The public need and sooner or later will have protection from the leaders of labor; above all the working-man needs protection from them, from their tyrannical ways and sinister influence.

It is necessary that some reconciling agency should be established between labor and capital, governed by principles of honesty and justice, to formulate and carry into execution laws governing these two essentials of progress.

The second cause favoring government control at the present time is the ever-increasing arrogance of the labor leaders, who have become by their increasing strength and unrestrained lawlessness a far more subtle and insidious enemy of the working-man than ever was corporate capital or the employers of labor.

The working-man is the backbone of the nation; he sustains its institutions and produces its wealth, while the drones of society sit back scornfully regarding his efforts while fattening on his industry. He must have his unions, but unionism must be cleansed of its poisons and im-

purities, of its sharks and anarchists who stir up strife, doing no work themselves but preying on the labor of others.

To say that this cannot be done is absurd; to say that it will not be done until after open and bloody conflict may be true. If our government is good for anything, that is to say, if the people were awake to the importance of prompt action, the arrogance of labor and the artifice of capital could be easily enough controlled, and better now than later. Doubtless the labor leaders mean well—some of them—at least for themselves. It cannot be denied, however, that many of them are self-seeking and brutal. It cannot be denied that the best of them will oppose the right and uphold the wrong in support of unionism. And the controllers of capital are worse, if possible, in all these several respects than the controllers of labor.

Much breath is wasted in discussing peace movements abroad while offering no practical cure, the result being the increase of standing armies and the enlargement of battle-ships only to fall into disuse upon completion. A peace movement at home, along practical lines, would be much more sensible occupation for Americans just now.

Unionism is essential to the independence and economic well being of the working class, but it must be recognized and regulated by government, as corporate capital is recognized and regulated, and not left to demagogues and dynamiters.

The doctrines at present preached by the self-constituted apostles of labor are for the most part unsound. Their promised rewards are many of them not actual benefits but hallucinations. They point to increased wages and shorter working days, throwing the blame of the inevitable increased cost of living in consequence upon mercenary monopolists when the fault is their own. Notwithstanding the long and learned discussions as to the cause of the increased cost of living, any one should be able to see that it lies mainly in the increased cost of labor, as labor

enters into everything and is the chief factor in economics and the vital quantity in production, mechanical and agricultural.

Then there are the alleged advantages of bodily ease, recreation, and mental culture, which too often find expression in the whiskey shops for the men and the cheap bargain counter for the women. Let the working-man be taught, instead, that his only path of advancement is in economy, not in giving the least possible amount of work for the most pay, but in doing all the work he is able to do and in the best possible manner, with economy and proper culture of mind; for economy is capital, and the only pathway to advancement.

Upon the arrest of the perpetrators of the Los Angeles outrages the high priest of labor leaders cried out, "It is a conspiracy! It is the assassination of unionism!" knowing his foolish charges to be false.

Labor leaders everywhere then levied special tribute on the working-men, and began collecting money from them to defray the cost of delivering these innocent lambs from the machinations of evil-minded men bent on their destruction, on the destruction of unionism and the degradation of labor, knowing that their words were not true, knowing that the prisoners were guilty, if not of these particular charges, at least of similar acts elsewhere. Many others of those high in authority also knew that the Los Angeles assassins were guilty, and that others of the labor lords were their accomplices, assisting them in their diabolical work. And knowing this, all the while they kept raking in and applying to their own use large contributions from sympathetic and unsuspecting working-men. Such are the shepherds of the shorn sheep of labor.

What then is the proper wage? That should be for a commission of upright and intelligent men to determine, men appointed by the government for every place, who with constant study of conditions and requirement should declare as between supply and demand, progress and re-

straint, the well-being of labor and the prosperity of the community what would be best for all concerned.

This most important question affecting society should not be left to floating aliens. If let alone the labor wage would be regulated, like the interest on money in advanced communities, by the law of supply and demand. But labor is too important a factor in economics to be left to its own devices; there is capital on one side and the self-constituted lords of labor on the other side who each would have a hand in the matter.

The proper wage, the one and the only one that is right and fair to both sides, is the highest the employer can pay without injury to the industry. If the industry is killed or crippled from excessive wages, or from any other cause, the injury falls on both labor and capital. If to the working-man is given less than the industry can afford to pay, he is defrauded, and a government commission should be better able to determine this to the satisfaction of all concerned than a labor council.

Moderate wages are not the working-man's enemy but his friend. High wages, so high as to be unfair, exorbitant, or more than the industry will justify are not of advantage to the wage-earner, because they lead to improvidence and thriftlessness and destroy the source of supply. The average wage-earner with an increase of wages does not increase his savings but his expenditures.

Illness and industrial accidents when unprovided for are sure to lower the standard of living more than increase of wages raises them. The tendency of all who live upon a fixed income, whether professional man, wage-earner, or man or woman of leisure is to live better with increase of income rather than save for a rainy day, or for increase of capital.

Wage-earners as a rule do not save money for industrial accidents or illness; with increased pay they spend more. Any little insurance they may have is spent on the last illness and the funeral, and the more insurance money the

better the funeral. It does not matter how you call it, or what arguments are used against it, the fact is palpable that a too high rate wage stifles industry to the death alike of capital and labor. A too high rate wage is prohibitory in building and manufactures.

The per hour plan is the only fair measurement for time work, and the piece-work is the only fair way to reckon the value of any labor when it can be done. But because it is fair the labor leaders do not like it, as the better workmen secure the better part of the pay. A reduction in the price per piece such as will bring the pay of the more expert down within reasonable limits, would place the less expert below a living wage. Of course a shorter day, fewer hours is simply an increase of wages, that is why the unions do not want a rate per hour.

The natural law of labor is for wages to advance in times of prosperity and to decline when business slackens. To subvert this law and compel high wages in dull times is to strike at the fundamental principle of economics. It brings disaster by arresting progress and throwing industry back upon itself, when proper care and conciliatory nursing would help to tide over evil days and restore prosperity. Thus may plainly be seen the suicidal policy of forcing upon labor a fictitious value when moderation would soon restore the industrial equilibrium.

Not all union men by any means are in favor of the present labor restrictions. They hate labor leaders and abhor their methods; all the same a good wage and easy work provided at hand seems better than fighting at a disadvantage. Many are against present methods as unsound, unnecessary, and inflicting on the cause of unionism more harm than good.

The working-man inherently and in the abstract is neither better nor worse than others. In his occupation he is for the most part better; he is better than the non-worker, because work is better than idleness; he is better than the idle rich, for theirs is the worst form of idleness,

and because luxury and laziness breed corruption. As a citizen he is not less selfish nor more patriotic than the average voter.

In the artisan class are many able and high-minded men. The typical American mechanic has no superior for intelligence and efficiency within the limits of his craft. He understands the labor leaders better than they imagine. He deprecates their necessity but he sees no other remedy than that of retaliatory self-defense; to fall unprotected into the hands of capital were worse even than the present bondage to the labor lords.

The next lower class, the common laborer, is not a very high order of humanity, being lately from the lower strata of European society. For low-grade work, for farm and factory, he is far inferior to the Chinese.

As against two millions of organized workers and two millions of workers not organized, there are in the United States four millions of non-workers, peregrinating or fixed, that is to say tramps or loafers, out of whom the labor-leaders can make nothing and do not therefore trouble them. It is a small force after all thus to be allowed to dominate industry and politics while the wealth and intelligence of the community sit supinely paralyzed, afraid to speak aloud their thoughts and wishes.

Less sympathy would be wasted on this class of drunken and diseased laziness if good people were more familiar with their tendencies. What the farmer most of all wants and cannot get is what neither the American, the European, nor the African will give him, that is steady, reliable service. None of these want work in the country; some of them do not want work in the city.

After all these bandits of labor are not so greatly to be blamed. They are as God made them, only worse, as Sancho Panza says. They could do nothing of themselves; they could not elect their men to office, nor hold in their grasp the industries of the nation unless aided by moneyed men of influence who thus retaliate on good government for

daring to prosecute rich criminals, and who seem to enjoy their revenge until nauseated by the vile odor of their own making.

When they talk so glibly of the enemies of labor, the assassination of unionism, and the like, it is simply as a blind to lead their dupes off on a false scent. Labor has no enemies, nor the laborer, nor yet unionism in itself, nor any other proper form of organization; it is only the abuse of these rights and privileges that fair-minded citizens object to, and this the over-lords know full well.

Let us hope that in time unionism will develop intelligence enough to know that the working-men can have no greater enemy than bad leaders, and that up to the present time, in Europe and America, they have had few others than bad men at the head of their organizations, men ready to sacrifice all who work for a living to their own selfish and indolent interests.

CHAPTER XXI

MODERN JOURNALISM

THERE are men who are inherently honest. Men made that way, no one knows when or how; men so engendered neither by heredity nor environment, nor by any known process, but who stand apart unfathomable, unalterable; who will make no compromise with dishonor, in whatsoever garb, or whether on behalf of oneself or another.

There are also those who are congenitally oblique, who know only perfidy, never having experienced the feeling of uprightness. Of the latter are the victims of predatory wealth in and out of the state prison; of the former, well, sometimes one is found in journalistic circles. Yet it is not a pleasant reflection that the quality of unapproachable integrity is not conducive to success in the ordinary walks of journalism.

Is it then impossible for the owner or manager of a large successful newspaper to be fair and truthful? I think such cases have been known, and might again be seen in a strong personality welded to truth and rectitude. But the other is usually considered the best business way, easier and more successful, that is to say where success is measured by money with no discount for quality.

A newspaper man, like most men of affairs, is in business for one paramount purpose in addition to the several minor purposes. Either the main purpose or purposes or one of the minor purposes is money in one form or another. Money makes the newspaper go, and even the most parsimonious and mercenary of proprietors will pour it out

like water to increase the strength or influence of his journal. It is only by using even parsimonious money lavishly that great newspapers are made.

There are several aspirations other than that for money that may dominate the avaricious owner of a great newspaper, who hugs to his heart its one great desire, ever seeking to hide itself, however unsuccessfully, beneath the display of assumed patriotism and the current news.

Political ambition is among the more common of the not too successfully hidden of these occult inspirations. Horace Greeley greatly desired to be president of the United States; nor would some others decline the position to-day were it offered. It is reported of the elder Bennett that he would scandalize his dead grandmother for sensational copy.

Hate exercises a predominating influence oftener than love. If the owner of the paper has a malignant as well as mercenary disposition, he will do much to injure his neighbor, or try to do so, for when temper appears influence disappears.

Social climbing sometimes breaks out in virulent form such as appears in political climbing, though for so fatuous and empty a reward there are fewer aspirants. The political climber who reaches the desired goal is envied by many; the society climber who prostitutes a journal pretending to respectability for a seat in snobdom is usually an upstart who brings upon himself the contempt of friends and enemies alike, and whose social elevation renders his vulgarity only the more conspicuous. As to the daily and weekly blackmailers and panderers to high crime, they also have their day.

There are journalists so-called which are below the plane of possible criticism.

It is to be regretted that so many of our leading newspapers are the property of wealthy men whose primary purpose is not simply to print the news and discuss fairly the important questions of the day, but rather to effect

some ulterior object, to secure some business advantage, to punish an enemy or gratify an ambition. Such a person is seldom influenced, in assuming the cares of journalism, by considerations of public benefit, as in the purification of politics or in elevating the standards of morality and intellectual culture. Endless professions are made in these directions but they are for the most part insincere. Hence it is that so little of what we read in the papers rings true, particularly in the editorials. One never can tell what a newspaper man believes from what he says.

Do not we often find the writer of editorials posing as the embodiment of all knowledge, of all patriotism, giving forth to the world the unadulterated concentration of wisdom, posing as one of the best citizens, as a model of high-mindedness, of learning, purity and integrity? And we ask ourselves, are editors so, or are they common humanity, like the rest of us, very common humanity, perhaps, selfish and self-seeking always, brutal and vulgar sometimes, indifferent to the public well-being, untruthful and insincere wherever their own dislikes, or prejudices, or the fancied interests of their paper are concerned?

We may expect the usual column of praise of the public acts and private virtues of the official from whom a favor is preferred, a franchise or a subsidy secured. Praise of the beauty, dress, and accomplishments of the society leaders and their protégés through whom there may be hope to rise in the social scale. Praise of whatever money is paid to praise, and of whatever will tend to increase circulation. If the owner has an important case coming before the supreme court the paper is pretty sure to oppose the recall of the judiciary.

The reader is apt to forget that the newspaper is only a mouthpiece, not a bunch of brains; yet if its evil influence is sufficiently sterilized by the intelligence of the community no great damage is done. At the same time, being without principle, and guided by no policy save that which considers the personal interests or inclinations of the owner,

the reader is loath to accept the somewhat dogmatic and insistent instructions of the writer.

Yet in some respects an advance has been made in journalism during the last quarter of a century. The columns of editorial abuse, one of another, with which readers were wont to be regaled, have for the most part disappeared, short strictures having taken their place.

The wealthy and well-established of these newspapers have most of them passed the incipient stage in journalistic development of blackmail and blackguardism, emerging upon an ostensible plane of respectability; but these, like the others less advanced fall before the allurements of the tempter, accept the bribe and drop into line. Then, after playing the harlot until the pay stops, they wipe their lips saying, "I have done no evil," and are ready to hire themselves out again.

Let the discriminating reader pause a moment as he opens out his 60-page bundle of print and pictures and analyze the subconscious conceptions running through his brain, and what is the result? What may he expect to encounter when he begins to read; what must he be prepared to accept, to oppose, to repudiate, to regard with indifference?

The writers themselves, editors and reporters, are not responsible for the principles of the paper, or for the lack of them; they write as they are told to write and as they are paid for writing. Therefore for the color of what is coming we must not look into their minds, but rather consider who and what may be the impelling force behind them.

The newspaper press is bound by necessity to reflect the people and the times. We look into it only to see mirrored ourselves, the worst part of some of us the better part of others, the most deleterious influence of all acting on the owner, who deals in human passions and events, warping facts to suit his fancy.

Much of what is printed we can set aside as hollow

sham, as matters in which we are not interested, and through which it is useless to wade.

Vituperation, yes pages of it, displaying envy and hate, plentifully besprinkled with lies and blackguardism, with personal abuse or dirty linen to wash. There is a class of morgue-loving society ghouls who read such stuff with avidity, but from which one of clean mind turns in disgust.

And so on. Even the current news, domestic and foreign, we can get only as it comes colored with the proclivities and prejudices of another.

Such as this and much more runs unconsciously through the mind as one unfolds the paper and glances at the more conspicuous headlines. And so it comes about that such journalism fails in its intention and influence, fails to call forth the expected admiration and sympathy in favor of the owner, but tends rather to excite aversion and contempt.

The answer is that the modern newspaper, as sent forth by a wealthy owner, is not intended for a class with pure tastes and refined intellects, and that these if they would get the news must take the ditch-water.

"Give the public what it wants," Pulitzer used to say. It seems that it wanted oceans of rot, in a form invented by Mr. Pulitzer called sensational journalism, and which returned to him thirty millions of dollars, net.

Few governors have ever dared to defy the public press as Governor Johnson has done, but Governor Johnson dares to defy anything. He knows full well that when the foulness of a newspaper is exposed, that when its lies, its hypocrisies, its sales of the last shred of decency it may have once possessed its power to harm is ended. It can only emit a foulness which engenders disgust. "I want the people of this state to know and judge for themselves," said Governor Johnson, referring to certain strictures made by him regarding the tendency of journalism to vilify, blackmail, or praise according as they are paid.

"Wherever we see a rotten nest we are breaking it up, wherever we find a crook in the public service we are driving him out. This sort of thing dosn't please the moral engines of the press to which I've just referred, but it pleases me, and it's the kind of government California is going to have for three and a half years more."

There is plenty of ability, there are energy intelligence and grit, but there is a lack of manhood in the management of the press, a lack of honesty and sincerity.

A newspaper man wants a subsidy. He begins incontinently to praise the official through whom it may be obtained, and to work for his reëlection. Is that bribery or only blarney? Whatever it is the people pay for it.

A newspaper wants more circulation. It first works up good government, and helps to put criminals in prison; then to the disgust of its readers it whips round and twaddles of forgiveness and the release of the same evil-doers. In thus attempting to secure first the good citizen patronage, then the patronage of the evil-minded, it brings upon itself the contempt of all.

Money can do great things, but there are some things that money cannot do; it cannot establish and keep successfully alive along modern lines a large daily newspaper upon the principle of truthfulness and integrity in all things, no more than a woman can live and move in the upper circles of society and always speak the truth. Why? Because people do not want that sort of paper, and will not be influenced by that sort of woman.

The modern successful newspaper of the ponderous class is a concoction of current events which are of interest to all, with pages of specialties of interest only to a class, high or low, usually low, with sections emanating from brains warped by nature but with added disorganization for the purpose, a sports section; a comic section, which eradicates in the youthful imagination whatever taste for art it might otherwise possess; a section of oafs

and monstrosities, pictures by an artist of the insane asylum and text of the dime novel order by a scandal section; a political section made up of praise for one side and denunciatory lies for the other; an expert of disordered mind and dedicated to idiots; columns of murders, divorces, criminal trials, showing the seamy side of human nature for those of seamy tastes, with plenty of suicides, robberies, and rapes; pages of scandal, vituperation, and personal abuse, for those who love scandal and personal abuse; weak and washy editorials carefully constructed for weak and washy intellects; faces of reporters and writers staring the reader out of stomach from January to December, the delectable ensemble lighted with a halo of lies and hypocrisy not the least among its several attractions. And why those faces; is it necessary to inflict them on the reader three hundred times a year?

This for the great dailies; worse if possible, if anything can be worse, are the current weeklies, organs of high society and high crime, who sell their wares to whomsoever will buy and then like Ruef sell the purchaser and beg him to buy again. They display neither reason nor principle, but only bald mendacity, where their interests are concerned.

In all personal or partizan issues the best journalist is he who is most skilled in misrepresentation.

At the beginning of the high-crime prosecution in San Francisco the proprietor of one of these journals, which had hitherto been quite respectable, came to me asking advice as to which side he should take, that of honesty and the welfare of the community or that of criminality and demoralization. I soon saw that he had already made up his mind to the latter course. "I am not in business for my health," he said. "There is sure and easy money on the side of money; there are hard knocks and no pay if I go against them."

"How about the integrity of your journal?" I asked. "Is that worth nothing?"

"It is worth what it will fetch in money," he said. "I have a family."

"Then as a member of this community you are ready to fly the skull and cross-bones, and cry with the rest of them, 'To hell with morality; give us money.'"

"I am afraid that is about the size of it," with a metallic smile. "The others are doing it."

"Is it not rather a small sum, this for which you are selling yourself and betraying your city?"

"Oh, come off! It's all I can get, and more than any one else will give."

So he departed to collect his thirty pieces of silver, and sink himself and his paper beneath the contempt of good men. He went his way. It was only an effigy of a man after all. There was here an opportunity to make a good fight for a grand cause. He threw it away, and with it threw himself away. It is said that the subsidy he received from special interests was a thousand dollars a month. Times changed; good government came again into power; high crime and reactionary interests having no further use for such an organ dropped it, and a once valuable property became as tattered rags.

When he tried to crawl back to his former position, his old patrons repudiated him.

A thousand dollars a month; some received more, some less; six thousand dollars a month for the integrity of the press of San Francisco. Divided among the railroads, corporations, bankers, and affiliated interests, the cost to each was not severe. It was all the goods were worth, however, and more, though the valuation would be low for respectable journalism. Considerable additions to the bribe direct, however, should be made for patronage in the way of subscriptions and advertisements.

A prostituted press. A newspaper run professedly in the interests of the public, but actually for the gratification of the passions and prepudices of the owner.

A prostituted press. What quality of enlightenment

is that which proceeds from one who writes under orders, and what quality of man is it who for pay deals out as truth what he knows to be false?

One may think it a little strange how so many of these weekly Jezebels of journalism can live and pay the printer. Well, of one way I have many times had experience ever since blackmailing became a fine art.

"I say, mister, let me put your picture on the front page, and a page of reading matter inside—write it yourself; only a hundred dollars."

"Go to the devil."

Such a proposition means pay the money or take your medicine, the latter a string of abuse until the liberty and purity of the press gets tired. Much as I like cleanliness, I prefer filth to the deeper degradation of their praise.

To say that the greater part of the newspapers printed in the United States are a disgrace to the country, a disgrace to the intelligence of the people, is to say what every one knows to be true, and what few will deny. There is in them an absence of that sincerity and truth, of those principles of integrity which, while instructing the mind and promoting culture, elevate the political and moral well-being of the community. There is an absence of right thinking, of right feeling, or I should say, rather, an absence of any thinking or feeling at all except such as will gratify personal spleen or bring profit to the owner.

Well, what are we going to do about it? We love scandal; we delight in the misfortunes of others; we read with avidity all about the rapes, murders, and incendiaries of the day; the infelicities of the rich are especially exciting, their elevation and downfall, their infidelities and divorces; all who are involved in disgraceful bankruptcies, in annoying lawsuits, all who are sent to prison, or are in any wise punished for their sins; we comfort ourselves that we are not of these, and that we have no sins, or at least none of much importance that are thus far found out. Happily we can enjoy all this in our daily paper,

for our daily papers teach us so to do, and we are willing to pay for it; and our good teacher the paper proprietor is willing to take the money and call it quits.

What are we to do about it, to say about it? Nothing. My lord proprietor will tell you that he knows his own business; that people want claptrap and that if he will not give it them, others will; that he doesn't care a damn for the well-being or ill-being of the people, or for their moral or spiritual nature, or for their growth in grace or disgrace; he will print what his patrons want and are satisfied to pay for, and that is the sum and substance of his moral or immoral philosophy.

And who shall blame him? Do we blame the skunk for its smell or the snake for its sting? God made everything for some purpose, the newspaperman with the rest, only it is a matter of some regret that we must have our morning portion served by such a steward.

Then of what do we complain? We are not complaining, fair sir, only stating a few facts, only thinking of the effect of all this on ourselves, and our children, only thinking that perhaps there is something better in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in the philosophy of such base contemplation, of such filthy studies as these our mentors and opinion-makers serve us,—for one cent per diem, two-thirds of it for the lord-proprietor and one-third for the poor little devil that sells the papers.

Much is said of the influence of the newspaper press. I have noticed that where the journalist is in earnest and honest his words carry weight; where he is plainly lying, or writing for pay contrary to his convictions, among intelligent readers he excites only disgust. When Taft turned renegade and carried with him the subsidized press, which comprised most of the leading newspapers, what they all of them together said made but little impression except upon the lower or baser element of society.

Some of the best paying newspapers have little or no influence which affects public opinion, or sways the minds

of their readers. They may print the news and be good advertising mediums, while the editorials and outbursts of spleen mingled with senseless twaddle fall to the ground unheeded and harmless.

We need not ask why so few of kind heart and good character can conduct a successful newspaper in the United States. The people want the news, they want truthful news, at least there must be some truth in it, but they want it highly seasoned, and with plenty of spicy scandal.

The great newspaper proprietor, whether risen from the lower level or the inheritor of wealth, is well hated, and in return he hates. This is his one great pride and purpose, when not preceded by cupidity; in owning a newspaper he can strike from behind his presses without fear of a return blow. Though an editor gets killed occasionally, it only increases the value of the property for the heirs; it is a great satisfaction to see the good name of an enemy smutted with printers' ink.

It is sweet to injure those we hate. But there the wealthy newspaperman makes a mistake, for howsoever much he may injure his enemy he injures himself more. When he rolls through his presses his columns of vindictive spleen he stands there—what? That most contemptible of objects, a man filled with venom, cowardly, as he strikes only when at an advantage, a malevolent soul naked before the eyes of all men. The worst weapon for himself a rich man of vindictive disposition can have, and one with which he should never trust himself is a newspaper.

The weekly press of San Francisco has been aptly likened to the painted woman, who has sold her honor, thrown away all influence for good, and prostituted herself for gain. This may have been the case in some instances; as a rule this class of journals never had any honor and were never anything else but prostitutes. They began like many of the dailies, with blackmailing, intend-

ing to leave it off and become respectable when they could afford it. It appears that they have never been able to afford it.

One might imagine from the scrapings of filth from their person when the supreme court turned loose upon the town the high grafters of the dark era of crime, that reform had set in with the gentlemen of the predatory press, because of stoppage of pay, when in reality it was only a clearing of the decks for a new action.

Speaking in Congress of the bad effect of vulgar journalism on the taste and morals of society Senator Works said:

"Not only does such publication incite others to crime, and sometimes to suicide, but it is generally hurtful to the morals and sensibilities of the people to read column after column of sensational stories of crime and criminals. It is impossible to pick up a newspaper to-day without seeing story after story of death by violence, horrible accidents and other such matters. I think it is high time the matter should be given serious consideration."

In a community where unrestricted license is given, the newspaper is a pretty fair index of the mind and morals of its readers. With due allowance for the idiosyncrasies of the owner or editor the patron may see in his daily paper a tolerably accurate reflection of himself.

In taking up a paper of this kind the feeling of the reader is one of indifference or disgust, knowing that not a word can be relied on where the interests or prejudices of the proprietor intervene. Unconsciously as he opens it he considers the character of the sheet and its owner, his political, commercial, and social relations and ambitions; if he is a great liar or only a small one, and regulates his expectations and valuations accordingly.

So long as the public press is ruled by individual passions or private interests we must not be surprised sometimes to find our mentors mercenary, vindictive, and brutal. We must not be surprised to see any good impulse

distorted, any good man besmeared with calumny by lying tongues.

Which reminds me of a literary free lance who once came to me for employment. It appeared that he had acted as editor of a religious journal for small pay, as in his writings he might follow the tenets of his faith; but previously he had taught in a private school with off-color orthodoxy. At the school the amount of salary had been agreed upon, after which the new teacher was notified that an extempore morning prayer would be expected of him. "I can't do that for the money," he replied. "I will read you a prayer if you like, but if I am to furnish originality with faith, I must be paid for it."

In almost every large city the leading newspapers are devoted to special interests, though covered as far as possible by matters of general consequence. The owner of the paper engages writers to do his bidding, and they write as they are told.

A journal that will sell itself, sell its city, sell the owner's integrity, if he has any, and which for years denounces decency, opposes the punishment of rich criminals, sustains official vice in every form, and then as soon as the pay stops turns and talks about the wickedness of bribery, the loathsomeness of vice, and the like, has sunken too low for ordinary scorn; yet such is the not infrequent course.

As compared with eastern journalism the west displays more boldness and originality as well as more coarseness and slang. Though still a power, it has lost much of its influence, apparently expecting the public to believe more than half it says.

It is a singular fancy some rich men have that by controlling certain of the newspapers they can control public opinion. They do not realize how little influence the paid manipulators of the press have, how transparent are their untruths, and how little attention is given to

anything they can say on any question in which they or their masters have an interest.

Any public journal, in order to carry much weight with it, must have in appearance at least an air of fairness or disinterestedness. If behind the veil the cloven foot of premeditated purpose is seen, words are as idle wind.

We go to hear the speaker, or preacher, who tells us the things we like to hear. We read the newspaper that takes our own view of the questions of the day. We regard with suspicion any change of purpose or policy on the part of our editor and begin to look about for the cause. And we generally find it. The journalist does not deceive to the extent that he imagines.

Let us hope ere long to see the progressive principle, which is good government, equal rights, purity in politics, the best in life for all the people, become not only the foundation of a new political party, the meaningless terms democrat and republican, both rotten with iniquity, forever discarded, but the basis also of all respectable journalism, from which all efforts at misrepresentation, all lies, all cant, hypocrisy, backbiting, blackguarding, and the usual roll of revenges shall be eliminated.

CHAPTER XXII

VAGARIES OF SOCIETY

AN eminent London physician attributes the neurotic temperament of high class society to inherited wealth and the absence of laudable effort. Wealthy parentage and luxurious environment tend to weakness of mind sometimes bordering on imbecility. Particularly is this the case with regard to succession in the families of European sovereigns and the aristocracy, whose mental condition on the average is below the normal, a lamentable number every year lapsing into lunacy. Among these he has noticed that the first born, owing to the unstable condition of the young parents, is more timid and hysterical if possible than the others, and he suggests by way of some mitigation of the evil that the English law of inheritance should be changed so that instead of the first-born the second or third son should be invested with the succession.

This position is ably sustained by Professor J. Friedjung, of Vienna, as well as by the learned Karl Pearson, the former having placed under examination one hundred offspring of aristocratic families and finding only thirteen of them normal, while eighteen were severely neuropathic and sixty-nine displayed nervous unstability.

That this evil has spread to America and extends over a wide range there is no question. The children of wealthy parents, neglected, pampered, or nagged according to the humor of whoever has charge of them, are poor material for American citizenship such as the term once implied.

Offspring of the idle rich, when not neglected for frivolities and left to servants are petted and pampered to their disadvantage, so that in either case they grow up physically and intellectually inferior. One in twenty of our able and prominent men may have been born rich, overcoming an inherent tendency to decadence.

High society parents are exposed to many indulgences; eating to gluttony and drinking to drunkenness, dissipating in a greater or less degree body and mind, but oftener dwindling away in inanity to an empty shell.

Alcoholic parentage is as bad for the poor as for the rich; but though there may be more drunkenness among the poor there is less drinking than among the rich. So with regard to crime; many criminals are found among the poor, more criminals exist among the rich, whether found or not.

Howsoever much or little we may accept of the theories of the learned men of science, the fact is palpable that race deterioration attends luxury and laziness, and that luxury and laziness attend high society, by which term is not meant the best society, but rather the class faineant of the Merovingian kings, the frothy class that floats on the top in wealth and idleness, and whose disreputable doings are chronicled with due éclat in the journals of the day.

It is poor policy blaming high society for its low birth rate. The social economist will tell you that the fewer there are of that class the better. They are of no benefit to the commonwealth, no blessing to humanity, and no ornament to the race.

In plant life for the betterment of the fruits we select kind and quality; in animal life we choose the best for breeding. It is only the human race that is left in its propagation to run its own course.

The body social in the United States, that is to say those aspiring to the upper realms or who fancy themselves already there, has greatly changed in its component

parts during the last two decades. Consult the society columns of the newspapers, and we find nine-tenths of the names foreign. We were once an English colony, then an Anglo-American people; now we are Latin, Slav, or Teuton; if we want Anglo-Saxon society we must go to England for it.

The idle rich, in common with our later importations of the lower classes from Europe, are breeding for American citizenship a race of pygmies, diminutive in body and mind, features pinched and form puerile, their presence especially noticeable in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York.

Classes of society, class distinctions exist in imagination rather than in reality. Strictly speaking there is no society. In an economic sense, or collectively, there are the people, but as a fashion, society long ago fell by reason of dead weight, decay, and incoherence, and was broken into fragments, leaving only cliques, sets, coteries. Each of these cliques or coteries calls itself society, some of them really believe that they are something of the sort and the only pure article.

Louis XIV with France at his feet was society. A vain pompous profligate, with courtesans as councilors and never a wholesome thought in all his gilded halls, this man or monster was society, as was his confrère Charles of England. The king can do no evil; society can do no evil. Napoleon of Corsica, born poor, becoming master of Europe became society, the society of the aristocrats having suffered decapitation. What the Corsican lacked in pedigree he made up in genius, which gave him power, which gave him kings for courtiers, princesses for ladies in waiting, and all femininity for mistresses.

This was high society, its rottenness being limited only by the power and human capabilities to rot; and as there never before or since has been such power lodged in the hands of one man, and vicariously in the hands of many men and women, we may reasonably regard the Napoleonic

era as the summit of high society, of which our era is the logical sequence.

Harking back therefore to the days of Josephine, who played with fate like other women, and was scarcely the peerless matron chaste readers of history delight in, we may easily follow down the trail to the present time, England copying the fashions of France, the colonies copying England while looking at France, and we of the present gold-engulfed era copying from them all.

What then is the nature and circumscription of this century-old influence that so subtly entrammels our would-be best ones to-day? This answered and the politics of society stand revealed.

First of all the observer takes notice that form takes precedence over all other forces; sham stands for substance until substance no longer needs sham for its support. The king can do no evil; evil in the king's house becomes good; we worship the good whether it be evil or not. Social forms cover all the sins of the decalogue.

Sham and conventionalities, and the leaders of high society must of necessity be liberally endowed with hypocrisy. They are often estimable persons, but they cannot escape the fetters of fashion.

For a feeder to folly appears the newspaper press, where women young and old see so much of themselves, their portraits and their prattle, their coming and going, their clubs, charities, and reforms, thus obtaining a false estimate of themselves tending in no wise to improve their mind or manners.

Social ostracism has been suggested as a punishment for high crime, but it will not work. The predatory rich are a society or cabal unto themselves. Already lost to honor, without patriotism, void of any moral sense, they want associates only like themselves.

At the same time ostracism as applied by the parvenues of Fifth avenue has more effect than anything respectability can do to punish the rich.

Society smiles at crime and shrieks over a broken conventionality. It is a powerful force indeed, that which impels a woman to make herself hideous, to expose charms which are no charms in order to be in the fashion.

There is no slavery like the slavery of society. There is no sentiment so strong, no passion so deep, no force so impelling as the forms and fashions by which society leads captive its votaries. There is nothing so unbecoming a woman will not wear to be in the fashion. There is no point of personal beauty she will not sacrifice rather than sacrifice the mode, there is nothing so sinful she would not dare rather than live outside the pale of convention. She would rather not be than not be in vogue.

This inexorable environment, this obsession of servitude we carry with us through life and hug to vanquished hearts as we pass into death. There is no escape from it. We will have it so; there is no wish to escape. If, overtaken by a spasm of independence we throw off one tyranny, immediately we seek for ourselves another tyranny and find it.

It is strongest in the supernatural, but it is always present in the natural. If not around us, then in us, and the slavery to ourselves is most imperative of all. We are not good to ourselves; too often we rule for the worst and not for the best; we make idiots of ourselves when peradventure we may not have been born so.

Even in the ghosts of things long dead, in things long known to be dead or never existing, we bow the head in servitude, as in religion when we have no religion, though once enslaved to its forms then always enslaved, howsoever stoutly we may assert that we feel no longer the bondage. We are slaves to form, slaves to fashion, slaves to the shadow of an idea. The gregarious predilection and the instinct of imitation is as fully developed in men and women as in sheep.

King George the Fifth of England was obliged to dismiss his chaplain, Farrar, owing to his immoralities. How

many immoral chaplains are there left not dismissed. Yet convention requires chaplains to be moral, or at least to appear so.

To enter high society successfully the woman must put on the wisdom and wickedness of the serpent, and as few clothes as possible; the men—well, there are no real men in high society.

Defects are ignored if such can be in high society. Veneered vice or absent virtue are not to be mentioned. Defects of mind are obscured with silly speech called smart, or clever.

Here then is the skeleton in all its nakedness set up during the centuries by our great exemplars of France and England, upon which Americans for their own delectation are to lay on the flesh.

For the highest of high society now, since decapitation in France, we have only England, with her royal progeny, of which we can be at best but a sorry imitation. We lack alas! half of England's ancient superstitions, the divinity of social absurdities, of royal inheritances, of a titled and untitled aristocracy, of a great horde born every year into enforced idleness, enforced under penalty of social alienation. And so the whole ever-increasing brood goes on breeding worthlessness.

Inherited wealth is bad enough, but inherited title and position is worse. Intangible and imaginary merit, worthy of some special consideration is bestowed upon some intangible and imaginary object, call it prince or pig, for the pig can as easily inherit as the prince.

When King George was charged with sanctified bigamy, he denied marrying and repudiating Admiral Seymour's daughter, sending his accuser to prison for a year. Whereupon all the doctors and divines of the realm denied it, and the nobility and gentry denied it, so it must be there was no Admiral Seymour, and that he never had a daughter, and that there is no royal progeny in that quarter for the British people to support.

There was no room for modesty, no need of pretense, in the good old days of Louis and Charles, when wantonness was open and rottenness gave forth its true odor. Nor is there need of pretense or profession in the twentieth century coronation of a king, for all is plain buffoonery, pure and simple.

The few American duchesses and things left over after the royal muckraking for actresses, divorcées, and other scandal-smitten dames set themselves out to see who could spend the most American money at the English coronation show. From half a million to a million was attained by some, who all the while thought themselves commanding the admiration of the world, whereas they were only exciting the contempt of all sensible people.

There is not a king in Christendom, or heathendom, there is not a potentate in history sacred or profane, who has not had wives and mistresses ad libitum. And the prince takes after the king, and high society follows the example of the prince, and there is the warrant for every abomination.

But this warrant is not served on the modest American maiden when the duke comes for her. Her mother never tells her that she will have to share her duke with barmaids and actresses, for of such is the kingdom of England.

As a rule, when an American heiress marries a European nobleman trouble comes. Three out of four are in due time divorced, the others hide their disgust and smile back at their envious friends at home. Much of this international infelicity is the fault of parents who leave their daughters in ignorance as to standards of morality here and there, and the difference with which the recording angel regards wickedness in men and wickedness in women.

Interracial marriages are a failure, breaking up the sacred traditions on both sides, and leaving nothing in their place. Neither can respect the institutions nor ac-

cept the religious beliefs of the other; the uniting is in no sense a union.

The Teutonic mentality is turbid and coarse, and into whatsoever transformations it may pass these characteristics in a greater or less degree will remain. The Latin mentality is imaginative and swayed by sentiment; it is dark, impulsive, and unreasonable, and mixes ill with any other. The Anglo-Saxon is aggressive and domineering, ever in pursuit of a definite object, which just now is money; the English-speaking race are all possessed with a mania for wealth.

It is because of these oppugnant mentalities that so many infelicities arise from international marriages; this, and the different purposes in view. The American girl marries an Italian title, prompted thereto by her vanity and love of notoriety; the man marries for money pure and simple. The woman abandons dull duty for a refined immorality; the man gives up nothing.

The ethnic elements of society in the United States are undergoing changes, the Teuton and the Celt rapidly supplanting the Anglo-American, who seems to care less and less for the frivolities and furbelows of fashionable crowds.

Heredity and environment both fail when frivolity becomes the leading influence in life. The mind becomes dull and feeble from inaction, though heredity for a time may help to brace up the intellect as environment affects the manners.

From the aristocratic government of Washington and his time, from the plain-living puritanism and stern virtue of New England a hundred years ago we have become demagogical, not alone politically but socially and financially. We keep always on hand a good stock of patriotism for sale at the lowest price. We have a brilliant criminal class living in palaces and putting the slums to shame. We have high society of the highest, smart sets of the smartest, all striving for supremacy in silliness. We have the finest churches filled with the most devout

worshipers of wealth, whose pulpits are occupied by preachers faithful to the customs and creeds of their supporters. The moneyed element have plenty of leisure in which to concoct evil schemes while the masses are at work. Hence vice flourishes among the idlers, and high society becomes the hot-bed of high crime. In evidence, there are the indicted wrong-doers, the bribers and court-mongers, the divorcée in fresh war paint, the advanced young woman with her bull pup, and the brainless young man with his lascivious leer.

Prominent in this coterie are presidents of public service corporations who bribe officials to steal from the people for the benefit of their company. These, the highest criminals in the land, are among the leaders in high society.

High society women to some extent are losing their hold on men, the elder ones being retained only by the table and the sideboard, and the younger ones by the buffet and the ballroom. Women whose undisciplined minds dwell chiefly on the froth and vanities of life have little in common with men occupied in money-making, and the chivalrous attention so common in times past is not so often seen.

Essential to society are wealth and display; without these high society would be low indeed. Emblematical of moneyless high society is the maid or matron of low degree with high swinging arms and graceless wrigglings, rejoicing in the possession even of vulgarity if thereby attention may be attracted. Like self-made men, self-made women, whether of cotton or whalebone, are good form in society, high or low.

The young lady of high society,—she is rich, she is pretty, but she knows nothing and can do nothing; for which outfitting to meet the issues of life she is indebted to her high society mother.

To inherit wealth is too often to inherit idleness, the

greatest curse of all. To be denied the privilege of useful occupation under penalty of social ostracism is punishment severer than imprisonment behind the bars.

As a rule a large fortune is necessary to shine in society, that is to say in certain kinds of society. The best society does not need money to brighten it. Where money is the dominating influence, then money is the society and not the men and women. It is not a very attractive woman that requires pearls and diamonds to make her attractive. Perhaps she may find comfort in the reflection, if she ever reflects, that it is the stones that shine and not she herself.

The ethical ideals of the best society include the manner of making money as well as the manner of spending it. It must be made honestly and spent honestly. It is not spending money honestly to entertain fashionable criminals at dinner, or help elect a bad man to office, or support a clergyman too cowardly to denounce wickedness in high places. Women delight in change, and when money becomes plethoric in the household of the hitherto merely wealthy, an economic readjustment necessarily follows. The very wealthy woman is seldom without social aspirations. Of what use is money if it will not help her to shine in society? It is in this distinction that lies her power, and power is as dear to her heart as to that of her husband. If she cannot make herself conspicuous in a sensible way, then she must do so along the lines of folly. To see them act, these whilom washer-women and serving men it may be they were, one would imagine that they or their forebears had now in their veins the imperial purple of the Roman emperors.

There is as wide a distinction between a woman of wealth and fashion with charming manners and a lady, as there is between a man of wealth and learning or genius and a gentleman.

David Graham Phillips calls the idle rich the parasite

class; the idle poor are paupers. The man and the woman are drifting every day wider apart, the man to his work, the woman to her wiles. The fact that the highest aim of a society woman is a life of pleasure is of less sociological significance than what her idea of pleasure may be. Some find the greatest pleasure in household labor, some in charitable work, some in intellectual pursuits; it is not a life of good works but of pleasure per se that is here referred to.

When the newly rich, seeing distinction from association with conspicuous social lights, seek admission to the charmed circle, its attractions are increased by the difficulties thrown in the way. The merely wealthy sink to insignificance, and nothing in the world is worth while except to be one with the gay light-headed and light-hearted.

To speak of a class as the best society because of its wealth or because of its assumption of superiority is to speak foolishly. Evidently the best society is that out of which the best proceeds. We cannot logically place in that category such names as John D. Rockefeller and Leland Stanford, though rich, pious, and founders of colleges, for though many are apparently benefited thereby the benefits are as Dead Sea fruit. Such men are only carbuncles of society, excrescences of the times.

Society may be graded up or down, good better best, or bad worse worst. Beginning of course with ourselves, we and ours being always best, our children, our country, our religion. They may be the worst children, country, and religion in the world, yet we must pretend that they are the best, else, as the poet says, we forfeit fair renown and turn to dust unsung, which were a pity. And if we would not be concentrated all in self, and meet our doom as such, we must continue to regard ourselves and ours as the best; our government our law-makers and law-breakers, the best; our high-crime professors and bribers, our men of special interests, of trusts monopolies and grafts, our grabbers of land and lumber, of coal iron and oil; our captors of rail-

ways built by others with the people's money, all, all, the best.

Can that be good society whose component parts are bad? Can it be good society where there is no lady and no gentleman? What is a gentleman and what a lady? Not good looks, nor fashionable clothes, nor fine houses. To be a lady she must have a kind heart, a charitable disposition, and a tongue that will not backbite or tell lies. Some prefer coarseness to refinement, brutality to gentleness, immorality to decency; people are made differently. Leave the pig to enjoy his sty, for he is not amenable to conventionalities or crystallized social sentiment, though he is not indifferent to social ostracism; to most animals this were a severe punishment.

Why should we say the idle rich? Like snakes in Ireland there are no idle rich. Satan provides.

An aspiring individual builds himself a five million dollar house on Fifth avenue. Why this display? Is it for honor? He is not honored thereby. Is it for admiration? He is not admired for it. It is the house if anything that is admired. Is it for esteem? There is nothing estimable about the man.

As I have said before, it is hardly fair to distinguish by the term criminal class the petty pickpockets of the slums, the cheap assassins, the bold burglars, the chivalrous highwaymen, those alone for whom prisons are made, when there are at hand streets full of men in careful dress and with pompous mien, any one of whom will accomplish as much evil in a single day as all the denizens of the low-lying districts will encompass in a year. No, it is among the rich and prosperous that we find the true criminal class, those who cheat the government, rob the people by millions, and dynamite incriminating witnesses; who grasp and secure for themselves alone the natural wealth which is the common property of all; bribers, defaulters, merger men, public officials, and private promoters; men who fatten on fraudulent trusts, and with consummate cunning

and sleight of hand win the wealth of others into their own pockets, and who handle other people's money for what will stick to their fingers.

It is one of the curiosities of literature, society, though Disraeli did not know it when he made his book. It is more of a curiosity now than it was sixty years ago, more curious in America at least, if not in England, as nothing can be more curious than the roarings and rampancy of the fashionable world attending the collapse or crowning of a man inheriting monarchy.

Confining ourselves to the United States, where there is folly enough for all the world, we find some six thousand towns and cities, each with its society of the several grades, as "society," "the best society," "good society," and "not in society," each grade having its leader, or one who considers herself such,—for it is usually a woman, or may be several women, each one of whom is sure she is It, and will so maintain, bringing forth as proof diamonds and dresses, motors, horse equipages, and a hot-house hospitality. Some affect brains and prattle Omar Khayyam and Browning; some display fingers, and twang the harp; some the light fantastic toe, and "Oh! I just love it." And whether in reality, were there any reality about it, whether good, better, or best, each is sure she is It, the only perfect It, all the others, though well enough in their way, being inferior, which it were graceful in them to acknowledge.

This, in their own town or city, on their own hill of eminence. Let one cross the line of her queendom into the domain of another, she is a distinguished visitor; in a larger city she is a stranger, in New York or Newport she is a nobody; should she have the temerity, even though she queened it over no mean city at home, to cross the water to London or Paris, she is a lost soul in purgatory. For what are the highest in New York society before the American peeresses in London, or the American peeresses before the English peeresses, or the English peeresses before the queen, or the queen before sisters of celestial fame?

When in society we are not as others see us, else were we small indeed; in or out of society we are to ourselves as we see ourselves, else we would not be at all.

Two or more women with wealth enough to entertain and wit enough to attract can declare themselves high society and exclude all who might not advantage their scheme. Exclusion leads to envy and envy to adulation and endless snobbery.

This smart set, which might more properly be called the silly set, is not composed of the best people, though there may be some estimable persons among them. They lead a sort of bumblebee existence, and fancy all around them are anxious to be one of them, as indeed many are, but not the better class of the community. Women of mind as well as manners, men who take life more seriously, and have useful work to do are not attracted by the frivolities of fashion. Young men who set out to accomplish something in the world cannot dance all night and work all day. Hence the so-called best society is usually the worst. The social leaders in the more pretentious class are seldom known beyond their own precincts, and have no recognition in fashionable life elsewhere.

Each community has its own standard of superiority. With the most of them it is wealth, that being the most common and most available. Some fall back on ancestry, and here and there we see a coterie of learned persons, of wits, or artists, who affect to despise wealth, but do not.

We may regard the high society criminals with some degree of leniency when we consider how the seeds of wrong-doing were brought and are kept alive in their religion. The teaching of Israel was to rob, capture, and kill all of another faith, the effect of which injunction has not died out to this day. "God bless our gracious queen and give her the victory over all her enemies," even if those enemies are fighting for their homes in India or Africa, or are refusing good English opium in China.

Of high society Henry Ward Beecher thus testifies:

"When a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud, need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young? Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years, received into respectable families to their everlasting shame."

"New York's four hundred are as Sodom," said George Chalmers, high churchman of Philadelphia. "To rule the smart set means to manage gambling parties and assist at divorce proceedings."

High society breeds low citizenship, the young man devotes his life to pleasure; his highest thoughts are of sport; silly talk with silly girls enrolls him in the smart set. He has no more idea of political responsibilities than the mule has of music.

Rather a despicable character in society is the climber. The desire to be with those who wish to be thought better than they are is not a noble one. The affectation of superiority attracts the shallow-minded, who long in like manner to attract sham with superior sham. If in his pitiful attempts the social climber succeeds, it is only to make his eminence of vulgarity permanent. People are not apt to forget the ground from which the climber started.

It is sad to see the briber, once so honored, now disgraced; it is sad to see the defaulter, once so trusted, now put to open shame; but it is more sad to see briber and defaulter received in society like honest men.

In the olden time, in all intelligent and well-regulated communities, every one worked, and work was respectable; idleness was disgraceful. All this has changed. The idle and profligate plant themselves on conspicuous corners and call themselves society, while all useful and really respectable men and women who work are said by them to be not in society. The absence alike of poverty and

wealth during the first half of the century, all uniting work with respectability, brought all together on a plane of equality, while later, as wealth and idleness increased, only the refuse and the worthless could properly call themselves in society.

Denver has a refined and intelligent people; it is more like Boston in this respect than any western city. Yet among those in Denver who label themselves high society are some of the vilest corruptionists the country can produce, men who sell the souls of children for money, and openly vilify in vulgar and blasphemous terms the judge on his bench for attempting their rescue.

Of great men and great women there must necessarily be comparatively few in the world, for greatness implies distinction. If all were rich and great alike there would be no superiority. Money in the hands of one person is of no value if it will not buy the services of another.

Greatness in the sense of distinction is an overwhelming craving of the human heart. The desire for power is the mainspring of all human activities, the primary principle of all human progress. Nor is it humanity alone that covets distinction. Animals and plants fight for the supremacy, the fittest surviving.

Places as well as peoples set up various measurements. To do nothing and do it well, is the aim of the Englishman; to do evil undetected pleases the Frenchman, while the American above all things likes best to make money, honestly if practicable. In Turkey the ideal Sultan is he who secures repose, dignified repose.

In Europe where caste is still strongly marked, not so much by money and title as by blood and occupation, the really best society, the class that gives the most and does the best is that part of the nobility and gentry who follow some useful occupation, as statesmanship, finance, or even high commerce and manufacturing, as against an idle and dissipated aristocracy.

The city languishes unless replenished from the country, and idle society falls into decay unless vivified by those who work.

There is a class better than high society, which is the Best Society. The best society is distinguished from high society in that its personnel is composed for the most part of men who work and are honest. Some of them are even disposed to be truthful.

As to the more sensible and refined realms of social intercourse where mind meets mind to the improvement of all, there is little of it left. Men meet to eat and drink and smoke, women to dance and laugh and scandalize. This is so-called high society, the more nonsensical and extravagant it is the higher it ranks. It is exceeded in imbecility by only one class, and that is of those who regard it, envy it, and would like to be in it but cannot.

There are men in England who make good society; there are few of that stamp in America, the older ones talking stocks and the younger ones sport.

The commercial value of civic integrity is a quality always to be reckoned with, the advocacy of immunity for high crime being measured by the morality or cupidity of the moneyed men.

What constitutes good society, the best society? I will tell you. In the early gold digging days San Francisco's good society was better than the best, better than any since seen there, because of its patriotism, single-mindedness, and charity. The men were honest and the women pure of heart. Vice flaunted its colors in the streets, and crime plied its trade in the dark, but the saviors of the city went their way untainted.

There was want and suffering abroad, and these people, at first strangers, soon became friends, drawn together by bonds of sympathy and respect. The women formed charitable associations and the men built hospitals and asylums. Their names, when the honor roll of California

is called, should come first,—Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, Mrs. Alfred De Witt, Mrs. C. V. Gillespie, Mrs. William Leffingwell, Mrs. D. L. Ross, Mrs. O. C. Wheeler, Mrs. F. W. Macondray, Mrs. Henry Haight, and among the men, John W. Geary, Hall McAllister, H. W. Halleck, William T. Coleman, Charles Gilman, Stephen Franklin.

These and such as these are always good society, be the time and place whatever it may.

Marshall Field, a noble specimen of American manhood, from a poor youth—seeking work in the wet streets of murky Chicago, rises by his own inherent force of character into a loftier environment, makes a hundred millions, and dies of a bruised heart from the untimely death of a worthy son, who leaves a boy sole heir to all. What chance has he to accomplish anything worth living for, this guarded babe, who is switched off to Europe by a dozen relatives with a score of servants, the better to spend there the grandfather's earnings?

In the best society are still left some shreds of patriotism. Among the young men are some who will go out and work for pure politics, not wanting office. Among the elders are some that are rich and influential who discourage immorality and will not indulge in bribery.

The best society in America is composed chiefly of Americans with American ideals. Aliens may now and then come in from the effete civilizations of Europe and become members of the best society, but it cannot be expected that they should at once fall in love with a country not their own, or entertain any great degree of loyalty and respect for institutions in the making of which they had taken no part.

The young men of the best society are ashamed of idleness and inefficiency; they attend dinner parties and dances but do not make a practice of spending the night in revelry and the day in bed. The young women of this class likewise aspire to a life of usefulness, remembering that their grandmothers worked, and that they them-

selves are profiting by it, while the high society girls who know nothing and can do nothing, never had a grandmother.

It is becoming somewhat common among the young men even of high society to affect a life of usefulness, to copy enough from the code of the best society as to adopt some of its virtues, even to the learning of the principles and practice of business methods and of setting their hands thereto. Some go so far as to apply to habits of dissipation the term damphoolishness. Herein may we build up some hope for the future. And while we are about it we may as well hope a little for the gay fossils and withered dowagers as well as for the prurient youths of lascivious ballrooms.

A clique may draw around itself a circle within which better people than any it contains are excluded for no apparent reason than that they want to enter, and they may want to enter for no other reason than that they are excluded.

During the latter part of the century society has assumed its most complex form. Following the civil war came reconstruction, expansion, and a development which multiplied wealth. We were admittedly a great nation, the wealthiest and strongest in the world, all of which were of little avail could not a proper display of it be made. Men may build homes, women may carry a paltry half million upon their backs, if not left too bare, while government may send a bunch of war ships round the world, all for vain show, one as another.

Virtue becoming too tame, vice is adopted for a change. "Punishments established for the common people do not apply to us," says high society; "our immoralities, our dishonesties are swallowed up in our superiority."

This, then, is the whole matter. In every city, in every large town of America and Europe society separates itself into cliques or classes, each class having or pretending to have some distinctive merit or demerit not

possessed by any one of the others. Conspicuous among them is the coterie composed of the higher or louder pretentions, sometimes called the smart set, which has wealth and loves pleasure. It is the class to which gravitate persons of leisure ambitious of cheap distinction. Men may or may not possess intelligence or culture, but they are expected to be to some extent in vogue. Morals are a secondary consideration; even great criminals may pass, if otherwise strong enough and of good form. This is high society; to be in or out of it, they will tell you, is to be in or not of society. Next is a class of substantial people of less pretentions, who regard qualities of mind and heart, who hold to good morals and integrity, despising the frivolities they are supposed to be coveting.

To join the circle of the elect one must adopt their vices and submit to their vulgarities. To continue therein too often one is led into excesses, resulting in debauchery and crime.

The daughter of the clergyman has charge of a child; if the child is old enough to have lessons she is a governess and a lady, if not, she is a nurse and no lady. She may stitch or paint for pleasure but not for profit; she may play cards for money, but not for money with which to procure necessities. A lady who works for a living, rather than beg or steal, is ostracized. Break all the commandments, so that you are not found out, but do not break conventionalities.

Having exhausted for something sensational the values of common-sense and decency, the realms beyond are entered and all sorts of bizarre performances are invented, some of which may be spoken of aloud, as a wedding in a balloon, a dinner on horseback, a poverty social. And all the while the brainless flutterers in fine raiment seem to imagine themselves the attraction when it is only the fine raiment or the absence of it.

Nowhere can we find a more complex society than in the United States, and nowhere is to be found better so-

ciety than our best. It is natural, intellectual, healthy, and free from guile. It is improving and progressive, one cannot be of it, or long in it, and remain inert.

High society sets up for itself an oligarchy; low society drifts into democracy; the true republic of culture and refinement lies between extremes.

Any woman, young or old, of modern proclivities, and who carries her reputation with ordinary circumspection, who mingles properly with kindred spirits, may set herself up as high society, still striving for something higher as others strive to get so high.

All men are created free and equal—except snobs, and they are equalled only by other snobs.

All are born free and equal, but they are not so five minutes afterward. All are born free and equal; all die free and equal; but in life all is unequal, and therein is the zest of it. A world of all equalities were a dead world, and therein were the doom of socialism. A world without controversy were stagnation, more unbearable than human butcheries.

Fashion makes freaks of us all, and if we do not follow the fashion we are greater freaks than ever.

The vagaries of fashion embody all the idiocies of humanity. There is no crime one will not commit, no hideousness one will not undergo, no suffering one will not endure rather than not be in the fashion.

Freak fashions are adopted in order to attract the eye of others, and the more pronounced the freak the more eyes are attracted.

Probably the greatest crime of high society is to make idleness appear the better part, or if not striving to make converts to idleness, at least so living as to make idleness compulsory. No young woman can dance and laugh her life through, and become a fit wife for any self-respecting man, rich or poor.

England's aristocracy ceased working with its hands some centuries ago; America's aristocracy worked on and

openly until after the civil war, when it found the head the more profitable member. Others are still working with their hands who are yet to appear.

Work is the redeemer of the race; luxury and laziness lead to death. God and nature labor ceaselessly; the whole universe is in a state of endless unrest. Only man, worthless men and women, the idle rich, clothed and fed by the labor of others, rest and rot.

Service is pronounced degrading. The servant was not long since a slave. A servant dislikes to wait upon a servant.

There are grades of servile labor. In society a woman must be as worthless as possible; if she does any thing useful outside of her domestic duties she loses caste; if she takes pay for her work she is ostracized.

Wealthy boys have been known to work, to improve their minds and increase their usefulness; he who is not prepared to do this, better sell all that he hath and gamble away the money.

Let not the reader regard this *Retrospection* as a sombre strain of pessimism, or as groans from the pit of Acheron. The writer is of hopeful temperament. He sees more glory in the future for his country than may be found in the Apocalypse. He claims, in treating of the past and present, the moderate ability of recognizing the elements of life and the elements of death, and of knowing bad men when he sees them, whether in the spheres of capital or labor, whether bankers, bribers, or bulldozers.

Of good society, of the best in the world, pure and intelligent women and honest and able men, there is in these United States a thousand times more than of that corruption called high society. And because this corruption affords few pleasing thoughts to the healthy mind is no reason for not denouncing it.

CHAPTER XXIII

WASTE IN EDUCATION

SINCE in the economies of nature it is decreed that every person born into the world shall draw his fill from the sources of knowledge, each for himself, and by slow degrees as he is able to retain the immortal truths, it is clearly to be seen that if any considerable progress is to be expected in the short lifetime allowed, continual assistance is necessary all along the line from those who go before to those who come after.

Speaking after the manner of men it is wasteful on the part of nature, or would so seem were it not true that it is the nature of nature to be wasteful, forever making oceans of little fish to feed the big fish which are good for nothing when fed, not to mention the begemmed caverns and the forests of unseen blushing flowers, and were it not true that with nature time and eternity are one; it seems a waste, I say that we should not be able to inherit and utilize the learning of our forebears, as we inherit farms and merchandise, but that the past should be lost to the future save only the little that is passed on from one generation to another, or wrapped in books and preserved in the world's storehouses of human experiences.

What is waste in education? What is waste of any sort? We are told that no atom of substance or strand of force ever drops out of the universe; wherefore there is no waste. Sport is not waste; is vice? Surely time, which is neither substance nor force, and which with mortals is limited, may be wasted, and he who eats to gluttony or drinks to drunkenness wastes his strength, as he who sells his honor wastes his manhood.

We should not regard the time and money spent in experimental, if laudable and sensible effort as wasted. Waste in education, I should say, is where the education, or the effort, is more harmful than beneficial, and that such conditions sometimes exist under the present loose and lumbering systems it is not difficult to see.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that knowledge gives the power to mind over matter; that intellectual development is civilization; that education is the backbone of the Republic, that schools are the bulwark of the nation, and the rest.

Self-evident also are the facts to those who will see them that education is worth all it costs, though it costs many times more than it would under better systems; that there is more education of some kinds than is good for the people, and that so many free schools and free universities are not conducive to the highest well-being of society. Mayhap, also, the wise ones of the not too distant future will look back and wonder how the people of the United States should not see that half of their free higher education is worse than thrown away.

All the same education is imperative, though what one learns in the school is the least necessary of the knowledge required for a successful career through life. Academic facts alone are a small part of education.

Education with us is an obsession. Know thyself; enlarge and strengthen your mental powers; there is no other way of approach to the higher American ideals.

What is the purpose of education? Is it to make men better or only brighter? What is the purpose of religion? Is it to make men moral or only superstitious? How are these two social forces at present working in the United States of America? Are people becoming better or only abler and more subtle? Are they becoming more moral or only hugging the more desperately to ancient superstitions?

The clergyman tells us that the salvation of the state

rests upon the church. The educator declares that the reformation of the criminal lies in education. Christianity, recognized as the highest and purest form of religion, has been in operation for nearly two thousand years. It has brought to grief many nations; those which it has saved, whatever that may mean, can be discerned only by the eyes of faith. As for education, it is nowhere more highly honored, and has nowhere made greater progress than in the United States, where crime in high places has kept not only abreast but often well in advance of it.

Why not apply business methods to education as well as to labor problems or to government? It is only calling to our aid the exercise of common-sense.

Education to be worth anything must be practical rather than formal. A hundred years ago to learn a little Latin was education; with it one might go forth into the world an educated gentleman; nor can we say that a knowledge of horse-shoeing would have served him better when the Latin and not the horse-shoeing was the hall-mark of intellectual intercourse.

So may our present system appear to others a hundred years hence.

Three-fourths of those who are attending high school or sauntering through a free university should be at work on the farm or in a factory. Agriculture as well as manufactures suffers from the inefficiency and high cost of labor. The tendency of the farmer's sons and daughters is to abandon parents and the homestead as soon as they become of much use to them, and take up with town life where the opportunities for both good and evil are greater than in the country.

It were better for the young if less were done for them and they were required to do more for themselves.

Why should the state give a university education free when the result is only injury both to the state and to the individual? The examiner cannot tell how the applicant will turn out, but he can make up his mind to some

things and give orders accordingly. One cannot tell a Ruef at the beginning, else in his case not only the cost of the education might have been saved, but the franchises he stole, the cost of trial and imprisonment,—the cost to the public of this one little rascal alone amounts at least to half a million dollars.

On every side we see thousands of young men whose lives have been spoiled by college life, not necessarily by idleness or dissipation, but by the erroneous conception of ideals and the misdirected efforts for the attainment of fancied benefits. The evil comes not so much from bad habits contracted at college as from lack of good and useful habits which might elsewhere have been formed under other and more favorable conditions.

To the youth whose financial future is secured to him, who has a place awaiting him in his father's factory or office, and to whom business is to be a pastime rather than food-provider, the higher education is not harmful, as the time and labor spent upon it may be well afforded; but let him shun the university who has his own way to make in the world unless he is sure of abilities far above the average. Otherwise he lays out for himself an impecunious life of unrewarded effort, of no value to himself or to any one else.

And would not the university do well instead of spending its resources teaching idiots at home and heathen abroad, to use some discrimination as to whom and what quality it is worth while to receive, and not spoil so many good farm hands and mechanics.

Many and great evils, many a sad failure in life might be avoided were every young man who presented himself as a candidate for a four years' course of instruction at the expense of the state made to pass through a thorough examination by one worldly wise of clear discernment and practical good sense, as to his capabilities and as to why he was there, what he had left behind, and what he aimed to accomplish.

If the examiner did his duty, three-fourths of those who applied would be sent away with kind words of advice, which if followed would lead the aspirant for easy fame into happier and more successful ways than trailing through objectless courses of irrelevant studies, finally to be pitched out into the world at the tail of the machine, of far less value to himself or others than when he began.

Then those that remained should be charged a moderate tuition, lest they learned to value lightly what had cost them nothing. In a word, let rudimentary education be ample and free, and leave the higher realms of effort to those who show some promise of being able to cope with higher things and to meet the new difficulties which there present themselves with some promise of success. Thus much more good will be accomplished, and some of the thousands of disasters and failures following a college course may be escaped.

More serious than all else as the result of over-education is the depopulation of the rural districts and overcrowding of the cities. About half the population of the United States is urban, one-tenth of the ninety millions occupying three cities, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Producers are needed in our country rather than professors,—more work and less talk.

Farming is an independent and honorable occupation. Not one-half of our available lands is utilized. There are very few good reliable farm hands to be found among the farmers, in some quarters none at all. Boys and girls by scraping together enough to eat manage to lounge through a course of study, at the end of which they call themselves educated, take a cheap room for an office, and distress themselves and others for the rest of their lives. Some call this sort of thing laudable ambition.

As to the young women who choose a riotous life of innocent enjoyment to the quieter duties of domesticity, they are already largely spoiled by indulgent parents before leaving home. The parlor and the piano, young men

and automobiles, these are their province. Leaving to their mother the kitchen work and their father at the plow, they themselves knowing little and caring less about how to cook or sew or do anything useful, they are going in for the higher education, they say, the esthetic life, as they call a smatter of foreign languages, some cheap philosophy, and a little poor play-acting and society manners, just enough to make them ashamed of their parents, who henceforth and forever are to continue the work that is to support the useless daughter in idleness.

And the town boy, after his college days are over, when urged to choose an occupation and go to work by a parent who believes in work for work's sake, where there is no other incentive, who sees in work the great civilizer and panacea, and the only one, my young gentleman from Harvard says, "I will play porter and errand boy at thirty dollars a month if you want me to, but I would rather live on my moderate allowance and enjoy life as I go along if you don't mind."

Needless to say, the parent subsides, seeing nothing in the situation of that spirit of success which impels the ambitious boy to pick up pins on the side-walk, polish up the handle of the big front door, and marry the banker's daughter.

In times past when to know Latin and Greek was an education, it was still worse, as education denoted the gentleman, and the gentleman ipso facto was excluded from any useful occupation. It took even educators a long time to learn that there is no knowledge wrapped up in a language, living or dead. It is beginning to be pretty well understood, further, that there is but little knowledge in a college education; that boys are sent to the university to learn how to learn, and to make pleasant or profitable acquaintances, which is all very well for those who can afford it.

Education, proper, begins, if it begins at all, after leaving the university. As a rule it does not begin at all.

The young person, male or female, has graduated, can produce a certificate to that effect, which might mean something as affecting competency to teach reading writing and arithmetic in a primary school, but further than that has no significance whatever. The Latin learned when freshman is gone before he is sophomore, and of all his studies from books little knowledge of them remains after graduation for a profession.

When ready to practice, the young man who has prepared himself to the best of his ability and with no small labor finds the field occupied and overflowing. In a none too large city are a thousand doctors and two thousand lawyers, one-half of whom by hook or by crook just manage to live—and it would not matter greatly should they not manage to live; one-quarter of them by working ten or twelve hours a day secure a return equal to the wage of a mechanic who works eight hours a day with a half day off for rest and recreation every week; ten per cent. of the whole may make a good living, and five per cent. achieve distinction and a fortune by the time they are too old to enjoy them.

Yes, there is always room at the top, but it is too often wind rather than dead weight that carries one there.

Better a strong mind with no education than a weak one overburdened with learning. Among America's great men two of the greatest, Abraham Lincoln and Benito Juarez, had scarcely any school education at all.

It is safe to say that in every other graduate from a university is a young man spoiled for a farmer, a mechanic, or a merchant.

Why spoiled? Is not acquired knowledge good for any one in any walk of life?

The acquisition of knowledge is always beneficial and praiseworthy, whether drawn from a college or a sawmill. There are the habits acquired, the trend of mind and body given during this formative period, the most important of the boy's life, which prevent that hearty

application to labor or business which alone brings success. No business man will employ a youth because of a college education, though he may do so in spite of it.

To become proficient in business the boy must begin early, say at the age of twelve or fifteen years; he must become imbued with his environment until every detail is familiar, and the whole routine is as a second nature. A little learning there is better than too much. As Father Tom said to the pope, "You put in the rum, and you put in the sugar, and every drop of water after that spoils the punch."

What a commentary on the higher education is this, that scarcely one who has achieved distinction in commerce, industry, or finance enjoyed a university education, and that in regard to our most noted criminals, giants of finance and industry, grafters, bribers, government swindlers, and purchasers of place, a due proportion of them are college graduates!

Is it not the educated and wealthy rather than the illiterate and poor that bring nations to degradation and ruin? France educated Napoleon; England left Shakespeare to educate himself.

President Eliot, the most broad-minded and liberal of all America's great educators, and yet practical and thorough withal, allowed his students the widest latitude in the selection of courses and the time to be spent on them, whether three years or four. He was among the first of New Englanders to abolish compulsory chapel and the superstition of dead languages. He tolerated theological study, even permitting Professor James to ventilate his spiritualistic fantasies, which he called psychological philosophy. He furthermore favored on the part of students the early selection of a career, if any such they intended to follow, so that college work might prove of some practical use afterward.

Few of our foremost educators, as well as thinking men of business, will now deny that education in a wrong

direction is worse than none. What may be considered a wrong direction depends upon conditions, upon the youth's necessities and upon one's idea of the value and use of time and money, whether it is not better to let the former drift and scatter the latter in educational extravagance than in the extravaganzas of society and sportive life; whether it is better to waste wealth or hoard it, or save it for future potentialities.

Waste makes want, says the copy book. But does it? Young men are growing wealth-wise in these latter days under the tuition of graft and greed on the part of their elders. It is no longer the fashion among the more decent of the young men to assume an air of smartness and squander money for the fun of it, as was in vogue in the time of their fathers. They do not make asses of themselves in that way. Young Astorbilt now scowls and growls when cheated out of a quarter, very like poorer mortals.

Hence it is neither necessary nor good form either to waste or hoard, particularly to the extent somewhat common in America. Here less waste would signify less work, less wealth-making work, leaving more time for the intellectual and the esthetic. We are well within the mark when we say that more than half of all our national wealth has been wasted, that which comes from natural resources as well as returns from taxation.

First, there are battle-ships and barracks, navy and standing army. Why arm and place a chip on the shoulder of the Panamá canal when all the nations would surely agree to leave it in peace? In the midst of the ever-wrangling nations of Europe, Switzerland gets along very well without army or navy. I do not say that the United States needs neither, but surely something better might be done with the people's money than to rig up a hundred million dollar fleet and go prancing round the world like a big Indian in his war paint hunting for a fight.

Indeed, the attitude of the great afraid, the great nations of civilization, is much the same as was that of the

savages of America, each tribe living in perpetual fear of an attack by its neighbor, and holding itself in readiness accordingly.

Then the great army of law-makers and office holders waste three-fourths of their time in work to retain office or for reëlection. How much of the people's time and money did Mr. Taft spend in his disgraceful squabble for reëlection, a matter affecting only his private interests and personal spite? The horde of paupers on the pension list, how many of them or their fathers or cousins have ever served or done aught but sponge off the Republic? A most senseless waste is printing and loading the mails with thousands of tons of worthless trash, much of it never looked at by those to whom it is sent. Criminals; in disposing of them England accomplishes more in half the time and at less than one-quarter of the cost. But England's folly is taking other directions, as in competitive warship-building, and in the support of royalty and an idle aristocracy. So each to his taste; let us all scatter our follies as we will. Death is the chief factor of progress in the re-sowing of wealth.

In education we good Americans have all in common one good fetish, which we worship with a constancy superior to our love of graft, superior to our greed for gold, for office, for any kind of power which will best display the animalism still left in us, whether or not it makes us better or wiser, we worship all the same. We tax the people to graduate a Ruef, and send him forth to teach. He is a genius and we are proud of him, the little curly head; this it is to have institutions of learning on every street corner. See the new tricks that he hath up his sleeve; behold how men, yea, great corporations, pour forth money to see them, and how the young men admire and envy. But gratitude proves too strong for our idol, and he must needs go to San Quentin and work awhile for the state which has done so much for him.

He leaves us, however, this reflection, that for one

who goes from our universities to the state prison there are a thousand who do not. That is what education does for them. Just enough but not too much. Ruef was over-educated.

All men are abnormal in one way or another, and all women, though an all-round sensible woman, if not too much the slave of convention, is less abnormal than most men. Deflection appears most in those whose education and lives have been along a single line, and the ablest men along their respective lines are the greatest abnormalities.

The strength and concentration required to achieve distinction and hold the mind straight in a beaten path tends to warp and bias of mind outside of that path. We have only to consider the parson, to compare the pedagogue and professor, the merchant and banker, while the men of law and of medicine are notably faulty in their opinions, whether in or out of their profession.

Of all our presidents probably the least abnormal was Lincoln and the most so was Taft. The former never worried a university, while the latter was early sterilized to common-sense by smiling conventions and the erudition of judicial legerdemain. Nor was it genius that made Lincoln one of the best men that ever lived, but honesty, integrity, and goodness of heart under the most trying circumstances.

Graduates at the universities are finished off as at a factory, in patterns, each class according to its kind, in mind and body, in dress and deportment, the preacher after his kind, the professor after his kind, the lawyer, the doctor, and the nondescript, each after his kind.

In the early stages of political science the taxation of property for the purposes of public education was justified on the ground of safe-guarding the well-being of the community; the educated boy was less likely to grow up a criminal and become a charge upon the state than

the non-educated boy. The time has long since past when any such excuse was necessary.

To what lengths the educational fetish will carry the American people, or rather the aliens who control the American people, it is difficult to say. Substantial citizens supply the means, the unsubstantial ones supply the children.

So long as the shiftless voter can get something for nothing, he will take all he can get. Not content with the ordinary branches of education, all that are necessary or beneficial, all that it is right or proper for the people to pay for, not content with house, books, clothing, food, doctor, and wet-nurse, all for nothing, they now aspire to foreign languages, music and dancing, and will soon expect pound-cake, champagne, and an automobile. And because of the impecunious voters and the fetish, no one dare say a word, so that the altruistic obsession is likely to run its course.

Where there is so much useless education scattered about may not I in this connection speak a word, the importance of which involves no principle of syntax or psychology, involves nothing more than a discordant sound upon the ear? It is simply to call the attention of California educators to the misuse and wrong pronunciation of the Spanish names of familiar places and objects around us, of the true significance of which the rising generation is growing up in lamentable ignorance.

I refer to such phrases as Sierra Nevada mountains, the Sierras, Faralone islands, the El Cajon valley, and many others.

Sierra means saw, the upturned teeth of which may indicate a chain of mountain peaks, and so the word has come to signify a range of mountains, of which there are many in Spanish countries, as Sierra Madre, Sierra de Estrella, Sierra de Toledo. As there is but one Sierra in

California, the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, it is proper, speaking generally, to say the Sierra, but sierras, or mountains, is meaningless, as there are no other mountain ranges in California bearing the name of Sierra aside from the Sierra Nevada.

Faralones is a common and not a proper name, signifying islands in the form of peaked rocks rising abruptly from the water. As there is but one such group near San Francisco to which the word is applied, it is well to say the Faralones, but not the Faralone islands. So the Sierra Nevada mountains can be translated only as the Snowy Mountains mountains.

Cajon means box; figuratively, a valley, so in saying the El Cajon valley, a very common expression, one says the The Valley Valley.

Mispronunciation is still more extended. Doubtless, the Panamá canal is as great an achievement with the first syllable accented as with the last, but if one cares to know how the natives spoke the word it was with the last syllable accented, *panamá*, a fishing station. So with Portolá, the governor himself spoke and wrote his name with the accent on the last syllable, an exception to the rule, as Cortés and Bogotá are exceptions.

Pinole is properly in three syllables, pi-no-le.

Americans were soon laughed out of saying San 'Josy, San Jo-a-quin; the other instances above mentioned are just as bad.

In the common pronunciation of the word Panamá there is a double error, as without the accent, following the rule it would be Pan-*am*-a. So with Bogotá, which would be Bo-*go*-ta, and Cor-*do*-va instead of Córdova, and other like instances, sounds to native ears not recognizable. As the natives pronounced the word Panamá with the last a accented, the Spaniards followed them in so pronouncing it. In Spanish books and manuscripts the word is never without the accent. And the same with regard to Portolá, Bogotá, Bárbara and many others. If Portola

and Bogota why not San Josy and Barbara? So essential is this accent in the orthography and orthoepy of Spanish words, those in common use with us and others, that the changing of it from one letter to another sometimes changes the meaning of the word, as Cortés, a man's name; córtes, a legislative body. Paso Robels is commonly heard for Paso Ro-bles.

It is perhaps asking too much of the smart people of so flourishing a city as Los Angeles to say Los An-hay-les, and how many graduates of Stanford say Paylo Alto for Pah-lo Ahl-to, and Juni-*per*-ro for Hu-nip-e-ro Sera.

Until it was shown that the Germans had thrown in a superfluous h into his name as Vitus Bering himself wrote it, we saw everywhere the word Behring as applied to the venturesome discoverer.

It is not easy to understand how young people are to be built up in honesty and rectitude by holding before them as proper examples for their imitation such men as the founders of the Chicago or of the Stanford university.

Wealth alone cannot make a university. Crime perchance creeps in unobserved and hides itself in sacred places, in the institution whose president and professors become apologists for the crooked ways of the founder, in the church whose pulpit is silenced by the support of high bribers and grafters.

Tainted money; that is to say money stolen from the people and now in part returned because the thief has more than he wants, or dies childless, with no loss to the commonwealth in consequence.

A poor return for all their labor to see this wealth for which they gave their soul pass into the hands of aliens.

Those who derive benefit from the use of this money should be taught to regard the man who gave it at his true worth, not as a good and praiseworthy person, however lauded by hired clergymen and college officials.

James Lick made large bequests, yet Lick's money

was not tainted, only sterilized. There was nothing tainted about Lick, except his soul.

All the money that Carnegie can pile on Rockefeller's, hallowed by acts of congress and the prayers of baptist priests, cannot build a Harvard or a Yale, or plant a Cornell in Washington. "The iron is enough for me," says Carnegie, "for with it I can put me up a thousand everlasting libraries without ever buying a book, with added institutes of many kinds, all Carnegie, all so many monuments to my superior foresight, a thousand tombstones scattered the world over, all bought by me with my iron." Yet it is a good Carnegie as the world goes, who in the name of books provides places for books, which is better than buying foreign titles for adopted daughters. So with time Scotch cunning crystallizes into solid learning to stand forever as Carnegie's without having cost him a penny.

From the tainted money and tainted minds of the founders, common-place instruction and the low standard of university life, the best results could scarcely be expected.

The founders of Palo Alto, husband and wife, retained sole control during their joint lives, which proved long enough sufficiently to etherealize Central Pacific railway morals to fit the occasion.

Tainted money cannot buy the heredity and environment that developed the personality of Eli Yale and John Harvard. Rockefeller may squeeze and give, Stanford may shuffle and give, but the atmosphere of a malodorous personality hovers forever about the place.

When a rich man visits a school the boys envy him and resolve to become like him. If Mr. Rockefeller is the visitor he is not introduced as the great American appropriator, but the boys soon find it out for themselves.

It is a poor way to teach the young integrity, to implant in the youthful mind the principles of honor and equity, a poor way to begin an education which should

lead upward to the higher moral and intellectual life with such words as these: "My son, behold these stately structures, built by one whose only son died, leaving him without a natural heir; so having no further use for the money on earth, and unable to take it with him, he bestows it for the benefit of the young and innocent, to teach them the way of truth and righteousness, and to cause the world to forget that the money was stolen.

"I hope you will never steal, my son; it is well to get rich, but not to defraud,—your father."

"See that great telescope and the apparatus around it, contributed by a very rich man, whose superior ability and methods made many poor, made men bankrupt, and turned out women and children to starve. Get rich, my son, and teach a Sunday-school, but do not starve little children after you have got all their father's money."

"Observe that library building with the maker's name on it. He calls the building his library. He never buys books but he gets his name on a great many buildings. Now be a good boy and don't try to get rich and cheat before you are grown up, or if you do, and you should build a fine library building with your name on it, I hope you will put some books in it as well."

Money gives power, but the power given by money fraudulently obtained can never be a power for good.

The end sanctifieth the means, saith the preacher; but there are preachers who will not take their pay for preaching in ill-gotten gains, and there are preachers who will not praise the iniquitous deeds of iniquitous men for money wrongfully obtained; there are some good men who are preachers.

"If you study for the ministry, my son, you will be instructed to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. If you cannot be both, and have to leave out one, it may be as well to omit the dove part. And should you take occasion to say sometimes that our city, like Sodom, was destroyed for its sins it is not necessary to mention the names

of the particular sinners of your congregation, or call to mind the fact that some eighty-six churches were burned."

Like a ban of excommunication tainted money for the college taints every one who enters it, taints the president and professors, taints the students and their studies. Neither marble mausoleums nor richly appointed house of prayer, or other paraphernalia of immortality can make sweet the air to those who work for that which good men scorn and receive their pay in orphan's cries and widow's tears.

Yet among those who have come forth from Stanford, I am glad to say, have been many good men, professors and students, who have heartily and intelligently espoused the cause of honest government, of political cleanliness and civic purity, and have done good service in the purification of politics.

Most encouraging of all, the damnable doctrines of the reactionaries of corporate capital and Big Business, the doctrine of immunity for high criminality and punishment for the poor, the doctrine that the acquisition of wealth justifies the means, the methods of the octopus and the monuments of the founder of their college find little favor with the healthy young Californians who attend this predatory institution of learning, as nearly all the students and most of the professors, in all the important political issues of the day are found active on the side of honesty and good government.

An able professor of Stanford university, Doctor Burt Estes Howard, thus speaks of the application of ill-gotten wealth to the up-bringing of young men, words none the less noble because of the fact that the worthy professor draws his pay from the lootings of Leland Stanford, the evil effects of which rest upon the shoulders of every citizen of this state, and of other states, to this day.

Says the professor: "The principal criticism of the

generosity to institutions of men whose great fortunes have been obtained by doubtful methods and through suspicious sources is not alone that their money comes coupled with their own personal history, not that the hope of their favor has an undesirable influence on certain forms of teaching and on the public utterance of college officials, but that these gifts of brick and mortar and money have a tendency to make the ideal endowment seem less valuable and important. We cannot afford to have the traditions of our colleges become largely the traditions of certain suspiciously rich men who made money and built buildings. It seems like the mere hyperbole of a jealous and disappointed spirit to affirm that the corrupt practices of the unjustly rich are less harmful than their benevolences, but the statement will bear argument and furnish much reason for belief in its accuracy. It is because this benevolence tends to create in the popular mind confusion on a matter of morals concerning which we cannot afford to have confusion. We cannot afford to believe that the seizing of special and unjust privileges, or the use of corrupt practices or oppression, by which enormous wealth is increasingly acquired, may be excused or palliated by public gift or private benevolence, or by generosity, however bountiful. We cannot afford to let a delayed or partial restitution acquire a false glamour, and under a false name become a substitute for common honesty."

In the president and professors of the noble University of California are united in an eminent degree the learning and refinement of the East with the independence of thought and directness of the West. It is a pleasure exquisite and helpful to breathe the air of Berkeley, to look out under the purple haze of a California morning through the Golden Gate and into the broad ocean with its endless potentialities, then turn and consider the work that has been done for future generations, the University buildings with their gathered treasures, the faculty, president and

professors, with bright minds appreciative of their work and privileges and ready hands accustomed to highest achievement. How shall it seem to those who walk these grounds a hundred or a thousand years hence, the efforts and accomplishments of to-day!

CHAPTER XXIV

METROPOLITAN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNG, though the hair is sprinkled with gray, and around the eyes and on the ample forehead are gathered wrinkles, the marks of conflict. Artists picture California as a voluptuous woman. That is as may be, San Francisco is a strong man; immature, though ripe in experience beyond his years, the pathway dark and sinuous, sometimes, with here and there a pitfall; yet the face is flushed with high ideals and bright with promise, the heart warm and kind toward all, and withal a mind full of high aspirations and noble impulses.

No Romulus and Remus here, no refugee on Venetian mud-flat, this sand-blown son of the sturdy friar, but a young giant, in whose veins flows the best blood of all the nations, and whose seat and title in the not too distant future should be that of Lord High Chancellor of the Economic World. For so nature has decreed, and man's intervention shall not prevail against it. Nature remains, while men come and go; nature's laws are immutable, while man is but the victim of necessity. God made the bay of San Francisco, established the soil and climate of California, and threw open the Golden Gate; man perforce must follow the finger of destiny lest worse befall.

It's a pity, even though it brings a blush upon the bronzed cheek of our Seraphic Father, that where so much virility is required a city must re-sex itself, even to become such a woman as Chicago emblemizes, who wears short skirts, straddles, and says, "I will."

It was christened a man, howsoever at times it may

act like a woman. Son of a saint, if a saint may have a son, the foster-father a friar, Junipero Sera, of the college of San Fernando in Mexico.

As they journeyed by land for the great bay of which they had heard mariners speak, one of them said, "We have as yet given no mission to our Seraphic Father, Saint Francis."

"If Saint Francis wants a mission let him show us a good harbor," quoth Father Junípero.

Our Seraphic Saint Francis showed the harbor and got the mission.

But before Saint Francis was the Almighty who made this harbor, and who I am constrained to believe made it for some purpose befitting saints and sinners alike.

Quite unexpectedly these Franciscan friars found themselves camping in the chaparral overlooking the Golden Gate. Their order had been the first to enter Lower California with the Jesuits, 1596-1683, but when upon the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767 the Dominicans claimed the right to share in the work, the Franciscans said, "Leave us Upper California and we will give you the Peninsula entirely to yourselves, with all of our property as well as the missions of the Jesuits," and so it was arranged.

A brief biography of San Francisco might read like this: Age, three-quarters of a century; population, at present call it half a million, in the future, if far enough distant, ten millions; begins life as a hide and tallow town called Yerba Buena with one white tent in 1835; a year later sees a small frame house added, in which two years after a child is born; population in 1842, 196; in 1847, 451; in 1848, 850, occupying 200 board and cloth houses; "fall of '49 and spring of '50," 50,000, variant, and 500 ships at anchor in the bay.

Then out of the mist come Sam Brannan and his Mormons; up from the mud arise Mike Reese and Emperor Norton; James Lick appears, and Mark Twain, and Noah

Brooks, while publicans and sinners come in from over the mountains and out of the east. Bartlett, the first alcalde, changes the name of the town to that of the bay. A spasm of crime is followed by a spasm of extermination; enter Isaac Bluxome, exit Billy Mulligan, and the city proceeds apace.

James Lick was a man born out of harmony with the universe, a discord in the music of the spheres. He hated God and God repented having made him. He hated all his relatives, because they were his relatives, and little wonder he hated them if they were like him. He hated his illegitimate son, and would have hated him more had he been fairly born.

Yet James Lick was not a bad man as bad men go nowadays. He made his money honestly, kept no corruption fund, and left it decently when he died; left it with regret, not so much from love of it, as because it troubled him that any one should be benefited by it.

He was in no respect a typical Californian, for Californians in the early days were not cranks; if so be any one should begin in that way the crankiness would soon be taken out of him. He came to California from South America in 1849 with thirty thousand dollars which he had made in pianos, and built a flour-mill at San José. A miller had once refused him his daughter in marriage because of his poverty. "I will show him some day," said Lick. So to show him he lined his San José mill with polished mahogany, though the recalcitrate parent was many leagues away.

Sand-lots in those days could be bought by the front vara, and western addition acreage as dairy farms. Lick bought some varas, built the Lick house, lived and died there, and erelong was worth seven millions. Seven millions in 1860 were equivalent to seventy millions in 1910.

"What shall I do with all this money?" he groaned, as D. J. Staples sat beside him as he lay dying.

Staples suggested several things he might give pos-

terity to play with, as a telescope, public baths, a foundling depôt; the Society of Incurables, commonly called the Pioneers, were always in need of drink money, and the Academy of Science had bugs to buy.

"How would it do to take a hundred vara lot and set upon it monuments to all my relatives and ancestors; it would fill the living ones with such refreshing rage to see the money thus spent which I might have given to them."

"Yes," said Staples, "and label it the Garden of the Spooks."

It's a pity Staples laughed him out of it, as it would come in handy now as part of the great show.

Seeing a row of doctors seated against the wall on the farther side of the room, waiting for the last great change—Doctor Whitney, Doctor Toland, Doctor Sharp, and others, all of sufficient standing to send in a respectable bill—he raised himself in bed, and after staring at them for a moment, cried out, "What in hell are you all doing here? Get out!" And the men of medicine incontinently took their departure.

And to this day from the top of Mount Hamilton learned men, modern star-gazers, look through the Lick telescope and see thirty thousand new worlds in a single night, but they see no Lick there.

It is remarkable how ignorant are people of the east and elsewhere as to the conditions of life on the Pacific coast, or if not ignorant then how indifferent. A slight earthquake in which two or three pedestrians may be hurt by a falling cornice will send a thousand persons rushing to the Atlantic side there to encounter a blizzard, a flood, or a hot wave killing a hundred a day.

There is no spot of earth where there are fewer casualties. No enervating heat, no freezing cold; no sun-strokes, electrical storms, or bogs of malaria; no devastating floods, no cyclones or tornadoes; no famine or pestilence. Two

tottering old women thrown to the ground by a temblor of moderate force will cause greater consternation throughout Christendom than a thousand slain in a single day in New York Philadelphia and Chicago by sun-strokes and thunder-storms alone. The official report of the catastrophe of 1906 gives 266 killed by falling walls, and all the deaths from earthquakes along all the centuries, that history and tradition can give, including the above, will not bring the number up to 300. The town has never posed as a pleasure resort, but there is no place on earth where a summer or winter can be passed more comfortably.

Cities that were made by men in their turn became the makers of men, and unless established upon principles of equity neither can endure. So have passed to their accounting Carthage and Palmyra, Babylon the great has fallen, Nineveh is called to death or repentance for her sins.

Whatever we who love San Francisco, who have always lived there and have always loved, she whose life has been our life, whose early achievements fired our youthful blood and whose later successes brought maturer pride, whatever we can claim for her, whatever we may fear, we feel sure that the hateful megrims of her adolescence have passed, and that our best men, that all men, those whom we have loved and hated with a hearty love and a holy hatred, will bethink themselves of their city and of their duty in these days of her great regeneration.

Six times the town was destroyed by fire prior to the great conflagration of 1906, though there are few to-day who realize it, or even know of it. Six several times many of the inhabitants lost their all and were forced to begin life anew. Six several times hope revived and the necessary courage came, courage not only to do again, but to do better than before. True, men were younger then, they had not so much to lose, they could not choose but hope. Yet at every one of these fires there was proportionately greater loss and suffering than at the last grand

catastrophe. The inhabitants, many of them, lost all they had and suffered unto death; what more could any one do?

That their dying was not comfortable was one thing. The winter of 1849-50 was severe. It was unusually cold and rainy, and the cloth tents and board houses scattered along the muddy streets and over the bleak dunes afforded poor protection from the weather. In them lay many faint with hunger and suffering with sickness, notably that insidious disease, the Panamá fever, which creeps into the bones of its victims and lies dormant, awaiting some sinister occasion to show itself. The main streets were slush up to the knees; fuel was scarce, and there was little water except such as was held in the sky. Household comforts and conveniences there were none. The wet and shivering denizens of the future metropolis found warmth and brightness only in the great gambling halls, whose lamps alone illuminated the dismal streets. They suffered, but as there were only three thousand of them they could not make the noise throughout the world that was made by the later three hundred thousand.

The first of these fires was on the 24th of December, 1849, consuming the great gambling Exchange, rented at $16,000 a month, and the Parker house, rented at $10,000. There were two fires on the 4th and 14th of May, 1850, the work of incendiaries, which between them laid in ashes the entire business parts of the town, wiping out the past, bursting banks, and bankrupting most of the merchants.

They did not have to wait a year for insurance money, as none of them were insured; so they gathered up what boards they were able to obtain—lumber was a dollar a foot—and were reërecting structures for incoming goods before the ashes were cold.

Times were booming; ships were coming in every day, each bringing something to use or sell; therefore there was on the ground sufficient property for a fourth fire on the 17th of September, 1850, to foot up losses of several millions.

With another 4th of May, 1851, came the fifth great fire, and on the 22d of June of the same year the sixth, the last two coming so near together as to lay in ashes once more the entire town, save the scattering hamlets on the hillside.

The houses latest built were still of wood and cloth, besides many tents. High winds swept in over the dunes, winds later checked by park forestry and city buildings; the firemen were inefficient and incendiarism was easy. Among the structures consumed was the First Presbyterian church, constructed in New York of wood and sent out in sections by sailing vessels.

Other cities suffered also. Sacramento was several times burned, the fire of November 2, 1852, costing five millions of dollars.

The fire of 1906 was an experience. It is well enough to undergo one such to know how it feels, but one would not like them too often. The day itself was not fatal to many, but before the year was out thousands died in consequence, some from the shock, some from a broken heart. Men and women past their prime found it hard to have their all, the results of a lifetime of labor and saving, suddenly swept away leaving them not a dollar. Without their former energy, without opportunity, business connections severed, broken in mind body and estate, their best course they said was to die.

It was a bad time generally, that just after the catastrophe. We were deluged with the bread of charity while the cormorants of industry preyed upon the necessities of the rebuilders, Congress as a whole being no whit better than its component parts. The price of building material was advanced to fill the pockets of monopolists, and the concession asked, the temporary removal of the duty on lumber, which had been granted to Chicago,—was denied. Congress seemed to have forgotten what the country owed to California in times past, more especially representatives

from the southern states. There was little civic pride and less patriotism at home. The octopus held the country and aliens filled the public offices. The newspapers sold themselves to high crime and high crime sold the city. In high society the worst qualities came to the surface, and in low society were found dregs. "Go to," they cried, "we will build here a new city, a Paris in America we will make it, and withal a place of pleasure as well as a mart of commerce."

Paris in America! God save us! Is that what we want? Paris anywhere, least of all in America. Gay, fluttering, hollow, bloodless, soulless, Paris and McCarthy; Paris and Schmitz and Ruef, with the lords of high grade labor and the lords of high crime for ministers and satellites.

There was talk at first of laying out the city anew, with boulevards radiating from a civic centre and encircling the surrounding hills. Some slight improvements were made, but nothing like the beautification at first proposed was accomplished, though the directors of the fair promised that something should be done later. The buildings, of course, were of a better class than those destroyed, with rents correspondingly increased, owing to increased cost of building and increased taxes and insurance. The civic centre laid out at Market and Van Ness was a move in the right direction.

Never had women so much money to spend; never were men and women so extravagant. Automobiles and dress; poker for the sportive, bridge for the brainless.

California has more motor machines to the population than any other country in the world, more than any other state except New York with five times the population and wealth. Over $200,000,000 has thus far been expended, with current expenses of $100,000,000 a year, participated in by many who can ill afford it. The city man calls it business and pleasure, while the farmer without pretending any excuse mortgages his land and pays more for a machine than the cost of the house he lives in. For this

and other extravagances there must some day be a reckoning.

As rehabilitation progressed strangers who wished to say something pleasant would hold up their hands and exclaim: "What wonders!" "You have done so much!" As a matter of fact, progress was slow, much slower than we had anticipated. The insurance companies were backward in adjusting claims, and it was over a year before any great number of the losers knew where they stood. The companies did their best. It was a severe blow to them, one out of the ordinary, and they deserve praise, though they were not backward in making reprisals afterward. Even when all losses were paid, and some money came in from abroad, and there were two or three hundred millions to spend, still rebuilding was slow, wages were high, material a monopoly, high crime a hindrance, labor leaders in office, and bribery and immorality everywhere.

As I have said, there were many noble men in San Francisco in the days of '49 and '50, the new and strange conditions bringing out their best as well as their worst qualities; men who not only talked right but acted, who were willing to make some sacrifice of self for the public good—such men as Thomas Starr King, Thomas H. Selby, Henry P. Coon, James King of William; and dropping to second grade, William T. Sherman, Thomas O. Larkin, H. W. Halleck, and John Parrott.

Mining is a manly occupation; it stands for independence and makes men fearless. At an early day the question was asked, How long is this yield of gold likely to continue? Coming to California in the third year of grace, I found myself unexpectedly present at the turning of the tide. Then, on to the middle of the first decade there were as many home-returning as newly-arriving, and as many more who would have been glad to go home if they could; many, alas! with souls dead within them, some sodden with drink or shivering with palsied hope, destined never to see home again.

"They are all petered out, the diggings up there," said the old miners as they swung themselves down into the towns. "It takes a mine to work a mine now."

As the steamer *Golden Gate* paddled out of Acapulco harbor one morning in May, 1852, with 1500 California bound passengers, the *Winfield Scott* appeared with 600 homeward bound, some with hearts aglow, others despondent, for not one in five would have twenty dollars in his pocket on reaching home. He spoke true who said that every dollar taken from the mines cost two dollars to get it. On these two steamers, by way of illustration, we may reckon the out-go at some $300,000 with small proportionate returns.

In the city the merchants, who had prepared themselves for more rather than less business and gave credit recklessly to almost every one who asked it, were failing, the oldest commercial houses going like the popping of corn. Many of them had failed already two or three times before 1856, the frequent fire balancing both sides of the ledger and closing consignments at a single stroke. There was but little if any open disgrace attached to these failures; all were in the same boat; every heart knoweth its own integrity—or the lack of it; it was the thing expected; yet there were many abrupt terminations of business and departures from the country by those who might have continued and paid their debts had they been so disposed.

The two great rival express companies were Adams and company and Wells Fargo and company. They had offices in every part of the coast and carried letters as well as packages. On the arrival of the Sacramento and Stockton boats, each attended by a special messenger, about eight o'clock in the evening the express wagons would be waiting at the wharf, and when the express-box was thrown ashore they would dash off at full speed for their respective offices. This was the idea of business in those days, at all events it was good advertising; just as the Paris newsman to-day

will start on a run for nowhere as soon as he gets his papers, trusting to human nature to call after him. Adams and company did a large banking as well as express business, and was considered the safest of all western financial institutions.

The first five hundred dollars I ever made—and never has there been another such—I deposited with Adams and company. "That," I said, "is salted down to take me home some day." But a friend wanting to use it, I drew it out of the bank for him only a day or two before it failed. There was many another poor fellow similarly situated who was not so fortunate.

Wells Fargo and company, frightened over the failure of Adams and company, closed their doors and had a receiver appointed, Henry M. Naglee, a wealthy bankrupt banker. A cooler survey of their affairs next day showed that suspension was not necessary, whereupon their receiver was requested to resign. "Oh! certainly," he said, "ten thousand dollars;" which, considering the man, and the fact that they could not afford to fail for ten times that amount, was thought to be getting well out of it.

From the first, and until intimidated by the octopus, this city had been composed of men of pronounced intelligence and energy; of men active in mind and body, who knew not fear, who came hither to accomplish something and were bent upon doing it. There was no non-working class, except thieves, swindlers, demagogues, and agitators. Manufactures of various sorts sprang up and flourished until killed or crippled by labor leaders and the expulsion of the Chinese.

Ever since which time we have been afraid. We meet and talk, but dare not say what we think. The words "cheap labor" are taboo; yet in our hearts and minds we know that with labor restricted by ruinous regulations and held at ruinous rates manufactures cannot prosper, and that without manufactures the city cannot prosper.

We beat the air and cry, "We want more people, more settlers, more farmers, more mechanics, more laborers." "When the canal is finished there will be a large immigration; all classes will come, and we shall have money, and hired servants to help us with our work."

Why are we forever so solicitous for more population? Are not a hundred millions enough, half of them so lately aliens and the world's refuse? We have more people here already than we know what to do with, more than we can healthily absorb, or properly govern, or teach to govern us. Why more settlers on lands they cannot work, more farmers with crops they cannot gather, more working-men to stand aloof and starve because the monopolists of labor will not permit them to work, more loafers and tramps to beg and steal and fill the prisons and hospitals, more low-grade immigrants to herd in the cities, fill sweat-shops, and feed corruption?

Let us use a little common sense, my influential friends. Let us arise, declare our independence, drive out the demagogic lords of labor, and give ourselves and the workingman freedom.

You must admit, oh mighty men of money! who corner capital, talk canal, and get up a great fair, that before this one question you stand palsied, afraid to speak, while your raw product goes past your door for manufacture to those you have driven away.

To a banker one day I said, "Unlicensed unionized labor is ruining the town."

"I know it, but who is going to say so? I am not."

To a merchant I said, "The labor leaders are strangling industry."

"I know it, but who is going to talk about it?" I am not."

To a politician, "We want cheaper labor for farm and factory."

"I know it, but to say so would ruin me."

"You, yes, perhaps; but would it ruin a man to say so,

a man swayed by fear neither of loss of votes nor loss of business? Did it ruin the men of Baltimore, of Duluth, of Minneapolis, for them to say so?

So craven cupidity runs the gamut.

So spake not he who said, "I will drive the Southern Pacific railway out of politics."

Nor he who said, "I will finance this reform on one condition: that there shall be no going back."

Nor he who said, "I will put your mayor and his henchman in prison before the year is out."

Nor he who said, "I will make that nest of criminal higher ups shake in their shoes before I am done with them."

Cowardice is an unseemly word which none of us like applied to ourselves. Yet San Francisco is full of it, and has been since the coming of the Central Pacific railroad, whose people brought it over and lodged it in banker's vaults, in the offices of corporate capital, hiding it under the desks of business men. Before this, Californians knew not the meaning of the word; they were afraid of nothing; now we tremble and whisper when we speak of certain of the most vital interests of the city. Not so were the men who made Chicago, who made Birmingham, who made Cleveland, Detroit, and Kansas city.

As we have not forgotten those who saved the city and state fifty years ago, James King of William, Charles Doane, William T. Coleman, Thomas Starr King, and their many associates, so let us never forget those who have saved the state and city in these later days of peril, Hiram Johnson, James D. Phelan, Heney, Burns, Langdon, Long, and the present apostle of the new dispensation, James Rolph.

When the labor leaders say, "If you cannot pick your fruit except by Asiatic labor, let it go unpicked; if you cannot manufacture with labor at the rates fixed by us you can go without manufactures;" if the men of San Francisco are satisfied to let it rest at that there is nothing

more to be said. Not only do the better class of workingmen refuse factory labor for themselves, but they refuse it for their children.

While Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland take and maintain a manly stand for independence in industrial affairs, and prosper accordingly, San Francisco slinks away, shirks the issue, and stifles her glorious opportunities under a load of personal and corporate cowardice.

The once self-reliant individualism that was our boast, the individualism that rouses ambition and fosters courage, it seems has disappeared from our midst, or lies buried in cliques and cabals. The individualism of to-day is different, holding men apart and depriving them of independent thought and action, thus leaving them an easy prey for the spoiler.

During the last half century manufacturing centres have moved from the east to the mid-continent states. One move more will carry them to the Pacific—to Seattle or Los Angeles, if labor conditions at San Francisco remain as they are now. With labor free and manly, independent business men, men unselfish and unafraid, we should see the great inland factories of the United States moving to San Francisco, where they would have a perfect climate and the best of food possibilities, and be stationed upon what they would make the world's highway of commerce and industries.

It shows what may be done, when we consider that in spite of all our failures intelligently to meet the issue and properly avail ourselves of the opportunity before us, the trade of the United States with Latin America has increased during the past decade from one and a half billions to nine billions of dollars.

Let the influential men of San Francisco, wealthy or otherwise, declare for and maintain a society, a city, a state of progressive civilization and economic development along the lines of honesty and morality, and there will be plenty of prosperity for all.

The manufactures of Chicago amounted to $1,281,313,000 in 1909. When San Francisco manufactures twice as much there will be around the Bay six millions of people; when four times as much—a matter easy enough of accomplishment for the right men working in the right way—there will be a population of twenty millions.

There are here at our door and in our midst to-day as I write, some thousands of working-men, American mechanics, respectable and efficient, who came here to work, more especially on the exposition grounds, but who are held up and prevented by the labor leaders. We work to encourage immigration, advertise and organize societies for that purpose, and then submit to an outrage like this without a word of protest, certain newspapers even taking sides with the spoilers of our city.

I have seen within the week of this writing, sober, manly, intelligent and able American working-men begging on the streets, while behind the labor monopoly were millions worth of public work to be done, held for the protégés of unionism at the modest wage of from three to seven dollars a day.

One-third of those who live by labor, fed and fattened on a wage of three to seven dollars a day, and the two-thirds who do not pay tribute to the labor lords thrust aside to shift as they may.

What then will the labor monopoly do, what will the business men of San Francisco do when the Panamá steerage traffic places, as it now promises, thirty millions of immigrants from the south of Europe on the Pacific coast where are now but three millions of people?

San Franciscans may now, if they choose, lay the foundations of a city the peer of any in ancient or modern times, or they may let slip the opportunity and sink into the insignificance that selfishness, cowardice, and cupidity are sure to accomplish.

It is true that labor can gain no concession from capital

except by force, but there are better ways of applying force than that employed by the labor monopolists.

As it stands now, every enforced concession gained by the labor leaders reacts on the working-man. Wages are advanced, but the cost of living is advanced proportionately more. The labor-day is shortened, which is only a subterfuge for a further advance of wages while curtailing the earning efficiency of the laborer.

It is not labor that is the slave of wealth, but the idle rich. You cannot enslave labor, though you may crush the laborer. The man of idleness and luxury is caught in the toils of his own wealth, while labor is lord-dominator of all, and the laborer is its minister.

Sentiment is a fine thing, particularly when there is money in it. Having annoyed the employer and bled the laborer to the fullest extent, some of the federation fraternity conceived the happy idea of organizing tramps; but as these noblemen in their peregrinations seemed to prefer their scraps of bread without work, the project was abandoned.

It is not possible to find on any continent or island a place where are united more or greater advantages for manufacturing than may be seen around San Francisco bay.

It is not possible to find a region on earth more needful of the products of manufactures than that encircling the Pacific Ocean.

First as to raw material, then we will consider the site, and finally look around for a market.

The shores of the Pacific offer an abundance of everything the world contains, metals, minerals, and vegetable products, nowhere found all in one place, but which may be brought to a common industrial centre by ocean transportation at small cost.

An industrial centre is essential to the fullest success. We cannot go south to engage in the cocoa and caoutchouc

industry, or north to frame battle-ships; we cannot well operate planing-mills in Yucatan, or foundries in Alaska, or sugar-refineries on the Hawaiian islands.

It is well understood that the white man cannot live and work permanently in the tropics, that the redundant wealth of lands under the equator must be controlled and developed from cooler latitudes but with dark-skinned labor; that all the world outside of Europe is destined to be under the economic dominion of English-speaking and Russian-speaking peoples.

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, as Benjamin Kidd has shown, nearly five millions of square miles of the tropical regions of the world, equal in area to the whole of Europe, were brought under the control of continental Europe in the name of colonial expansion.

The products of the temperate zone our home lands will supply. We can have our farms in the tropics and our factories at San Francisco; our coffee farms in Costa Rica, our tea and cotton plantations in China, our mines and ore reduction works all around the ocean, but the masters of industry will remain at San Francisco bay.

As to the site, and the natural and artificial advantages as a world-centre of industry, it is impossible to over estimate them. Power unlimited in the form of oil and electricity are at hand, and all the other natural requirements. The bay of San Francisco has a shore line capable of accommodating the work of the world, where docks, wharves, and warehouses may be extended ad libitum, and where ocean vessels and railways may meet.

The climate, influenced by the proximity of the ocean, is equable, cool in summer and warm in winter, temperature seldom rising ten degrees above or falling ten degrees below 70° the year round; no freezing cold nor suffocating heat, so that the laborer may comfortably and healthily devote as many hours out of the twenty-four to work as he chooses. The air is pure, always bringing in moisture from the ocean, driving away disease, and tincturing with

health and strength the blood of the operative. On the denuded hills there is no decaying vegetation to make malaria. Food is plentiful and cheap; there are always meat, vegetables, fish, and fruit in abundance. Prices may be advanced sometimes temporarily from fictitious causes, but they soon return to normal.

Lift the icy covering of Alaska, and in that vast laboratory of nature, where the three great continental ranges of mountains meet and mingle, we find natural wealth enough of our own to keep running our factories for a thousand years.

There is also at hand plenty of capital; what is just now lacking, but will not be so for long, are men of intelligence and energy absolutely fearless.

Let us now consider the marketing of our products. Right at hand, around the Pacific, mainlands and islands, are shore lines equal to 100,000 miles in length, back of which are undeveloped countries of vast extent, virgin lands teeming with every form of nature's wealth, coal, iron and oil, mountains of metal, forests of finest timber and precious woods, broad rivers inviting to inland traffic and wide fertile plains of every soil and climate.

Here on this largest of oceans, almost within touch, all of it within a few days' sail, we have half the world for a customer, while we have only to pass through the Panamá canal to reach the other half. Here are we at the natural and commercial centre of this new world of economic development,—that is if we choose to make of it a centre,—in the midst of peoples many of them half-civilized but all rapidly awakening, and all ready to adopt our customs and use our products. As the centuries come and go these Pacific shores will become radiant with cities and countries of the highest civilization, higher than any the world has yet imagined.

On the other side of us, east and south and north, are lines of railways connecting with every part of the two Americas.

Would you like to see this San Francisco a hundred or two hundred years hence, when law and justice are one, and women are sensible and men honest, and labor and capital are reconciled, and high crime is out of fashion, and demagogues are dead, and graft and greed forgotten, then shut your eyes and open your imagination.

A bay sixty miles long and six miles wide, with bluff and shallow shores curving around flats and headlands. Through high hills which serve as the throne-room of an imperial city a strait appears, draining the Sierra foothills and five hundred miles of valley land, the water passing on and out through the Bay and through the Golden Gate. Along all this winding water-front are ten thousand factories plying their craft, while ocean vessels and continental traffic meet and minister to them, carrying away their product and distributing it throughout the world.

Upon the hills back of this border of smoke-enveloped industry, under a sky of purple haze, in the bracing air of ocean are miles upon miles of happy homes, palaces, cottages, and bungalows to suit all tastes and classes, views of surpassing beauty to delight the eye, and all one city, economic mistress of the world; all made by the workingman and stocked by capital.

This, or drifting dunes and chaparral bordered by an empty bedraggled shore along which are the huts of the labor lords and working-men hanging idly around demanding twenty dollars for a three-hour day at chopping wood.

Just as the present and future generations shall elect. But let it be plainly understood, and it requires no prophet to tell the outcome of it, nothing great or important will ever be accomplished on this bay until labor is free and the wage reasonable.

San Francisco proper comprises, or should comprise, all the lands fronting on San Francisco bay and the strait of Carquinez, some 300 miles of shore line, including coves and indentations, with all the towns and cities thereon,

present and in the future, the population numbering anywhere from ten to twenty millions. All to come after the Panamá canal,—some time after.

Neither does one have to assume the rôle of prophet to foretell to some extent the destiny of the countries around the Pacific. Evolution is as fixed a quantity as heat or substance. It has always been paramount in progress and always will be. Evolution is progress. We have only to notice what has been, and the trend of events, to determine the future in regard to our western development.

Progress has always been from east to west, and now the last of the west looms before us as the largest of oceans with the richest of shores. From under the snows of Alaska to the torrid zone of Panamá, and on the other sides the same, are uncovered riches as much superior to the once natural wealth around the Atlantic as the Pacific is superior to the Atlantic in dimensions.

The vast natural wealth of these Pacific countries is now to be brought to light and developed, and in this work the Panamá canal will assist. All the world will compete. There is before us a great industrial conflict in which all the nations will take part.

The victors in the warfare will be and remain the economic rulers of the earth beside whom the political rulers will be as pygmies.

The advantage of a ship canal, or of ship canals, for there will be eventually not one or two, but ten, of the influence upon America, upon every seaboard of the Pacific, upon the world, upon human enlightenment and advancement, the wildest dreams of the enthusiast cannot encompass.

Imagine the lands bordering on the Pacific inhabited by peoples equal to those who now live upon the Atlantic, having genius equal to those who once occupied the Mediterranean, with some thousands of years of intellectual culture and refinement added, people like those on the western side of Europe from Scandinavia to Brittany, and

on the eastern side of America from Maine to Florida, races destined in due time to dominate the world.

Imagine such as these all around this greatest of oceans, in place of the heathenish hordes of Asia and the mongrel breeds of Spanish-America; picture here scores of cities the equal of Athens, Alexandria, and Rome in the days of their glory, the equal of London, Paris, and New York as they are now and will be, a Philadelphia in place of Peking and a Boston where Valparaiso stands, and all around millions of happy homes where virtue dwells and charity and humanity hold sway, and a faint realization of the future greatness of the Pacific is begun.

In the more immediate future much is expected from the Panamá canal. By those even who have no definite ideas how the possibilities thence arising are to be utilized, immediate benefits are expected. The volume of business will increase, profits will be larger, money plentiful, with an easy flow into somewhat empty coffers. Real estate will advance, freights everywhere will be lower, and the backbone of the great overland railway monopolies will be broken.

It is to be feared that some of these dreamers will be disappointed. For so thought California on the eve of the completion of the first overland railway. A great industrial millennium was at hand.

Business was laid out on a broader scale and real property values advanced enormously. The legitimate profits of half a dozen decades were discounted. From Seattle to San Diego the fortune of every man was as good as made. Then came the first engine to San Francisco, snorting down Market street, bedecked with flags, flowers, and furbelows. Hats went up amid loud cheers and congratulations.

After that the deluge. Everybody was in debt to everybody and all wanted their money. Values fell. Money tightened. Panic ensued. Old-established business firms

went to the wall, and thousands of merchants and manufacturers were ruined.

In regard to California and the influence of the canal, that will be as the Californians shall determine. Aside from its effect on overland freight it will be of little benefit to San Francisco as business is now running. It will prove beneficial in so far as it stimulates manufactures and no farther. As we will not then be situated on the main line of travel between the ancient east and the modern west, but rather on one side of it, vessels passing through the canal will scarcely come to us except for some purpose. They will come only as they have something to come for, something to bring or take away.

Without manufactures our commerce will amount to but little, being but the carrying away of our farm products, which will be done largely in tramp steamers subsidized by the governments for whose benefit we have dug the canal. The railways, assisted by their tools in Congress, will capture and control the canal if they can.

Not alone San Francisco aspires to greatness by reason of the great ditch. There is scarcely a seaport on the Pacific, not to mention those of other oceans, and on inland lakes and rivers, that does not fancy itself the gateway to something which when the waterway is finished will open to it wealth and prosperity.

Admiral Kimotsuki expects the canal to make Japan the radiating centre of the world's shipping trade. All admirals everywhere, and all who are not admirals, expect something from the canal. Let us hope that none of them will be disappointed; yet it is not easy to see how the canal will bring wealth to any who will not reach out a hand for it. All things come to him who waits,—except the Panamá canal.

Of a truth we may be sure of this, that unless the people of the United States do something more than dig the canal and place guns over it, the great work will accrue more to the benefit of Japan and China, of England and

Germany, than to any of the seaports of the United States, whether on the Pacific or on the Atlantic.

As matters stand now, New York will profit most of any city by the canal. Liverpool, Hamburg, and Havre will also come in for a share. San Francisco will profit the least of any, having the least of any to sell; if there is not some radical change in industrial conditions the canal will prove a disadvantage rather than a benefit to our people.

Japan will profit by the canal, also China if she remains long enough awake. With her hundred cotton and paper mills, representing forty millions of capital, Japan is in a fair way to become prominent in manufacturing as well as in carrying.

Germany is exploiting the world for fresh fields of enterprise, has a foothold in Central and South America, and is difficult to dislodge, particularly when she can command labor for half the price we pay.

England is also largely interested in Latin America, with railroads in the Argentine and Brazil and waterworks in Buenos Aires and elsewhere.

Even the heathen rage about it. Said the eminent Asiatic Tong King Chong before the Commonwealth club, "There is no room for discussion as to the great value which a free, unrestricted market in China is to the United States. And yet the United States is losing fast and at an alarming rate its commercial standing in China. China is rapidly ceasing to be a market place for American products. It is unbelievable that the United States should permit this rich, this glorious opportunity to slip from its grasp."

Evidently Mr. Tong King Chong had not read the life of Dennis Kearney and the Irish conquest of the United States.

Not many decades ago Great Britain set the manufacturing pace for the world. She does so no longer. France and Germany came forward; then the United States outstripped them all. Now Japan and China are putting in

an appearance, and Europe and America, following an insane policy of self-destruction, are likely to be left behind.

It is not that good business does not recognize manufactures as the chief factor in progress, but because good business lacks the nerve to assume command and compel conditions. Not long since a large and enthusiastic meeting was organized and officered in San Francisco by prominent men for the promotion of manufactures. Various phases of the subject were eloquently discussed, but never a word about labor—a feast of industrialism with only husks to eat.

It is useless to arouse ourselves now and then from slumber to rebuild a burnt city or hold a great fair, to cry boost! boost! and then fall asleep again. It is useless improvising a grand organization for the promotion of manufactures without a word about the workers who are to keep those factories running.

Any one can see that unless we ourselves make things to sell, and then go out and sell them, there is little business for us in San Francisco, and the Panamá canal will forever be doing us more harm than good.

And yet more quickly than to us will come home to others these facts, and they will say, "If we are not allowed to manage our affairs to suit ourselves in San Francisco, we will go where we can do so."

It is no easy task, for in entering this field to make and sell we encounter competition with all the world. We come in contact at once with money, machinery, experienced managers, and skilled labor, all at a lower rate, money and men, than we are able or willing to supply, than the leaders of labor will permit us to supply.

Then we must give it up, for we are scarcely childish enough to suppose that we can pay operatives two or three times as much as others and successfully compete with them.

As against two millions of organized workers there are

in the United States four millions of non-workers, peregrinating or fixed, that is to say, artisans, mechanics, tramps, and loafers, out of whom the labor-leaders can make nothing and do not therefore trouble them. It is a small force after all thus to be allowed to dominate industry and politics, while the wealth and intelligence of the community sit supinely, paralyzed, fearing to speak aloud their thoughts and wishes.

Less sympathy would be wasted on this non-union class of drunken and diseased laziness if good people were more familiar with their tendencies. What the farmer most of all wants and cannot get, is what neither the American, the European, nor the African will give him, that is steady, reliable service. None of these want work in the country; some of them do not want work in the city.

Our business men are keenly alive to the situation but they seem powerless to act. They can raise ten or twenty millions for a world's fair, but they cannot start up a non-union brick-yard or put down the monopoly of lumber.

This is why San Francisco remains so quiet, the city is being strangled by labor leaders who enslave the laborers and then dictate to employers and employed alike. And no one dares speak of it. The press, politicians, and even the business man are all equally silent; all are fearful of loss of patronage. Capital, brave enough to punish petty offenses, cringes before rich criminals and the manipulators of labor.

Said an intelligent shipmaster the other day to a banker who loves to pose as a public-spirited friend of progress and promoter of the city's interests: "Do you know you are holding back this town, holding it back a hundred years by permitting labor leaders to run it, and to run you. Why, if one of my ships requires repairs of only a thousand dollars it pays to send it to Seattle."

It is to be hoped at least that the managers of the fair will not allow visitors and exhibitors to be held up by labor-leaders, or imposed upon by any one. Invited hither

by the city, the state, the United States, eternal disgrace would be ours did we allow any imposition to befall.

Industries rest on a false foundation when wages are forced up instead of being left to economic laws sure to govern in the end. No matter what wage the laborer is paid, consumption and demand alone determine the value of the product. If the article produced is good and cheap, better and cheaper than similar products from other manufacturers, then the demand will bring the increase and more labor is required. If the contrary prevails, the demand ceases and the laborer loses employment.

This does not imply an advance in the price of labor, for the increased price of labor, which must necessarily increase the cost of the article manufactured, may rule it out of the market and leave the field to competitors, to the detriment alike of capital and labor.

San Francisco is not a free city. It is held in a vise by the manipulators of labor, who are feared by good business, which seems to distrust honesty more than rascality, and the rule of decency and morality more than the rule of those from whom can be obtained the city's rights and privileges at small cost and immunity from the effects of any illegalities.

Wages and living in the United States are twice as high as in Europe, and four times as high as in Asia; how then are we to compete for the traffic of the world but by the modifications of uneconomic and ruinous ideas. The laws of progress cannot be relegated to fictitious realms and forced for any considerable length of time to remain there. Manufactures have always marched hand in hand with civilization, from east to west, from the old half civilization of Cathay and India overland to the Mediterranean, to western Europe, to America, and back to Nippon and the new Cathay; manufactures are civilization.

We used to send our cotton to England to be made into cloth for us; then New England did the work, and later Texas. San Francisco bay, or San Diego, would naturally

have been the present cotton centre, but the industry and with it the raw material passed California by, and jumped to Japan, because we lacked the enterprise to secure it, because we avoid as a pestilence Asiatic operatives, because we live and serve under the lords of labor, who drive from our door even European labor, white working-men who have come from afar at our instigation to work.

Formerly we obtained cloths, carpets, glass and earthen ware, fine cutlery and hardware from England, silk and wines from France, and a hundred other things which later eastern America made, but jumping over the Pacific coast these industries go to Asia because we lack the courage to defy the labor leaders and politicians and obtain from the proper source the best labor material the world affords, and so supply the world with our manufactured products.

The export trade of the United States is nearly a billion of dollars. That should be the export trade of San Francisco alone when twenty or thirty thousand miles of Pacific seaboard are lined with stately cities like Baltimore and Boston, with now and then a New York, a London, and a Paris. Indiana is now the centre of population in the United States; then it will be Colorado or Utah, or even Nevada, perhaps, for the shores of the Pacific will support a mighty people.

England has her colonies for customers; she makes good cloth and steel, and stands first in banking and shipping; she has no continent of her own to develop, but she lends on mortgage to those who have and makes money.

Germany's banking and shipping experiences are new, but drummers and salesmen are not; in commerce she is aggressive and makes money by studying the requirements of her customers.

The French are among the most prospered of European nations because they are best in certain manufactures,—not the cheapest but the best in handicraft and texture.

It is a significant fact that throughout the United

States in almost every instance cities where labor is free are prosperous, while places in which labor is restrained are not prosperous.

Call it the open or closed shop, the tyranny of labor, the stifling effects of economic extortion or what you will, the fact remains that the city of free labor prospers while the city of enslaved labor does not. The most reliable statisticians place the loss to San Francisco thus far of the labor tyranny at one hundred millions of dollars. They establish further, through building operations for 1910, as compared with those of 1909, the heavy hand that unionism lays upon the prosperity of a city. The free city of Detroit had an increase of 22 per cent.; the free city of Cleveland 15 per cent.; the enslaved city of Buffalo a decrease of 7 per cent., and Milwaukee, with a socialist mayor, a decrease of 15 per cent. The free city of Los Angeles had an increase of 64 per cent. and Portland, Oregon, of 61 per cent. The enslaved city of San Francisco had a decrease of 19 per cent. and St. Louis a decrease of 17 per cent. The free city of Duluth had an increase of 262 per cent. and Atlanta, Georgia, of 33 per cent. Most of the large cities show decreases, including New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington. On the other hand, the following places, which are more or less free, show increases: Baltimore, Indianapolis, Memphis, Hartford, Toledo, Louisville, and Richmond.

When we consider the attendant economic forces newly set to work we no longer marvel over the multiplication of wealth. Railroad freight and passenger traffic double every ten years. Bank deposits, under free labor conditions, double every six years. The yield of iron and coal and gold is greater than ever. All the grand economic energy in us and in our environment may be at once liberated by liberating labor. All depends upon the industrial efficiency of the men of San Francisco bay.

The talk no longer is of our market in China, our market in India, our market in Europe. Henceforth all the

world is market to every man. In the creation, in the production, individualism comes to the front. It is what each individual himself can do to surpass the work of others that is to determine the supremacy. But though individuals can manufacture, every individual at the same time cannot go to market. This will have to be done to a greater or less extent by associations.

One man can save the city, as one man saved the state, and that man will shortly appear and act, as Hiram Johnson appeared and acted, a man capable, determined, a man absolutely honest and unafraid. There is no higher gift, there can be no higher praise.

Hiram Johnson did not stop to choose soft words and euphemistic phrases in speaking of the Southern Pacific people. He said, "I will drive them out of politics," and he did. He did not stop to placate capital or pacify labor; he said, "the people shall rule," and for the first time since the railway tyranny closed the Interregnum following the vigilance régime, the people of the state of California do now rule. Is there not one man in all this city able, honest, and with sufficient backbone and courage to stand up before the cowardice of capital and the tyranny of labor and say "this city shall be free," and so establish it? Heney, Sullivan, and Phelan did noble work until defeated by the unholy alliance of labor and capital at the polls; is there then no other to come forward at this juncture?

What made London Manchester and Liverpool; what made New York Boston and Chicago? Commerce is well enough in its way, and should attend manufactures, but commerce is fleeting while manufactures are enduring.

It is a critical moment, this in which we live; it is the turning point of our destiny. The potentialities are incalculable, but failure now is failure forever. Not that all would be lost, but much of what would be lost could never be regained.

The future is bright; I cannot otherwise regard it. A clean city, purged by fire and reform, is rising upon the

débris of the past in such proportions of beauty and utility as to make it second to no other in America. And brightest of all is the vision of moral grandeur to which she may aspire when work like that of the reformers, once so unique and original, shall become common occurrence. Yet San Francisco may write this down in her book. She may buy and build, acquire railways and water works, lay out civic centres by the score and hold world's fairs by the dozen, taxing property up to its full face value for the means wherewithal to pay, but she never will reach her full measure of prosperity under present labor conditions.

The slumbering civilizations of the Pacific are awakening. China has awakened. Europe already knows it, and English French and German flags fly thick along her coast, with now and then a solitary stars and stripes. Doubtless the United States will awaken after a three thousand years' sleep, rescind the feudalistic expulsion laws and open equitable intercourse with China.

Already Europeans are active there in exploiting mines and developing agriculture and manufactures, in building houses, railroads, and bridges, in setting up cotton and woolen mills, telegraphs and telephones, oil gas and iron works, and in transforming these ancients into progressives of the latest civilization. Even San Francisco may awaken in time, when all the fairs and civic centres are finished and paid for; if not let her sleep on forever the blissful sleep of ante-auriferous days.

CHAPTER XXV

PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT

THE Progressive movement, which is rapidly assuming the form and dignity of a political party, aims to establish that which is best for the entire people, rich and poor alike. It is as far removed from socialism as it is from oligarchy. It regards the rights of the poor as equal but not superior to the rights of the rich. It aims to secure for all who live in this world the best the world can give, protection from its ills, participation in its pleasures, and security in the enjoyment of its blessings.

It is a moral rather than a political movement; it is what all political movements should be but are not. It aims to establish even handed justice among all men, to secure to the working-man a fair share of the fruits of his labor, and to the man of money a proper reward for economic thrift and ability.

Without subversion and without constraint it would cleanse politics of its criminalities, society of its shams, and bring to the front all that is noble in man and pure in woman.

The Progressive movement is in direct opposition to the purpose of the Reactionaries, who would keep things as they are, who would leave bad enough alone, who would grant privileges to a few which are denied to all, who would grant the privileged few immunity from crimes for which the many must be punished, who would secure to the privileged few all the natural and acquired wealth in the world, leaving the rest of humanity to struggle on in pov-

erty, working for a meagre wage, and denied the conditions tending to health, comfort, and happiness.

Progressive government will regulate labor and capital alike. It will prevent iniquitous trusts, monopolies, and combinations of capital; it will oppose the tyrannies of labor and the use of dynamite. It will protect capital in its rights, and see that labor has its proper wage and a fair share of the wealth it creates.

It is not difficult to determine which of these two forces, the force for good or the force for evil, shall ultimately prevail. Great is the power of money, great the power of dynamite in the hands of evil-minded men, but greater still is the power of righteousness, greatest of all is the power of the people.

For while the people live, while liberty and democracy live these United States shall never be ruled by any coterie or cabal, whether of capital or labor.

While the people live, while liberty and democracy live no railway octopus shall usurp the government, no coterie of capitalists shall seize and hold the national resources of the nation, or manipulate or control the economic or monied interests of the people, no Gompers or Darrow shall dominate industry, no monopoly of money shall regulate traffic or prices of products, no monopoly of labor shall regulate wages or indulge in boycotts and strikes, no dynamiters shall interfere with the employers of labor.

While the people live, while liberty and democracy live no Juggernaut car of justice, in the name of law and justice, while subverting law and justice, shall compel the worship of the people, or be allowed to roll over them as a crushing superstition. Judges and jailers, legislators and presidents are of the people, and are elected by the people not to master but to serve them.

There is no power save the power of God, which is superior to the power of the people.

There is no special merit in wealth; there is no special merit in poverty. Each is a disease, as gluttony and

drunkenness are diseases, as any excess abnormal in a properly running community is a disease. Inordinate wealth and extreme poverty are both conditions to be deplored, and if possible remedied. Both are significant of something wrong. As crime so often attends the accumulation of great wealth, so poverty without sufficient cause is a crime, and should be punished as a crime rather than held up for sacred sympathy.

What is the best government?

That which produces the best results.

How about our Anglo-American republicanism?

Every one must judge for himself. With intelligence, education, expansion, wealth, power, and prestige the political economist must consider the workings of our institutions and the output. He must consider race admixtures and transformations, and withal the decline of patriotism, honesty, and public morality, the tendency to civic debauchery, and the rise and rulership of graft and greed. He must determine whence arises such abnormities as the soul of evil encased in forms of righteousness; such fantasies of law and justice as the subversion of government by classes; the seizure of natural resources by special interests; the concentration of capital for criminal designs against the people; the briberies for special privilege; the purchase of place by office-seekers from senators to schoolteachers; the domination of demagogues in relation to the admission of Asiatics; a judiciary transformed by office into something sacred and superior to those who elected them, and yet of soul so timid and texture so frail as to be influenced in their decisions, as they themselves declare, by the fear of losing office; the autocrats of economic industry who regulate by dynamite, intimidation, and the enslavement of labor the destinies of two millions of working-men; together with such conditions as enable four express companies to thwart the wishes of ninety millions of people who want postal package service, and scores of other like examples.

We have secured the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in the indulgence of certain phases of which we seem to gravitate downward instead of upward, raking the sewers for money, and bringing forward as our political associates ten millions of black Africans and twenty millions of low-grade Europeans to whom we have given, without consideration and without recompense, what should be the inestimable privilege of the franchise, to possess and enjoy, they and their respective progenies forever.

Our civil war, which was a necessity and in one sense a blessing was a withering curse in other respects, as from its very blessings came the greatest curse that ever fell upon a nation, the curse of dishonesty and demoralization. Out of success, out of wealth power and prosperity sprang up the rank weeds of immorality and high crime.

European sympathy was mainly for the south, and that not from the noblest impulses. To a jealousy approaching hatred on the part of Germany was added the Monroe doctrine as an impediment to German autocracy in America. France made preparation beforehand for the dismemberment of the United States by establishing Maximilian with French soldiers in Mexico, ready to seize upon any of the advantages which were soon to follow. While England opposed slavery the English aristocracy opposed democracy as fatal to their institutions, and the English manufacturers were opposed to whatever stopped the supply of cotton.

All through the fierce struggle of '61 to '65 California was quiet but intensely loyal, and in the aftermath, during the reconstruction period, none were more indignant over the base treatment of a fallen foe by the political riff-raff of the north, in Congress and out of Congress. Nothing in our history more clearly shows the swift evolution of high crime at this juncture, and the depth of cowardice and brutality into which we had fallen, than our treatment of the white men of the south during their attempt to rise

and regain a footing in the commonwealth. It was a fall from which we were destined never to rise the same. The curse we intended for others fell upon us, and the effects of it can never be wholly removed.

But we will do what we can; we will hope on, and never cease our efforts for the cleansing of our commonwealth and the betterment of the race.

It is not always the diseased member that dies first, it may be cut off or cured. The most hopeless condition for a person or a community is while maintaining a fair outside to harbor disease within without recognizing it or attempting a cure. It was not by any means the American people fallen into decadence, but cliques and evil-minded individuals, men greedy of place and power and money, women greedy of display and social supremacy, that wrought the greatest evils.

Efforts were made to stem the tide, but health wealth and progress all became infected with the disease. But still the people fought on until their soul's desire was voiced by our chief magistrate at Washington. That turned the tide. Hope rose again and they won. All honor to them, all shame to the traitors.

A great moral revolution has swept over the Republic during the last decade, beginning with Theodore Roosevelt on the Atlantic side, and culminating in the campaign of Hiram Johnson, which gave our western coast a clean start for something worth living for.

It was not two parties but two civilizations that stood forth in opposition after the civil war, the civilization of retrogression and dishonor, of individualism and greed, and the civilization of progress, of altruism, and ever higher ideals.

Washington delivered the people from foreign tyranny; Lincoln saved us from secession and slavery; Roosevelt set at work the cleansing of the nation from moral leprosy which was surely hastening it on to destruction.

When out of the east came to our west the message of

salvation all was silence. No one heard or heeded, all were buried in self and sin. Then the President himself spoke, and sent us Heney and Burns, who were supported by William H. Langdon, and followed by Hiram Johnson, and we were saved.

See what these men have done! May their names be everlastingly written in the sky, Theodore Roosevelt, Hiram Johnson, Francis J. Heney, James D. Phelan, Mat I. Sullivan.

Hiram Johnson saved the state as Francis J. Heney had saved the city, and as Theodore Roosevelt had saved Christendom. It was one of the most remarkable political crusades in history, the several campaigns of Hiram Johnson throughout the state resulting in the complete sterilization of public sentiment in regard to high crime, sentiments hitherto saturated with the iniquities taught by the methods and morals of corporate capital.

Then when came the change, so long delayed, so bewilderingly radiant and complete in the transformation, we could scarcely realize it.

We could scarcely realize that the people were in good truth free, that the octopus was dead, that California had an honest governor, and faithful legislators, that San Francisco had an honest mayor and faithful supervisors, that laws were made which should establish forever a glorious reign of righteousness. But when we saw the high-crime men of money haul down their filthy bunting, those who to spite good men had put in office Eugene Schmitz, his satellites and successors, and had sickened over their work; when we saw the journals that had sold themselves and the city come crawling back into place we knew that indeed the change had been effected.

It was like the awakening to health and happiness after a long and troubled sleep, California was redeemed, rescued from sin and its consequences. The Dark Age of Graft was ended and a new Interregnum of crime was begun. There yet remained blocking the way to unbounded pros-

perity only the two incubi, the labor trust and the exclusion of the Chinese. So long as these should remain, good government were futile and the Panamá canal a farce.

Yet the banker and close communion capitalist of San Francisco, though glad to be relieved on any terms from a government by labor leaders like Schmitz and McCarthy, such as they had inaugurated, still displayed their rancor and the quality of their patriotism by refusing to purchase the city railroad bonds, which at the liberal rate of four and a half per cent. interest, and with the substantial improvements going forward offered every inducement for investment. But the old Adam, and the primary principle of their lives, self before all, yet remained.

Without any laws or regulations to guide him, the new mayor, Mr. Rolph, of his own accord adopted so far as practicable the commission form of government, which implies that office-holders are employés of the people, who are to conduct the affairs of the municipality as an intelligent and thrifty merchant or manufacturer would conduct his own business.

If with a good form of government and the strength withal to enforce it; if for ourselves our families and successors we do not prefer to breathe the pure air of decency and morality to the foul malaria of political cesspools, then with all our riches we are the poorest of humanity, with all our strength we are the weakest, with all our learning we are the most unwise.

To Hamilton and Jefferson the ideals of 1776 seemed sound and practicable, and were so if the conditions as tacitly implied had been maintained. These related to a population chiefly of Anglo-Saxon colonists, and not to an influx of low-grade aliens and a horde of emancipated African slaves.

It were well indeed for us to pause at this juncture and indulge in a little self-analysis, and see how far short we come to our professions, especially in regard to pure patriotism and clean morality. Universal suffrage may

be carried so far as to become more despotic than pure despotism. Yet it can scarcely be carried farther than it now is with us.

Good government ideals of to-day imply, in whole or in part, men only of known ability and integrity for office; the application of the initiative, referendum, and recall, and a commission of reliable men to act on business principles; no economic coercion, whether by capital or labor; municipal ownership of public utilities; franchises granted for not longer than twenty years and subject to revocation and purchase after five years; election of the United States senators by direct vote of the people; employers' liability; conservation of national resources; able and honest judges; efficient courts of justice; prompt and effective criminal procedure.

If we are ever to reach that standard of excellence to which every progressive commonwealth aspires we must as fast as practicable raise the standard of suffrage, for we cannot expect pure flowing water from foul sources. We must punish promptly and alike high crime and low crime, the rich and the poor, else it were better to abolish courts. The two great economic forces, capital and labor, must be held in subjection by the people and not be permitted to assume the functions or usurp the prerogative of government.

Conditions social, political, and industrial throughout the United States have changed during the last two decades. Whether on the whole these changes have been for the better or for the worse depends upon the individual ideals and the point of view. Doubtless all will agree that some changes have been for the better and some for the worse, though as to which are for the better and which are for the worse all will not agree. All will agree that steam and electricity, attended by numberless discoveries and inventions, have wrought out many benefits to mankind. All will not agree that increase in population compensates for its deterioration in quality; that in-

crease in wealth compensates for laxity in morals, and other like questions.

But the greatest of all changes appears in that overthrow of equal rights, that ethical abortion now openly supported if not actually avowed, that the operations of the law are not or should not be the same for the rich man and the poor man, that the rich should not be punished for the same crimes for which the poor must suffer. That this monstrous doctrine, so vile, so unjust, so un-American could find advocates among the so-called respectable rich men, shows more than anything else how deep the degradation into which the greed for gold has plunged a certain class of our people.

And here the questions arise, not questions of the alarmist but of the plain practical man of common sense, when will the limit be reached, and what will be the outcome of this heaping up of wealth, with this startling uplift of the human mind and human methods? The United States is the richest nation in the world to-day, the richest nation and the most enlightened, and the most rapidly advancing in educational and industrial development. Every twenty or thirty years our wealth doubles, and every twenty or thirty years our iniquities double. To all this there is a limit, for nations like individuals are born and die. The years are passing swiftly, but swifter still rushes forward our destiny. Education and religion, of momentous import in their way, do not seem to have the power to save us from ourselves, for with the elaboration of outward forms we do not seem to improve in moral integrity. Can it be possible that we have already reached the zenith in our marvellous flight and that we are now on the downward grade?

One thing is sure, never yet was a nation enduringly erected on a foundation of fraud and injustice. If you build into your walls dishonesty, bribery, immorality, and all those kindred vices which attend the rapid accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of individuals, the

edifice is sure to fall. Rome was a thousand years old when her decadence set in. We are not yet two hundred; yet in these, the days of our youth, we were but lately on as broad a road to perdition as any ever Rome or Carthage travelled.

Why, and how? In this way. With our emancipation from some of the superstitions of our forefathers we have thrown off too many of their virtues which carry with them the fundamental principles of an enduring commonwealth. We openly avow our preference for prosperity to morality, for good business to good principles. Justice is a by-word; our courts of law trick-machines for the clearing of criminals; the spirit of the law made subservient to the letter of the law. We prefer in office bad men to good men, for when bad men rule, men open to bribery and winking at our short-comings, we fancy we can make more money. That is the truth, and it shows up pretty well the quality of our new individualism.

Meanwhile, the influential men of business fancied that they were making business when in reality they were only debauching business, that they were safe-guarding property when they were making property less secure by permitting fraud to act as one of its trustees.

It is a great advance towards purity in politics when the government which has been taken from the people by special interests is restored to the people by the initiative and referendum. During the past forty years representative government in many places has been to a great extent a farce and a fraud. The people, whose right alone it is to choose the men to make and execute the laws for them, were powerless because of boss rule and machine politics.

There are a few men left, thank God, let us hope enough of them to result this rotting earth, who are inherently honest, who are true men because they cannot help it; who prefer cleanliness to filth, moral purity to vice, because fresh pure air is to them pleasanter than the effluvium of the slums; who love right because it is right,

and have a sneaking kindness for their country because they are made that way and cannot change.

Such a man is Hiram Johnson; such a man he has proved himself to be; such a man he will always be for to be otherwise will not be himself.

What did it the maker of men only knows. It was not heredity; it was not environment, that is to say, so far as eyes can see; it was simply kismet.

Be this as it may, he is as he is, and it were wise in us to make the most of him while we may.

He was born in Sacramento and brought up a lawyer, neither of which circumstances in themselves would make one good or great. That he is a good man his whole life shows; that he is a strong man his battles with high crime prove; that he is a man firm in the right and of enduring purpose, the use he makes of his victory over the octopus gives us assurance.

It is well to know a good man when we meet him. Washington was one, and Lincoln, and Roosevelt. In like manner by his fruits we are to know that Hiram Johnson is one. At this writing we feel very sure that as long as he is governor California will have a good government.

With the new governor Hiram Johnson gave the state a reformed legislature, which at its first session passed some hundreds of laws which forever place a return to former conditions beyond the power of corrupt politicians to accomplish.

No one ever did more effective work, both before and after his election, than Mr. Johnson has done. Ten thousand united citizens of San Francisco in 1856 delivered the city from political corruption and misrule; Hiram Johnson in 1910, unaided and alone, delivered the state from the grasp of a money power which had held it as in a vise for a period of two score years.

It was a wonderful achievement, one man and his motor, one man with one heart, one mind, one tongue, traversing the state from side to side, from end to end,

many trips, each trip a thousand miles or more, one man alone by the indomitable force of his will declaring that these things shall be, sounding the death knell of tyranny, proclaiming peace and good will, calling upon all the people to rise and be free. One man alone, I say, and with none too plethoric a pocket-book, opposing a huge merciless machine with thousands of men to work it and hundreds of millions of money behind it. And the one man wins because he is a man, and because he is right.

Of this political campaign, one of the most remarkable achievements of the kind by a single individual, unaided and alone, whirled from place to place in his automobile, standing in it while talking to the people as to friends and brothers, pleading with them to be true to themselves, true to their country and throw off the hateful bonds of iniquity which they had so slavishly worn for forty years, achieved along lines of purity and principle alone, he says, "I really thought, when I began, that it was simply a case of closing up my office long enough to take my beating and then going back to work with the consciousness of a duty done. It wasn't until I had gone out in the automobile and got out among the people, that I realized how widely the knowledge of conditions had spread, and how eager the people were for a release from the domination of corrupt politicians and corporations. Then I realized that I really had a chance to win, that the big opportunity to try to make things better, of which I had dreamed, was going to be mine. That was what put heart into the fight and carried us through successfully."

Hiram Johnson came after Roosevelt as Christ came after John the Baptist; Roosevelt preached repentance, Johnson enforced it. Roosevelt opened the eyes of the blind to a sense of civic wrong, Johnson entered the arena and compelled righteousness. The dynamic force native to Theodore Roosevelt fired the dynamic force latent in Hiram Johnson, though neither of them knew it at the time and may not know it now.

And as for Roosevelt, whatever else may be said of him, his character and qualities, he must ever be regarded as one of the world's great reformers, as one of the world's greatest men.

A conviction of sin is the first step toward repentance, and Roosevelt has convinced the world of sin, of that gravest of social and political crimes, the robbery of one's country.

Kings of the craft pretend to think lightly of bribery as a penal offense, at least until they are caught. All the same they are shy at the approach of the constable. The king bribes, the king can do no wrong, the conscience of the small fry and large both know well enough that bribery is buying stolen goods, goods the buyer knows to have been stolen. They know that the franchise they buy is public property, and that the proceeds from it should go into the public treasury. He who buys it is a thief, a felon; he buys what belongs to all the people, obtains a valuable property for less than it is worth, cheats his neighbor, and debauches public officials.

It is safe to say, if we except Washington and Lincoln, that Theodore Roosevelt has done more and better for the American people than any other president; it is safe to say, without excepting any one, that he has done more to awaken the public conscience, to arrest the reign of crime, to overflow iniquitous trusts and monopolies and to establish the people in their rights and privileges than any one who has ever lived.

A curb has been placed upon evils that were rushing the republic on to ruin, the dissipation of our natural resources, the overpowering influence of industrial monopolies, and the promotion of special interests to the injury of others. Three hundred millions of acres of public domain have been snatched from the hands of the spoilers, and a limitation has been placed upon the rapacity of corporate greed and defiance of federal authority.

It was a singular combination of men and circum-

stances that brought salvation to San Francisco in 1907, and but for which the city might have gone on to ruin.

To begin with, Theodore Roosevelt discovered Francis J. Heney, his ability and fidelity in those difficult land cases in Oregon, of which I have elsewhere spoken, and permitted him to go to the relief of the stricken city by the Golden Gate. Heney viewed the situation and prophesied success provided he could have with him William J. Burns, the most skilful detective outside of romance. Money was required, and forth came Rudolph Spreckels; and when Heney was shot in court Hiram Johnson and Mat I. Sullivan appeared and carried forward to completion his cases, with no other compensation than the consciousness of having performed a sacred duty to the best of their ability.

Certain strong men in Los Angeles about this time became interested in good government. A non-partisan city central committee was formed under the auspices of Meyer Lisner, E. T. Earl, John R. Haynes, Edward Dickson, Harley Brundage, and others, which soon gave to their city a clean government. They then attempted state reform, joining Johnson in his work, and were no less successful. Thus California was saved.

The legislature following Governor Johnson's election was composed wholly of free men, of men not bound by any special interests, the first absolutely free California legislature convened within a period of forty years.

Governor Johnson made the state's interests his business and worked out public problems as one's personal affairs. He studied the character and capabilities of every appointee to office, basing his choice upon the merits of the man and not upon the probability of his influence in securing his own reëlection.

Honest himself upon instinct and abhorring rascality in every form, he was quick in detecting fraud, in whatsoever guise it appeared before him. Claims against the state which excited his suspicions he would not allow to be

paid, but told the claimants to sue the state, and if their demands were just they would recover, if not the fraud that would appear would lead to the detection of other fraud, so that the wrong-doers dare not bring suit. It was a trial not exactly by combat, but along commercial lines leading to the penitentiary.

Governor Johnson signed 753 bills during the first session of his legislature, the whole number submitted to him and upon which he had to pass being little less than 1000, work which would have occupied the average court of justice for five years.

After signing the last of the legislative bills he took a week's rest and then proceeded with his routine of duties.

To magnify the importance of their duties, the heavy responsibility resting upon them, the necessity of long contemplative study over every case, certain judges talked of the wearing upon their poor brains and nerves of their arduous labors, and asked for the appointment of additional judges, which if made would tend only to increase their inanity and idleness. Any shop-keeper conducting his business in such a fashion would be sure of bankruptcy.

Governor Johnson refused all such applications, telling the judges they would better go to work, setting the example himself by devoting more time each day to the public weal than ever he had given his personal affairs, or than these judges would give in a week, which on an average was not more than three hours a day for five days.

Said Roosevelt in an address to 12,000 San Franciscans:

"I most heartily congratulate California on its vigorous new birth in the field of political and social life. I congratulate you on the work your governor and legislature have done and are now doing. It is not a work for your state alone, for the whole country receives an impulse toward sounder thinking and higher living when any governor and any legislature translate professions into practice, as has been done at Sacramento under the lead of Governor Johnson."

And thus Johnson of Roosevelt and the California legislature:

"Much we owe in common with other states, but we in California especially owe to him that quickening of the public conscience, that virility, that manhood in citizenship, that has enabled us to meet and conquer the forces of corruption in this great state of California. As he declared in a classic message for common opportunity and common honesty, so California, with his honest example to guide it, went forward to the state's regeneration.

"The California legislature has just closed a session fraught with greater significance than any of its predecessors. To-night the men sit on this platform who have wrought a political revolution. I want to say to all you people here that you owe to the 120 men who sat in that legislature a debt you never can pay. For they won for you and your children and your children's children the right to perpetuate government of the people in the state of California."

Chosen United States senator when Johnson came into office, John D. Works at once made his mark at Washington as an able, high-minded statesman and a pure progressive. Speaking of his election he says:

"Shortly after the vote was taken in the legislature, Governor Johnson came into my room at the hotel, his face beaming with satisfaction and pleasure. He sat down and said to me, 'Isn't it a glorious thing that a man can be elected to the United States senate in the state of California without doing anything that can be criticised, or spending a quarter of a dollar in securing his election?'"

After four years of baffled justice in the courts, at the cost of thousands to the state and millions to themselves, with all the while visions of cropped hair and stripes and bars, which indeed would have been yet more threatening but for their friends of the upper benches, Patrick Calhoun, Tirey L. Ford, and others, were ordered dis-

charged by the appellate court, the lower courts and the prosecution after their long and faithful efforts being stigmatized for failure owing to the opposition of those who thus insulted them.

The wonder is not that so few of the arch-offenders were sent to prison, but that so much was accomplished in the face of such strong opposition. Nests of iniquity were brought to light, and exposed, and crime intimidated, but with the millions of money behind it all, money poured out like water to save its owners from prison, witnesses bribed and sent away, their dwellings dynamited, the champion of the people shot down in open court, newspapers filled with lies and scurrility, a non-prosecuting attorney chosen from the more facile of the profession, and a majority of the upper judges clearly on the side of the criminals,—in the face of all this a masterly four-years' fight was an achievement of which the people and the prosecution need never be ashamed.

A source of never-ending interest to Detective Burns was Abraham Ruef, sharp as steel and yet weak enough at times. Ruef fancied himself a good fellow, kind and liberal, as he could well afford to be considering the large amounts in which he dealt and the ease of getting them. The sums given in his confession were,—from the United Railways, $200,000, from Parkside, $15,000, Gas Co., $20,000, Fight trust, $50,000, Home Telephone Company, $125,000, Pacific States Telephone Co., $75,000; also from prostitution houses and other places, other like amounts, and the alleged promise of a million out of the Tevis bay cities scheme, supposed to be working for ten millions from San Francisco.

"He couldn't do anything straight," Burns used to say. "Scheming was as natural to him as breathing, the odium of treachery never troubled him, though he did say between sobs, of which he had always plenty, 'I hate like hell to betray Ford; he has been just like a brother to me.'

"His greed was unequalled, his cowardice was the limit,

his vanity beyond belief. Each time I saw Ruef there was some new quibble; no promise or contract bound him."

Frustrated in his endeavors by corrupt judges and the money of corrupt citizens Heney at length offered himself as candidate for district attorney, pledged to enforce the law, but failed to be elected. Capital and labor seemed to prefer a district attorney said to be pledged not to enforce the law, and thus the good people of the city showed their gratitude for the brave efforts of those who had wrought for them inestimable benefits.

Combined labor and capital managed to out-number the 26,000 votes of good men and hence the disgrace.

It is as easy to have good government as bad government; as easy to get along honestly laying bricks as to live on the proceeds of burglary. It is as easy to be clean and healthy as to be forever wallowing in the filth of immorality. To lift ourselves out of a foul environment we must govern ourselves better, drive railways, corporate capital, and labor impositions out of politics, and compel our courts to deal out justice promptly, without quibbling, to rich and poor alike. We must be honest and decently moral; free and without hypocrisy, so that we may truthfully register ourselves among the nations of the Great Unafraid.

Let us not be discouraged. Progressive effort has accomplished much. It has broken down bossism and opened the door for actual self-government. It has broken down monopolies, and subordinated trusts. It has warned labor against violence and capital against tyranny. It has aroused the national conscience, bringing good men to their feet, ready to do their duty. It has revived the sentiment of purity, enlivened the spirit of liberty, and has brought hope to the despondent. And none too soon. For as sure as ever Rome lived and died, this Republic was on the broad road to destruction.

CHAPTER XXVI

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

WHILE engaged on this *Retrospection*, and some time before its completion, I saw gradually overspreading the Republic, especially along its western border, a moral revolution. I saw with deepest satisfaction the work begun by Theodore Roosevelt for the amelioration of the world, and continued by Hiram Johnson for the more especial benefit of my own beloved California and the Pacific seaboard, bearing fruit, their noble efforts crowned with success.

Not that the work is done; it is only the beginning; but enough has been accomplished to satisfy me that for the present at all events the American people will not be content to return to the days of dishonesty and plutocratic rule.

While the graft bribers were fighting in the courts, and the railway and government were running hand in hand along the same track, and our delectable mayor was bringing a blush to the face of those yet capable of feeling shame by reason of his empty head and blatant tongue, there were certain worthy citizens who had been long studying the situation, and were now forging the keys for our deliverance.

So there is yet hope for the Republic. Though the days of our years are numbered we may still see several to-morrows, for the people wake from their slumbers, sometimes, and take a look around.

The people; though we are not what our forefathers had hoped for us ere this, though in some respects we are

retrograding instead of advancing, gradually the vital problems of our progress are undergoing solution, and time is still given us in which we may learn to be wise.

The founders of the Republic were selections from the best strains in Europe, that is to say Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic. So long as immigration continued along original lines all went well, but with the coming of the Latin element and the Slav the quality of population diminished as the quantity increased.

During the last half century the personnel of this confederation of states has not improved. There may be more intelligence but there is less integrity. There has been a falling off in patriotism, in self-sacrifice, or any form of unselfish devotion to the well-being of the people; there is less of it proportionately than before the incoming of so many strangers ignorant of our institutions and indifferent to our traditions.

What should we expect from ten millions of freed African slaves; twenty millions of low-grade Europeans; thirty millions of inter-mixtures, upon whose dull ears the fourth of July fire-crackers sound every day fainter? Some remnants of the original stock with still a ring of the true metal in them are present, notwithstanding women who want to do the work of men, leaders of labor who want to rule, money-made statesmen with their political henchmen, and the coteries of high and low crime with their attendant law-courts and prisons.

This is what is left over from the New England colonies and the Virginia country, with the refuse from Europe, Asia, and Africa thrown in, all stewed into a sometime unsavory mess by the united infelicities of capital and labor.

It was scarcely the best of material for the making of a great nation, scarcely as high grade as might have been had the original proprietors been less eager to secure settlers and create wealth. But notwithstanding the many debasing intermixtures made in our population there is a

hope that through the scrubbing of schools and the palpable necessity of self-protection the Republic may rise again into an atmosphere of honesty and morality, without which no nation can prosper.

If the Anglo-American element can keep control of affairs for a century or two longer, holding in abeyance the Celt, the Slav, the Latin, the Afric, and the Asiatic, meanwhile shutting out the further influx of low-grade aliens from every quarter, there may yet be hope for improvement, though we should be unable wholly to regain what has been lost.

We have had no time as yet to consider either anarchy or oligarchies, this greatest of republics, with its money-lords, and labor-lords, and high honorable lords grafter. Wherefore may we welcome with joy the scintillating light appearing now and then among the law-makers and their staunch supporters, which shows that the republican corpse is not quite ready for burial.

A glorious light, star of the east ascendant, direct primary, referendum, and recall, with municipal government by a commission which places the responsibility upon men supposed to rule upon business principles, without graft, or bribery, or toll from brothels, or from building contracts, or from sales of city franchises to grasping corporations, the proceeds to be divided among the pilferers. A railroad commission bill is an important step toward the control of corporations and public utilities, then there are the presidential preference primary, the election of senators by popular vote, and other important measures before the people.

The direct primary election; bossism does not like it, does not like the nomination of candidates by all the voters at a primary election instead of by delegates to a convention, or by caucus of evil-minded men with but few if any honest citizens present.

This for the first application to clear away the outer obstructions.

Next the referendum, the power to require laws passed by a legislative body to be ratified by the voters before becoming operative whenever such ratification is demanded by a certain percentage of the voters.

Obviously bad for the bribers.

Lastly, the recall, the power to remove the holder of any elective office and put in his place another.

Ah! there is the rub. This does not at all suit high crime, special interests, or wealthy corporations. What! call them in just as we get properly fixed, a law-maker who will follow our instructions, or a governor of easy integrity who will look at things the right way, or a supreme court who will decide a case for us before hearing it, or tell us in advance how to bring a suit or conduct a defense along labyrinthine ways bordered by accommodating technicalities so as to give us what we want, and always according to law, strictly according to law, for law is the best friend of bright knavish fellows who know how to use it.

What! call him in, that district attorney whose soul we bought, placing him in office pledged to our interests, pledged to dismiss all suits liable to send us to prison, after so much dynamiting and spiriting away of witnesses, sending whole families to Europe and supporting them there at heavy expense while all these criminal prosecutions are going on against us?

What! call down the mayor just after we have paid him for a franchise, paid him money which he pocketed and which should have gone to the city, and that before he has rendered us the promised equivalent? It is a crime thus to steal from us when he should steal only from the city.

Pity the gentlemen of the road, these poor knights of the highway, but congratulate the people, who begin to breathe more freely having in sight an interregnum of crime if not a utopia or a millennium.

It was at first the general impression that the recall

should not apply to judges, but the continued turning loose of criminals by the upper courts as fast as the superior judges convicted them, the prolonging of litigation by raising innumerable technicalities and the granting of new trials, all at useless and enormous cost to the taxpayers, soon convinced the legislature and the people that nowhere was the arm of justice more needed to apply than to the high court of justice itself.

Let us thank God and take courage that lost apparently in bossism and avarice there were still true men enough left to save the country on whom fell this inspiration of reform as from the skies. So palpable were the advantages of the recall that throughout the United States the measure was generally received with favor, except as to the recall of judges, where a difference of opinion arose, the legal profession being largely against it.

Owing to direct legislation laws Oregon has become one of the most progressive states in the union, and has developed one of the best of governments. It is as near true and intelligent republicanism as may be found anywhere.

Through the initiative Oregon obtained the direct primary, local option, election of the people's choice for United States senator, local self-government for cities, a recall that applies to judges as well as other elective officials, a gross-earnings tax on sleeping car, refrigerator, and oil car companies, a new practice act, an employers' liability act, regulation of taxes by counties, and a three-fourths verdict in civil cases.

Through the same power Oregon has abolished the poll-tax and extended the provisions of the direct primary law in a way that enables her voters to express their preference for president of the United States. Of the twenty-five initiative measures rejected by the voters seven provided for the creation of additional counties, and three were amendments granting the ballot to women. The other fifteen included one providing for a state magazine, two

for extra taxes to support unnecessary normal schools, and one for an unnecessary state commission.

The worn out argument of the profession that judges should not be placed in a position which might subject them to intimidation on the part of the people loses its force as applied to the judiciary of California, past and present. No viler men ever lived than some who have sat on the supreme bench of California, one of whom was seized, imprisoned, tried, and condemned by the people. He would have been hanged if the victim of his bowie knife had died.

It is a noticeable fact that officers of the law, including judges, are quite as ready to break the law as are laymen, whereupon the officer of the law calls in the law to protect him against the penalty for breaking the law. It is a fine machine, the law, and in the hands of a skilled chauffeur works equally well, or ill, either way, forward or backward.

The late supreme court of California had acquired a bad habit of throwing back upon society upon the silliest of technicalities every rich criminal brought before it. Nothing could have been more wicked or unwarranted than the discharge from prison of Schmitz and Ruef after fair and clear conviction supplemented by confession. And when Ruef after further trial and conviction was brought before this same tribunal another discharge was almost certain.

The people saw it all plainly enough. As elsewhere explained Schmitz and the labor leaders smiled to themselves; high crime was delighted. Behold the majesty of the law! they cried. Touch not its sacred robes. But certain of the lords high chancellor of majestic law itself were caught tripping. Evidently they had not themselves that profound regard for the letter of the law which they wished to impress upon others. In extenuation the court put forth the plea that the irregularity of which it was guilty had been practised by them for a score of years,

the illegality thereby becoming good law and properly established as precedent!

The legislature was then in session, and before it for discussion was the question of the recall of judges. The newly elected United States senator, John D. Works, some time lawyer and judge, opposed the measure, calling it reform run mad, to the indignation of the legislature and the state. But while on his way to Washington, hearing of the alleged defection of certain of the supreme judges, he telegraphed back that, if true, those judges should be impeached. Whereat the friends of recall were somewhat mollified.

The judges took alarm. Here, then, at this juncture, we may as well as at any other time or place, pause and consider whether or not these judges should be intimidated by the legislature and the people, whether any judges under any circumstances should be placed in a position to be influenced in their opinions by the opinions of any legislature or people. Some of these judges were vicious men; some of them were as good and pure men as were ever elected to office. They were not known to the people, their merits and demerits, one from the other, at the time of their election as they were known later. Were it better in such cases for the people, makers of law and judges, to purge the commonwealth of a court like this, or suffer its further inflictions of evil for fear of what might be considered a too profane handling of the case?

In this instance the judges sought out their own salvation, they who had been so conscience-ridden in keeping others straight. They quickly reviewed the case of Ruef and refused to reopen it. They vehemently denied other charges brought against them, some of their supporters forswearing themselves in their support. And most unexpected of all, when certain old chronic criminals appeared before the court for writs of habeas corpus they were refused, and were ordered back into the custody of the sheriff to stand trial for bribing the Ruef-Schmitz

board of supervisors to pass the overhead trolley franchise.

Most of the judges are honest; some are not. We like to think them honest until forced to think otherwise. Few judges will accept a bribe in money; there are few beyond the influence of friendship or of self-interest, for judges are human.

So great a man as Mr. Wickersham makes so small a plea as this. "What are judges," he asks, "but impartial arbitrators to whom any one of us may be compelled at any moment to turn for protection of life or property? What will become of that protection if our system of government should subject him to the rage of the mob when he asserts the supremacy of the law in the face of unjust clamor?"

This is a fair specimen of the rant and nonsense the ablest jurists indulge in on this subject. Some of the judges are impartial arbitrators and others are not. We turn to them for protection; sometimes we get it. It is a raging mob that drives out the unjust judge, though the same persons elected him, and were then well-ordered and intelligent citizens.

We were not surprised that Mr. Taft should oppose the recall, as he was once a judge himself, and does not easily shed his prejudices, but we scarcely expected him to assume the unwarrantable attitude of threatening to veto any bill for the admission to statehood of Arizona carrying with it the recall of judges. But when a president fills his cabinet with men whom to keep properly whitewashed requires the long and expensive efforts of a standing committee, what should we expect?

So many and so peculiar are the vagaries of our Ohio president, that we should naturally expect to find him on the wrong side of any question. The people of Arizona were wholly within their rights, and the president appeared to go out of his way to gratify a petty spite unbecoming his high position. His opinion, weak and warped

as is his mind, was of little value where his prejudice rose in arms against the clear logic of common sense. His frenzied follies and abuse of power are destined to be relegated with the corpulent body and senile smile to the political nightmares of the past.

Would it not be as well for us to understand once for all if rulership by five of the nine judges of the supreme court is a republican form of government, and if the will of these five men stands superior to the will of a hundred million of American freemen, and if so, and there be no other remedy, then either abolish the United States supreme court or abolish the American people.

One sees riot in recall, another calls it trial by tumult, another reform run mad; these are all expressions of lawyers prejudiced in favor of the profession, tinctured with the fanaticism of the sacredness of law.

Houston of Tennessee sees in the recall of judges "A source of danger to the integrity of the courts," while Littleton of New York in a shout of eloquence assures us that "the recall of judges will strike from the splendid structure of free government the arch upon which it has come to rest with unshaken confidence,"—which is rot.

When Francis J. Heney declared before a large audience that within a year he would place certain San Francisco officials in prison, the people were pleased to think that those who had been robbing them were to be brought to an account. In due time criminals were caught and convicted. It was then discovered that certain capitalists and influential men of affairs were closely connected with the criminals.

This gave a new aspect to the case. Near the wealthy wrongdoers were other wealthy men who did not care to see their confrères punished as it would injure business, as they said. So gradually this dry rot of dishonesty began to infect bankers and corporation managers until a coterie of high crime held the city in its grip.

Presiding over the courts of law were judges, some

good and some bad, some of sterling integrity, some of innate evil-mindedness. The lower courts were nearer the people, and the upper courts nearer to high criminality. Antagonisms increased until the men of wealth who lived on the border of Stygian waters and feasted their friends of the upper benches openly denounced all prosecutions of wealthy men as injurious to progress, while heartily approving of the punishment of the poor, which for example's sake should suffice for rich and poor alike.

Had there been any doubts about the passage of the measure for the recall of judges in California the conduct of the supreme court, now thoroughly aroused by fears for its own safety, would have set them at rest. It became clearly apparent that certain of them belonged to the railroad and others were notoriously corrupt. The result was that all municipal criminals who failed of acquittal by means of the usual bullying by lawyers and false swearing of witnesses in the lower courts were promptly discharged on appeal to the higher tribunals.

Thus the mayor thief, Schmitz, was set at liberty upon a technicality so small and absurd as to bring a smile to the wooden face of the jailer who unlocked the door for him.

People saw now with humiliation and regret that the time and money spent to bring rich or influential criminals to justice were thrown away, that as fast as evil-doers presented themselves before the court of appeals and the supreme court they were turned loose upon the community, even though proof, backed by confession, was positive.

Surely here was a case for recall. Here was an example of the necessity of the recall for judges. Little wonder that judges would if they were able exempt the judiciary from the judgment of the people!

The Mongolians were quick to catch the spirit of the time.

"You hang for that, Ah Chung," wailed Ah Foy, as

he saw his friend drive his knife into the gentle bosom of Ah Li.

"No, I no hang. I got two tousand dollars. You sabe, Chinaman no hab money, he hang; hab money, no hang, all same Melican man."

Thus it was that while all was in train for the discharge of Ruef, the supreme court was obliged to close the door on him, and he slipped back into his long term of imprisonment a deeply disappointed man.

They that take to technicalities shall perish by technicalities.

This was the case upon application in the supreme court in the case of Abraham Ruef convicted of bribery; the order granting a rehearing was signed by four judges out of seven, but one of the judges after signing left the state before the others had signed the order. In extenuation of its own conscious wrong-doing the court pleads precedent; that is, because it has been breaking the law systematically for a period of twenty years, ipso facto it is law established by precedent.

The people were greatly incensed. In the absence of a law for recall of judges the legislature took steps for impeachment, but was finally persuaded to let the matter drop upon the prompt revocation of the Ruef order for a rehearing.

This affair had scarcely blown over before this same judicial bench found itself in a still more questionable attitude before the people. In a suit at Los Angeles relative to the irrigation system of Imperial valley in which the Southern Pacific railway was interested, among some documents offered in evidence a letter was found purporting to have come direct from the chief attorney of the railway and directed to the head of the railway corps of attorneys at Los Angeles, in which was the following clause:

"The supreme justices in conversation with me to-day all seemed to be of the opinion that this paragraph should

be amended so as to state the facts, as required under the decision in the case of the Bank of Woodland versus Stevens, 144 Cal., page 660, and to have an order made reappointing the receiver. It was suggested that if this could be done between now and Monday it would be an answer to the application."

Which signified that the attorney for the Southern Pacific company was obtaining advice from the supreme court before trial as to how a legal difficulty might be overcome in a matter yet to be brought before them.

Of course there were general denials all round. The justices swore they had never given such advice. The chief attorney swore he had never written such a letter, but that a clerk did it. Finally a scapegoat was found who acknowledged he had written the letter in a moment of mental aberration but that there was no truth in it.

It was a paltry trick for such mighty potentates to play, as if they expected to find people so simple as to believe them, whether supreme justice, lawyer, or clerk. After that there was little opposition, even among the legal lights, to the measure for the recall of judges in California.

The appellate tribunals were high courts of technicalities. None of these men, bribers or bribed, appealed for law or justice; their appeals were to the tricks and hair-splittings in which these judges seemed to take their greatest delight, and in which they assuredly were adepts.

In all this I would not be misunderstood. I am neither socialist nor idealist. I have a profound respect for the law,—when it is respectable. I obey the law whether or not it is respectable; I find it easier to do so. I employ lawyers when pinched by the wicked. I have even a son, law graduate of Harvard, in full and honorable practice; law being such an intricate and mystifying force I find it convenient having a lawyer in the family.

Americans respect the law; they entertain a high re-

gard for justice, and are impressed with the time-honored formalities of civilized courts of justice. He must be a bad man indeed who should compel a long-suffering people to rise up and thrust him out; no judge in the United States need ever fear being unbenched except for sufficient cause.

The profession are governed in their opinion largely by policy. To antagonize the judiciary by advocating the application of the recall to judges would throw many of the ablest lawyers out of business. Hence the argument of a judge, or of an attorney, or of a newspaper whose proprietor has a case in hearing before the supreme court carries but little weight.

Naturally the lawyer extols the profession by which he lives. He extols the judges who decide cases for or against him. As the Chinese placate the devil by sounding his praises, he extols the American methods and the efficiency of American courts, asserting their superiority even to English courts. There are always some among them, however, with courage enough to tell the truth and take the consequences.

Officials of the law courts are obliged to regard them as sacred, otherwise some of them might be found exceedingly profane. There are perhaps no public officials where the recall is more needed, none where it will produce a more beneficial effect than in its application to the judiciary.

Said Charles Francis Adams, "To hear some people denounce the recall of the judiciary one would think that our judges were sent direct from heaven and are infallible."

They talk of protecting the judges from the people, but what is to protect the people from the judges? The judges should be protected against the resentment of a misguided populace, but should not the people be protected against the resentment of misguided judges?

As it is possible for the judge to do the greatest harm

in the shortest time, so the people need protection from their judges more than from any other class of officials.

Without the recall for judges the punishment of high crime throughout the United States would be small indeed. For awakening the public conscience we thank God and Theodore Roosevelt. But millionaire litigants have no conscience, and their influence over courts of law and supreme judges is often overpowering.

After all has been said, we have only to look at the courts themselves and consider their attitude. Leaving out the United States courts, where the appointments are for life, no one can deny that the higher elective state courts throughout the union during the last half century have been largely dominated by capital if not under direct influence of corporate graft and greed.

Whenever justice in the courts of justice miscarries, defeated by the letter of the law, the judge, exponent of the law and justice, becomes mummified at a time when honesty and a clear intellect are most needed. He admits his inability to act as a reasonable creature, and pleads as an excuse the machine that men have made to hold him fast. A truly pitiable object, a person pledged to do right but forced to do wrong, sworn to execute justice but constrained to acts of injustice.

And for all the one cry of fanaticism, It is the law, the law; behold the car of Juggernaut cometh to crush all who trifle with the law!

Suppose we blot out all laws and precedents, and write the book of statutes anew, beginning, Herein are the rules of proceedings for securing the ends of justice; in so far as any one of them fails in or tends to defeat its purpose it is null. Then let the judge come out of his shell and determine cases, and if he is incompetent let him be recalled and another put in his place.

The human understanding is rather an unreliable quantity. It has a way of failing us when least expected and when its support is most needed. Native ability,

breadth and depth of intellect, profound learning seem to make little difference in reaching uniformity or infallibility. The opinion of the veriest clod is worth as much as that of the ablest divine in matters concerning which neither can know anything. This is strikingly apparent in whatever relates to law and law courts, the outcome of litigation is proverbially uncertain. The ablest lawyer expounding to the learned judge has no more assurance as to the result than has the humbler practitioner before a justice of the peace.

Why is it that the most profound doctors of jurisprudence who sit on the United States supreme bench so seldom agree, all of them, on any one point? That the plainly written law is before them, and the brightest legal talent present to argue both sides of the question, makes no difference. Their minds are differently constructed, their understanding is cast in different molds. Were the whole bench to sit as jurors through a term of the superior court, they would agree in a verdict no oftener than do the blockheads usually picked up about town for that purpose.

Recognizing these facts we can the better understand the strange diversity of opinion regarding the recall of judges which has occupied the public mind so much of late.

We are too apt to regard government as an entity outside of us instead of an essence within. The thing at Washington is a great bogey to be placated and prayed to, if we have need of it, rather than a congregation of men not too righteous, not too patriotic, or unselfish, not overburdened with honesty or integrity, but just common clay like ourselves, too common many of them, politicians for the most part who have wormed themselves into office, and whose chief concern is, not their country and its needs, but themselves, that having tasted power how they may keep it, and so struggle on until thrust aside by others like them.

So with regard to law and justice, one is set up as an

individual entity apart from the other when they are or should be correlate forces.

Every religion claims for its supreme deity an absolutely just God, not a law-abiding God, nor a God expert in splitting hairs or finding effective technicalities. If our supreme judges would make good their claim to something sacred or exceptional in their desired independence of the people, if they would set themselves up as deity let them play the part of deity with some show of reason.

What shall we say of the infallibility of courts or the value of high-grade opinions when the ablest statesmen so often disagree; when the learned world denounced the political doctrines of Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson as unsound, misleading, and dangerous; when all New England opposed the purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson and all America ridiculed the purchase of Alaska by Seward. Thus we may know what value to place upon Chancellor Day's eulogy of Rockefeller, Governor Pennypacker's tribute to Quay, and the high esteem of William Cromwell, friend of Taft and Ballinger and Wickersham, for E. H. Harriman, declaiming in court, with all due soberness, that he moved rightly in a sphere above the law applicable to ordinary men!

What does recall accomplish? It extracts the fangs from venomous officials; it leaves political power where it belongs, in the hands of the people; it liberates the land from the control of corporations; it puts an end to the pretty game of law-made monte, three cards with the joker, corporate capital makes the legislature, the legislature makes the laws, corporate capital makes the judge, the judge construes the law, now where is the joker? There is no joker; there is no joke; it all means hard cash.

Why such vast display of learned imbecility? Twenty years ago the automobile was a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet since that time its efficiency and safety has increased tenfold. Three hundred or three thousand years

ago laws were set up for the regulation of mankind, yet worse than ever to-day an army of lawyers and judges are beating the air and shouting nonsense instead of simply hanging murderers and putting thieves in prison.

There was once a little boy, a very-little boy, he could but just walk, who on coming to a thin sheet of note paper lying flat on the floor lifted high his foot to step over it. It seemed to him three feet high with no way around it. But it was only a baby; not at all like a judge who can generally manage to step over a sheet of note paper even with a law written on it.

Why this outcry against intimidation? Intimidation is one of the essentials of government, it lies at the foundation of all rule. It has been used ever since the great intimidation from Sinai.

A wise sovereign inherited a bad government in which justice was unknown. He chose the best men for judges and told them, not that they would be recalled if they did not judge promptly and righteously, but that they would be hanged.

In the days of trial by combat a court of law was a court of justice, for the winner was the embodiment of positive right. Solomon's was a court of justice, Abraham's was not long enough in session to determine; if he obeyed the voice and killed his son it was a court of law, if he refused to do so it was a court of justice. In the English courts, in the main justice governs; in American courts, in the main, law governs.

Scarcely was Ruef in prison with only a portion spent of the million more or less stolen from the people before silly sentimentalists began to talk of his release, "What chance of reform had he within prison walls?" Mr. Ruef is not the kind that reforms. "He could be more useful outside." So might the other prisoners; why should he, the brightest villain of them all, be set at liberty, and not the others? Or should we have a general jail delivery?

So disgusted were all classes and coteries with McCarthy

that James Rolph, Jr., was elected his successor at the primary in 1911, without the trouble of again appearing at the general election. Mayor Rolph has the confidence of the entire community, there is no one in San Francisco more popular, and no one can better reconcile conflicting classes or do the city's honors during the exposition. Indeed the transformation from darkness to light in scores of ways has been bewilderingly sudden and great. Even while the standard of morals was changing for the worse, standards of men were changing for the better.

Hiram Johnson possessed this one qualification, besides many others, in a remarkable degree, particularly when found in the chief magistrate of a great state. A matter of vital importance he gets up and attends to himself, instead of passing it over to others less interested, or less efficient. To overthrow the octopus he travelled and wrote and spoke until it was done. In other like important cases he did the same.

Perhaps the greatest single achievement of his administration was the passage of the public utilities bill, by which the railroad, steamship, express, telephone, and telegraph companies, and practically all other public utilities are put under a commission, which has the absolute power, not only of fixing the rates, but of controlling all their stock and bond issues, extensions of tracks or lines, and any other use or misuse of their properties or franchises.

In order to have this bill passed, it was necessary to amend the state constitution. As usual with him the governor made a personal canvass from one end of the state to the other, speaking in behalf of this amendment and of those providing for the initiative referendum and recall, all of which were carried by overwhelming majorities.

CHAPTER XXVII

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PANAMÁ CANAL

FOUR hundred years ago the isthmus of Darien, or Panamá, was the pivotal point upon which turned the commerce of the world. The camel caravans overland from India were discontinued, and the Mediterranean and Zuyder Zee lost their supremacy in the oriental traffic with western Europe, while the Manila galleons brought across the Pacific the rich merchandise of Fair Cathay to Panamá, until pestilence and the pirates drove them away to Acapulco.

Before the railway was the pathway, three hundred years old under the auspices of the Spaniard and his mule, three thousand years old for aught we know under the aboriginal régime; and as the mule-trail influenced the railway, so the railway determined the destiny of the canal. They were a unique feature in their day, Panamá and the mule and the trail.

The city then was the metropolitan port of the two Americas. There was nothing like it elsewhere in the world. Into it poured the wealth of the Pacific, of which it was the gateway, thence to be transported on mules to Portobello or Nombre de Dios and shipped on galleons for Spain. Returning, the products of the old world were brought and distributed around the Pacific; so that on the streets and in the ware-rooms might always be seen piles of goods from Europe, rich stuffs and spices from Asia, white and yellow ingots from Peru, cochineal and dye-woods from Mexico, pearls from the islands and pelts from distant parts. In the plaza was a booth which served as a

slave market, where Indians and negroes were sold by auction.

The merchants were princes, and the city was the royal depôt for the Indies. The spoils of the natives passed that way. Atahualpa's gold and Huascar's silver. The plunder of pirates often found lodgment there, while the city offered constant allurements to freebooters and buccaneers. On the trail between these favored ports was ever heard the noise of traffic, the jingling bells of the caparisoned mules in gay trappings guarded by fusileers, and the shouts of vaqueros as they lashed on their beasts, staggering under their loads of precious merchandise, gold and silver and spices going east, and cloths cotton and leather goods westward bound.

On the beach at Panamá were strewed bales of silks and boxes of tea and lacquered work from Asia, furs from the north and fruits from the south, while at Nombre de Dios were housed the factory outputs of western Europe and eastern America. On the streets and along the roadways were structures of various sorts filled with mixed merchandise, with columns of Potosí silver bars stacked upon the floor.

At anchor on either side of this important pest-hole were ships from many ports, on the northern side from Europe and the West Indies, and the Atlantic seaboard of America, and on the southern side vessels from Pacific ports and the Far East.

A place of romance and blind adventure as well, this Isthmus, where were launched reckless fleets on unknown seas for unknown realms. For two hundred years Panamá thus flourished until the Spanish king, partly for the upbuilding of Vera Cruz, as well as by reason of the pirates at Panamá, ordered the Manila galleons to make Acapulco their Pacific port.

Thus the past is brought before us as we see the mule-trails dug away, and in their place a great waterway uniting the two oceans and filled with mighty ships, vessels of

peace and war, laden, some with death-dealing implements, some with gay pleasure-seekers, and others with the interchangeable products of civilization. And the question comes to us, Are the tinselled glories of the past now to be renewed in more enduring form? Is a new world to be born in this twentieth century from the New World of the sixteenth century? Are we to find in this American Netherland real romance in place of ignes fatui, reasonable faith instead of dank superstition, and solid substantial progress in lieu of inordinate self seeking and greed?

For verily the dream of Columbus is at last fulfilled, and ships from Europe and the Mediterranean may now sail west almost in a straight line direct to the India of Marco Polo.

With any important occurrence affecting the welfare of humanity questions naturally arise as to its purpose and probable accomplishment. What then does it mean, this opening a passage for ships between the two oceans? Something more, surely, than the convenience of vessels and the gathering of tolls.

To him who wills to accomplish, this waterway means much. It means much that we can fathom and more that we cannot fathom. To see the full significance of this work we must adjust our eyes to a new perspective; to fathom its meaning we must descend to profounder depths than have yet been reached by line and plummet.

It signifies an enlargement of vision, a new creation, a new heaven and a new earth, a new civilization, new artisans and artists, new poets and philosophers. It means an awakening of the economic world, a buckling on of armor for achievement that should put to blush the efforts of warriors on bloody battlefields.

It means if we are wise, introspection and self-analysis, taking stock and measurement of our opportunities and capabilities, a re-creation and re-adjustment of ourselves to meet new conditions.

Situated in the heart of the tropics, its effect on the tropical lands and their people will be pronounced. For the tropics, in common with the rest of the world, will be controlled by white men, though worked by black and yellow labor.

It will change trade routes, open new pathways and establish new and enlarged centres of industrialism. The world's traffic, at first from India overland to northern Europe, from the Mediterranean out into the ocean along the coasts of Africa and Europe, then straight west across the Atlantic, across the continent, across the Pacific, where equatorial trade winds and other influences hold sway, will now converge from every quarter of the two great oceans to this waterway, which will thus become a new industrial centre round which the world's commerce will revolve.

It will map the Pacific anew and determine the destinies of cities and states.

It will expand and make practical theoretical science.

It will discourage war and promote the fraternalism of nations.

As a military asset, guarding both sides of our country, it is of the first importance.

It will double the effectiveness of our navy, and save its cost in building useless battle-ships, which are obsolete almost before they are finished.

It will strengthen the Monroe doctrine and make its maintenance more necessary than ever.

As regards education and intellectual development, the tendency will be to bring Europe west and establish a new civilization upon the shores of the Pacific.

Its effect on language will be to increase and extend the speaking of English, so that English will become more than ever the language of commerce and government, if not of diplomacy and society. And here as in its ethnic influence the tendency will be to extend the power and supremacy of English-speaking peoples, as well as of their language, the world over.

It means a larger America and a smaller world; a stronger and wealthier America, and a less potential Europe and Africa. It signifies also a taking possession, not politically but economically, a taking possession either by ourselves or others as we shall elect; for all around this watery amphitheatre are mighty nations in embryo, nations now half civilized or a quarter civilized, but with native wealth and potentialities illimitable, inconceivable.

To him who wills nothing and does nothing the Panamá canal has no significance.

The economic energy of the world is here liberated, but the Panamá canal has no significance to him who will not respond to its inspirations; to him who will not throw off inertia and timidity and go forth to achieve; who will not study, and invent, and develop; who will not work, and make, and sell.

To the city with but meagre manufactures, or which for any reason cannot successfully compete with the world's industrial centres, the Panamá canal has small significance.

It is interesting to observe, in glancing over the three or four centuries of West Coast history, how all along the line the thoughts and efforts were ever present to find or make a way through or around the two Americas. And what immediately followed were scores of mythical straits with corresponding conjectural geography.

The primary impulse of the Spaniards on finding land as they sailed westward was to get through or around it. And the more it baffled their efforts as they crept along the border to the north and to the south, the more eager were they to overcome or circumvent the obstacle that impeded their progress. For if this were India, this low-lying strip of jungle-covered sand, peopled by copper-hued creatures dwelling in huts and sustaining life by the natural products of the unkempt earth, it was not the India they sought; it was not the India of Mandeville and Marco Polo, where thousands of cities were scattered over fertile provinces

fragrant with fruit and spices, and whose palaces with pillars and roofs emblazoned in gold glittered beneath the sun; and where were rivers and canals spanned by bridges under which the largest ships might sail, and lakes bordered by gardens and luxurious groves on whose placid waters floated pleasure boats and banqueting barges.

"These are but the outlying islands of Cathay," mused the great discoverer as cruising through the Bahamas he came upon Cuba, which was Zipangu. He had his bearings now. All this was Polo's archipelago, and if the larger land were not Cathay the Asiatic main could not be far distant, and there he should find some strait or passage to the more central realms of the Grand Khan, to whom he would present his credentials. Later, as he lay ill on the deck of his vessel off Colon, so called by Fernando, son and companion of Christopher, "Nine days' journey across the mountains," he said, "is Ciguare, and ten days from Ciguare must lie the river Ganges." And so, lost in the mazes of mysticism he went down to his death, much befogged as to the world he had so aided in bringing to the light of others.

Ardently desired by all interested in New World affairs, by the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe as well as by the sailors and adventurers to America, the early impressions of the existence of one or many passage-ways among the islands and through the main land to India became so strong as to amount to certainty, the unauthenticated tales of mariners, romancing about their efforts and successes, being easier of credence than plain evidence of what they did not wish to be true. Soon all about these waters were bewildered sailors bent on investigation. On the coast of the tropical mainland in 1499, appeared Alonso de Ojeda, in whose company were Juan de la Cosa and Amerigo Vespucci. These were followed by Lepe and Pinzon, by Rodrigo de Bastidas in 1501, and by Coelho and Solis in 1503 and 1506 respectively.

From Cuba came many, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa to

Darien, Hernan Cortés to Mexico, Francisco Pizarro to Panamá and Peru. All were for plunder and proselyting; but most of those who came direct from Spain were licensed to trade, having in mind also the gorgeous wealth of Cathay, so near and yet so elusive. Indeed, for the first half-century following discovery there were few if any voyages to America whose object was not, among others, to find a waterway to India.

Meanwhile England was not idle. Following the play of northern lights on the western horizon for four or five centuries, lapsing into obscurity upon the decline of Scandinavian discovery, appeared up Labrador way and at the St. Lawrence in 1497-98 the Cabots, like the others warm on their way to India.

Said Sebastian: "Understanding by reason of the Sphere that if I should saile by way of the Northwest I should by a shorter route come into India . . . not thinking to finde any other land than that of Cathay, and from thence to turne toward India, but after certaine dayes I found that the land ranne towards the north, which was to mee a great displeasure."

Ramusio, to whom he wrote, reports that in latitude 67° 30′ "Finding still the open Sea without any manner of impediment, hee thought verily by that way to have passed on still the way to Cathaio, which is in the East, and woulde have done it, if the mutinie of the shipmaster and marriners had not rebelled." There was no doubt at that time in the minds of all that Cabot had reached Asia, or later that he had found a strait.

After the Cabots came the Cortereals, penetrating yet farther northward, while Aillon, Verrazano, and Estevan Gomez extended the search coastwise to Carolina, and on to Florida. It was a passage, rather than a strait, that the Cabots and the Cortereals expected to find in the far north, as, like Columbus, they fancied themselves already on the coast of Asia.

As exploration progressed, rumors arose on every side

of waterways westward. Among them one called the strait of Anian may justly claim precedence, not only by reason of its alleged size and influence, but also for its romance and longevity. It is almost incredible of belief at this day, but the fact remains that for over two centuries there floated through the minds of men, cosmographers, mariners, and map-makers, statesmen and scholars, a fancy, or firm conviction in many cases, of the existence of a great waterway opening broadly from the Pacific and from the Atlantic, banked on either side by grassy slopes and flowery kingdoms, with forests intervening, and manifold wonders, and through which fleets might pass without hindrance. It was situated in about the middle of the continent of North America, and extended from sea to sea, say from the St. Lawrence to Puget sound, vibrating between the great lakes and Hudson bay, and winding about throughout the land, deflecting north, sometimes south, as the fancy of the narrators might dictate.

Of this hallucination, and the name, John Cortereal is accredited by some the innocent cause; others refer to an ancient hypothetical province of Asia, Ania, which province was transferred to America and placed beside the strait of Anian as the kingdom of Anian.

"An excellent learned man of Portingale," writes Hakluyt in 1582, "told mee very lately that one Anus Cortereal,—Anus being a form of Iono, Ioannes, or John—Captayne of the yle of Tercera, about the yeere 1574, which is not aboue eight yeeres past, sent a shippe to discouer the Northwest passage of America, and that the same shippe arriuing on the coast of the saide America, in fiftie eyghte degrees of latitude, founde a great entrance, exceeding deepe and broade, without all impediment of ice, into which they passed aboue twentie leagues, and founde it alwaies to trende towarde the South, the lande lying lowe and plaine on eyther side; and they perswaded them selues verely that there was a way open into the south sea."

In *Divers Voyages* is a prefatory note entitled, "A verie

late and great probabilitie of a passage by the north-west part of America in 58 degrees of northerly latitude." And again Hakluyt says: "There is no doubt but that there is a straight and short way open into the West, euen vnto Cathay;" adding finally, "And heere, to conclude and shut vp this matter, I have hearde my selfe of Merchants of credite that haue liued long in Spain, that King Phillip hath made a lawe of late that none of his subjects shall discouer to Northwardes of fiue and fortie degrees of America," lest the strait should be found and the other nations should profit thereby.

Thus came upon the world this cosmographical mystery, and as there were many mysteries then prevalent in the New World, this mystery being in the unknown north was called the Northern Mystery. Some claimed that it had been brought up from the south, and that it was in fact no other than the strait laid down between South America and the Asiatic main.

Imaginary geography being then in vogue, as I have explained in an earlier chapter of this volume, all this time various straits were put down in various maps, the known being supplemented by the imaginary. In Ruysch's map, 1508, and on Schöner's globe 1520, are open roadsteads on either side of the Antilles to Asia.

Ptolemy, 1530, Ruscelli, 1544, and Ramusio, 1556, have a passage round the northern end of the continent. Orontius Fine, 1531, joins Cathay to northwest America, and before the end of the sixteenth century there were no less than ten maps of the higher class with Anian strait, and one, Münster, 1545, unblushingly bearing the inscription "Per hoz fretuiter patet ad Molucas." There was some honest authorship in all this, where the evidence seemed sufficient, yet there were many wild statements and wilful misrepresentations, so that maritime mendacity flourished under conditions favorable to endless imaginings and the absence of facts which might render detection dangerous.

One of the first accounts of a voyage through this strait,

and which will serve as a sample of the many others that followed, was by Pedro Menendez, prominent in the annals of Florida, who wrote, "That in 1554 he had brought from New Spain a man who claimed to have been on a French ship, which had sailed four hundred leagues on a brazo de mar running inland from Newfoundland toward Florida. The ship's crew then landed, and a quarter of a league distant found another channel on which they built four small vessels, and sailed an additional three hundred leagues, to latitude 48°, north of Mexico, near the mines of Zacatecas and San Martin, where were large and prosperous settlements. The channel led to the South sea, toward China and the Moluccas, though it was not followed so far."

"This said streight," writes Martin Frobisher regarding an inlet in latitude 63° 8′ which he claims to have entered, "is supposed to have passage into the sea of Sur, which I leaue unknown as yet. It seemeth that either here, or not farre hence, the sea should have more large entrance than in other parts within the frozen or temperate zone." Later Frobisher speaks soberly of crossing the inlet to the east shore, "being the supposed continent of Asia," and back to the "supposed firme with America."

Another note for the map-makers reads as follows: "I, Thomas Cowles, of Bedmester, in the countie of Somerset, Marriner, doe acknowledge that six yeares past, at my being at Lisbon, in the kingdome of Portugall, I did heare one Martin Chacke, a Portugall of Lisbon, reade a book of his owne making, which he had set out six yeares before that time, in Print, in the Portugale tongue, declaring that the said Martin Chacke had founde, twelve yeares now past, a way from the Portugall Indies through a gulf of the New found land, which he thought to be in 59 degrees of the eleuation of the North Pole. By meanes that hee being in the said Indies with foure other shippes of great burden, and he himselfe in a small shippe of fourscore tunnes, was driuen from the company of the other foure Shippes with

a Westerly winde; after which hee past alongst by a great number of Ilands which were in the gulfe of the said New found Land. And after hee ouershot the gulfe hee set no more sight of any other Land vntill he fell with the North-west part of Ireland; and from thence he tooke his course homewards, and by that meanes hee came to Lisbone foure or five weekes before the other foure Ship of his company that he was separated from; as before said. And since the same time I could neuer see any of those Bookes because the King commanded them to be called in, and no more of them to be printed, lest in time it would be to their hindrance. In witness whereof I set to my hand and marke, the ninth of Aprill, Anno 1579."

Unfortunately there are others of us who "could neuer see any of those Bookes."

Henry Hudson lost his life exploring Hudson bay, seeking an outlet to the west. Robert Thorne, in 1527, urged the English king to further efforts in the far north, saying, "Nowe, then, if from the sayed newe founde landes the See bee Nauigable, there is no doubte but sayling Northwarde and passing the pole, descending to the equinoctiall lyne, wee shall hitte these Ilandes, and it should bee much more shorter way than eyther the Spaniardes or the Portiguals haue."

The historian, Gomara, takes the liberty of transferring Coronado's mythical city of Quivira from the northeast to the northwest, whence "they saw on the coast ships which had pelicans of gold and silver on their prows, with merchandise that they thought to be from Cathay."

Torquemada writes: "It is understood that this river is the one that leads to a great city discovered by the Dutch, and that is the strait of Anian, by which the ship that found it passed from the North sea to the South, and that without mistake in this region is the city of Quivira." Juan Fernandez de Ladrillero placed the strait 800 leagues north of Compostela, and made a sworn statement to that effect in Spain, in 1584. Jean Nicolet, when sent by Cham-

plain to visit the Winnipegs, that is to say (Men of the Sea) of Cathay as was supposed, fancied himself within three days of the ocean.

Juan de Fuca's adventures as told by Michael Lok so late as 1596, ran in this wise. After long service in Spain as sailor and pilot, Fuca found himself on board the galleon *Santa Ana*, from Manila, when captured by Cavendish above Acapulco. Fuca lost $60,000. Then he went as pilot of three vessels with 300 men sent by the viceroy to find and fortify against the English the strait of Anian, but the expedition failed owing to mutiny. A second trial, however, in 1596, proved successful. He followed the coast northward to latitude 47 degrees, or a little farther, where he found an opening 100 miles wide which he entered and sailed through to the Atlantic, and returning reported the country rich in gold, silver, and pearls. For this lie, the name of Juan de Fuca was given to the entrance to Puget sound, a higher reward than many a better man has received for better service.

The shores of the Atlantic were little known when explored by Columbus and the Cabots, the Pacific midst all its mysteries remaining still longer in darkness, and yet the potentialities of the Pacific as compared with those of the Atlantic at the period of its early exploitations are as is the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

We come now to exploration and project proper.

When in 1513 and following years of discoveries it became known that in place of a proximate Asia a large body of water intervened, and the land adjacent to the islands first discovered spread out until it displayed a great continent, the question assumed more puzzling proportions than ever how ships were to pass the barrier.

Regarding the unknown regions speculation continued, being often more fascinating than established fact; so that the mythical and the actual continued their course side by side, curiosity and credulity acting and reacting on each

other to the further stimulating of exploration. And when at length the truth was ascertained that a long line of seaboard was there before the impatient adventurers, unbroken by any natural water-course, the thought of an artificial opening assumed important proportions.

The discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was second in importance only to the original discovery of land by Columbus twenty-one years before, if, indeed, it were second to any other event whatever. By it, by the interposition of this great ocean the world was enlarged and the mind of the world enlightened. This vast expanse of water, and the lands and habitations around it, were a clean gain to the globe as measured by the calculations of the Genoese.

Vasco Nuñez did not know this, or it might have modified his bombast as he marched into the water with loud acclaim and much sword shaking and took possession for the king of Spain of all that sea, of all its islands and the firm land which environed it; of fields and cities; of its gold and silver and pearls; of its beasts and birds and fishes,—in the slang of to-day, rather a large order; but so Christian kings acquired the right of possession to heathen lands, not unlike the right of the Bogotá government to the state of Panamá.

On the return of Balboa from this first expedition of Europeans across America, Juan de Ayora was sent to establish a line of fortresses between the two seas, but abandoned the work for plunder. Antonio Tello de Guzman was sent to continue it in 1515, and was the first Spaniard to reach the spot called by the natives *panamá*.

This same year ascent was made by Balboa and Luis Carrillo of the river Atrato, subsequently the subject of many interoceanic schemes, the purpose at this time being to find the golden temple of Dabaiba. This exploration was continued by Juan de Tabira and Francisco Pizarro in three brigantines, which they built, and a small fleet of

canoes, the first river navigation in American-built ships in America. Ships were also built—they called them ships—by Balboa, from material prepared on the eastern slope, where grew the best timber for the purpose, and carried across the mountains on the backs of Indians, to the head waters of what they named the Rio de las Balsas, or River of Rafts, whence the constructed vessels were floated down to the ocean and used by Balboa in his first visit to the Pearl islands. A thousand lives were sacrificed—Las Casas says two thousand—in this first transportation of ships across the Isthmus.

The example of Balboa was followed by Gil Gonzalez Dávila, who dismantled his ships on the Atlantic sides, packed up sails, cordage, and timbers, transported the same to the Rio Balsas, and there constructed and launched four vessels, but lost them all before reaching the mouth of the river. Later at Nicaragua, upon the discovery of the Freshwater sea, as they called Lake Nicaragua, Francisco Hernandez de Córdova took apart one of his brigantines on the Pacific coast and conveyed the pieces across the mountains to Lake Nicaragua for explorations there. As Admiral of the Freshwater sea, Gil Gonzalez made a futile attempt to find a strait through the continent at that point, his investigations being from the Atlantic side.

Following Portuguese progress as step by step the countrymen of Prince Henry and Vasco da Gama passed down the Brazilian coast, searching estuaries and penetrating far into the interior by the great rivers, in 1519 came Fernando de Magellan, in five ships, and found and passed through the strait which bears his name, the only inter-ocean waterway in all the two Americas. Finding and utilizing this strait thus easily, on the most direct route, sailing west across the Pacific to the Philippine islands and around the world, had no doubt a strong effect upon the imaginations of cosmographers and mariners, in grounding them in the belief of the existence of the mythical Anian. If providence had given man for his use so fine a belt of

navigable water in the far south, why should there not be a similar one in the far north?

Another of those singular circumstances which come up now and then in the history of discovery may be here mentioned. It so happened that Magellan saw a drawing by one of these mendacious map-makers, who had thrown in at random open water from ocean to ocean and land beyond it, which lie Magellan found true as he sailed through his strait with land near on either side.

In like manner many hints had been given to Columbus before he sailed, of the existence of land to the westward. He sailed west and found it. Such is the inspiration of genius!

The next most important discovery after Magellan's strait was that of the open polar sea beyond it. This did not occur until a century later, when a company of Dutch merchants, who thought it about time the world should know whether Tierra del Fuego was an island or a continent, in 1615 sent thither the ships *Endrach* and *Horne*, of 300 and 110 tons respectively, in charge of Jacob le Maire and Wilhelm Schöuten. The smaller vessel was wrecked, and her name given to the sharp point round which a ship now first sailed.

Ever present in the mind of Charles V as well as in that of his son Philip, was the waterway, natural or artificial, across America, which should be the highway to the Spice islands and the Indies. As to the practicability of constructing a canal as viewed by Europeans at this time, Gomara writes in 1554: "It is true that mountains obstruct these passages, but if there be mountains there be also hands; let but the resolve be formed to make the passage and it can be made."

Building ships on the Pacific side, in 1522 Hernan Cortés sailed up and down the coast seeking a strait. Two years before this he had written Charles V that he regarded a ship canal at Nicaragua practicable and desirable. In case this is done, he says, "It would render the King of Spain mas-

ter of so many kingdoms that he might consider himself lord of the world."

The emperor had charged Gil Gonzalez in Nicaragua as well as Cortés in Mexico, to search for a shorter way to the "Indian Land of Spice." All promised compliance, and special expeditions were made for that purpose. Juan de Ayola, in 1535 ascended the river Paraguay and crossed with 200 Spaniards to Peru. Twelve years later Irola crossed the mountains to the Guapay river. Fernando de Soto hoped to find a waterway through the continent when in 1538 he landed in Florida, and after several years of wanderings ascended the Mississippi as far as the Ohio.

Returning from his voyage of 1587 John Davis wrote: "I have brought the passage to that likelihood as that I am assured that it must bee in one of foure places, or els not at all." That is to say, by some one of the imaginary ways around or through the northern part of the continent. Peter Martyr's map of 1587 has a "Mare Dulce" at 60° which can scarcely refer to Hudson bay. Acosta, 1590, devotes a chapter to "The strait which some affirm to be in Florida."

To Andres de Urdaneta, friar and navigator, the first to cross the Pacific sailing eastward, was at one time attributed the honor of having discovered the mythical strait, as he took pleasure in telling strange stories and mapping it for the delectation of the credulous. Thus the coasts of Central and South America were soon disclosed, but conjectural geography as applied to the north, became wilder and more eccentric as the years passed by.

In rounding Cape Horn into the Pacific in 1578, Francis Drake intended if possible to return home through the Anian strait, which he sought for on the Oajaca coast of Mexico, and thence northward as far as Cape Mendocino. The failure of Drake to return by way of the north Pacific caused England to confine her efforts to the Atlantic side. The ravages of the freebooter, however, in the South sea forced upon Spain the necessity of fortifying the strait

if any such existed. And that it did exist became all the time the more settled opinion from the fact that Drake's homeward route was for many years not known to Spaniards, so that current rumors became the settled opinion that Drake had indeed returned to England by a strait which he found in the northern part of the continent.

Not long afterward appeared a fictitious narrative connected with this same expedition. It was told by Padre Ascension to another priest, Zarate de Salmeron, who wrote of it in 1626. He says that a foreign pilot named Monera "sailed from the Sea of the North to the Sea of the South by the Strait of Anian" with the Englishman Drake, and gave the account of it to Rodrigo del Rio, governor of New Galicia. Further, the pilot Monera affirmed that he had been set on shore in the vicinity of Anian, "very sick and more dead than alive," by Drake on his homeward voyage, a rather more bungling falsehood than usual. The Spaniards had probably yet to learn that Drake entered the Pacific round Cape Horn, and could not therefore have sailed over or flown over the northern part of the continent, however he may have returned.

Probably the first formal work published on the subject of interoceanic communication was in 1576 and entitled "A Discourse of a Discouerie for a new Passage to Cataia," Sir Humphrey Gilbert was the author, who aims to "proue by authoritie a passage to be on the North side of America to goe to Cataia, China, and the East Indea," the authority being Plato, Aristotle, and other of the ancient philosophers touching the old Atlantis, confirmed by the "best modern geographers" as Frisius, Apianus, and Münster, to the effect that America is an island.

From the first effort by Hugh Willoughby in 1553 to discover a northeast passage to the finding of a northwest passage by McClure in 1850, and a northeast passage by Nordenskjöld in 1879, there were many futile attempts to sail round the northern end of the continent, quite a number of them ending disastrously.

When after these centuries of examination and discussion, the coast lay disclosed from Panamá to Magellan strait, and northward to the Frozen sea, and it became certain that there was no Anian or other natural passage through the long stretch of continent extending across the world, almost from pole to pole, and it came to the definite proposition of cutting a canal through the continent, the more difficult and impracticable schemes in the north and in the south were abandoned, leaving for consideration five groups, clustered respectively at Tehuantepec, at Honduras, at Nicaragua, at Costa Rica, and on the isthmus of Darien, or Panamá. The first second and fourth of these groups were in due time abandoned, the third and fifth remained as the subject of long controversy.

The plan of a ship canal across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, 130 miles, using the rivers Coatzacoalcos and Tehuantepec, or Chimalapa, flowing in either direction, with head waters near together, the two constituting an almost continuous waterway across the continent, was taken up seriously, as was also Mr. Eads' scheme of a ship railway, but without results from either.

In the archives in Madrid is a survey made in 1715. A half-century later, in 1774, two Spanish officers, Corral and Cramer, after careful inspection reported that the rivers Chimalapa and Malapaso might be joined by a canal eight leagues in length. General Orbegoso, a Spanish official, explored and mapped the several isthmuses from Tehuantepec south. The map was published in 1839. He did not favor the Tehuantepec crossing. This ground was again surveyed in 1843 by C. Moro for José de Garay and others, who concluded that a canal similar to the Caledonia in Scotland would be better here than a large ship waterway. These surveys and reports drew the attention of the United States government to this quarter. An American commission was formed in 1850, while California traffic congested at Panamá, with Major Barnard of the United States engineers at the head. After a personal examination, Major

Barnard declared that the route presented few attractions for the construction of a ship canal. On the other hand, officers of the United States navy looked over the ground in 1869 and reported favorably, as did also Captain Shufeldt, who made a personal survey the following year.

The early occurrences at Nicaragua may be briefly stated. The later ones fill volumes.

Mention has already been made of the efforts of Gil Gonzalez in this quarter. To Pedrarias Dávila, who went there as governor, all was yet new. When he saw the great lakes he remembered the words of his royal master, if possible to find a strait. He soon discovered the outlet into the Atlantic, but how best to construct a royal highway occupied him and other officials for many years, the plan finally deemed the best being canal cuts round the falls of the San Juan, and across from the lake to the Pacific. The French and English as well as the Spaniards were interested.

The royal engineer, Manuel Galisteo, in 1791 declared connecting the lakes and ocean impracticable, the construction of locks being then but little understood.

It was proposed by La Bastide in 1791 to widen the river Sapoa between the lake and the gulf of Papagayo, with a canal to the gulf of Nicoya. Construction was decreed by the Spanish Córtes in 1814, but political events soon absorbed all other interests.

Schemes of a ship railway were abandoned, measures were taken to build an ordinary transcontinental railroad which would so greatly lessen the distance between New York and San Francisco, but the work was taken from the hands of the American capitalists and built finally by the Mexican government.

Many other proposals were made about this time. A franchise was granted to John Baily for a London firm in 1823. Barclay and Co. offered to construct a canal and open the Nicaragua route provided certain concessions were made by the government. In 1829 a franchise was

decreed to the king of Holland, but war with Belgium was now the excuse; a survey was begun in 1837 by President Morazan for Central America, and continued the following year for the government of Nicaragua; meanwhile Edward Belcher, of the British navy, was interesting himself over a proposed cut between Managua lake and the bay of Fonseca; on several occasions aid was asked from the United States. From 1839 to 1842 three men, promoters they would be called to-day, P. Rouhand, Veteri Castellon, and one Jerez were trying to raise funds to finance the scheme; the co-operation of the king of France was sought in 1844 and refused; Louis Napoleon became interested in 1846; in 1847 the Costa Rica government came forward with a plan to come in south of San Juan del Sur along the Sapoa to Salinas bay; Nicaragua appeared again in 1848 with a contract with a New York firm to do the work.

Then in 1849, the magnet gold drawing to California men from all the world, came Cornelius Vanderbilt and Joseph L. White into the midst of affairs, with their Nicaragua Transit line from New York to San Francisco, "A thousand miles shorter than any other route," they said. There were steamboats on the river, and mules for the land travel, but the promised canal, which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was to make perpetually neutral, did not materialise. A survey was made of the river San Juan, Lake Nicaragua, and the land intervening to the Pacific by the Central American Transit Company in 1856, after the Childs' survey in 1851, under the direction of the Atlantic and Pacific ship canal company. The land section had been previously surveyed in 1781 by order of the Spanish government by Manuel Galisteo, and 1838 by John Baily for the Central American government.

A line for the canal was proposed by S. Bailey in 1852 from La Virgen to San Juan del Sur, following nearly the track of the Transit company. The United States consul at Nicaragua in 1853, E. G. Squier, favored Belcher's plan of utilizing both lakes, and passing through the Conejo

valley and Estero Real to Fonseca bay. Squier also proposed a railway from Fonseca bay through Honduras.

The Nicaragua government, in May, 1858, made a contract with Felix Belly, for the firm of Belly, Milland, and company, for the construction of a ship passage-way from ocean to ocean. Mr. Belly failing to do the work, the contract was assigned to the International Canal company, whatever that may have been, and finally to Michel Chevalier, where it ended. Of the later surveys and the voluminous reports, with lengthy congressional discussions, it is not practicable here to speak.

Thus these centuries of ceaseless expectation have passed away and so far as the mind of man may judge, Nicaragua's chances for a canal are no better, if as good, than they were four hundred years ago, when Gil Gonzalez, spurred on by Charles V, was there at hand building and sailing his little ships, and hunting around for the best place for the royal ditch.

Costa Rica and Honduras both have had their spasms of speculation over the question of canal construction, the places considered being the river San Carlos and gulf of Nicoya; the rivers Nino and Tempisque and gulf of Nicoya; river Sapao and bay of Salinas; river Segovia and bay of Fonseca; bay of Honduras to bay of Fonseca; Port Limon to Caldera, and others.

And here we come finally to the Panamá canal and the Pacific. The isthmus of Darien as it was first designated, or of Panamá as it is now called, being the narrowest and lowest American land separating the two oceans, the first mainland interior to be explored by Europeans, and the spot whence they first saw looking southward the great South sea, it was natural, when the question arose of breaking through the world-long barrier, that its weakest point should be first considered. But whereabout in this American netherland was this weakest point? Granted that the Darien isthmus presented the fewest obstacles for

constructing and operating an interocean canal, which of the several points presented was, considering everything, the best?

Gomara said, as early as 1551, "It would have to be by one of four lines, namely (1) from Chagres to Panamá; or (2) by way of the Nicaragua lakes; or (3) from Vera Cruz to Tehuantepec; or (4) from Urabá to the gulf of San Miguel." That is to say, there were two available spots on the isthmus of Darien, as against Tehuantepec and Nicaragua as possible rivals. Under the two categories mentioned by this very early historian there were to be considered, at Panamá, the river Chagres, Gorgona, and Panamá; Trinidad and Caimito, Navy bay, Chagres river, Bonito, and Bernardo; San Blas gulf and the Chepo river; and at Darien, the bay of Caledonia, Port Escoces and the rivers Arguia, Paya, and Tayra and the gulf of San Miguel; the Atrato river; the Napipi and bay of Cupia; and the river Uruando to Kelly's inlet.

In February, 1534, in a cédula issued by Charles V, Pascual de Andagoya was commissioned to examine and report on the feasibility of uniting the Chagres river with the Rio Grande, or the Panamá, by means of a canal. In his dispatch to the emperor, after his survey had been completed, Andagoya expressed the opinion that "There was no monarch in all Europe rich enough for such an enterprise."

Under orders of Pedro de los Rios, governor of Panamá in 1526, the Rio los Lagartos, as the Chagres river was then called, and a small stream known as the Panamá river flowing in the opposite direction, also the Rio Grande together with the country between them were explored for the purpose of facilitating communication between the two seas. Land carriage was thus reduced to a distance of nine leagues. This is probably the shortest land space between waterlines on the continent, the two places connected being then called Chepo and Carti, where a survey was made to Mandinga bay by Evan Hopkins for the New Granada government.

Diego Fernandez de Velasco, governor of Castilla del Oro, as Costa Rica and the Isthmus to the west was then called, was ordered by the king of Spain, in 1616, to report on the feasibility of connecting the rivers Dacil and Damaquiel some thirty leagues from Cartagena; and a similar investigation at the gulf of San Miguel and the Rio Darien. Surveys were made of the Chagres, or Limon bay, and Panamá route by Lloyd and Falmarc in 1829 under a commission from Bolivar; and again by M. Garella, who reported bad harbors at either end.

It is worthy of remark that of the many surveys made about this time in this vicinity not one reported favorably on the route selected by M. de Lesseps.

The present is not the first appearance of the United States upon the Panamá isthmus, nor the present Panamá government the first with which we have had to deal. In 1835, ten years after the United States government had been first seriously considering interoceanic communication, the president was requested by the senate to enter into negotiations with the Isthmian governments for the protection of Americans who might engage in this work. Whereupon in 1846, a treaty was made with New Granada, and protection and right of way promised for "Any modes of communication that now exist or that may hereafter be constructed," the United States to guarantee to New Granada neutrality and rights of sovereignty. A railway was the proximate purpose. It was begun in 1850, with Colon and Panamá as the termini and was completed in 1855, at a cost of eight millions for the 48 miles. After paying the stockholders, William H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncey, and John L. Stephens, twenty millions, the road was sold to the de Lesseps company for seventeen and a half millions.

In 1850 and 1851 Captain Fitzroy crossed the Isthmus for explorations, but his investigations were impeded by forest and morass, thick tropical undergrowth, climate, poisonous insects and reptiles, and hostile natives.

Privilege to construct the proposed canal at this point was granted in 1852 by the government of New Granada to Edward Cullen, Charles Fox, John Henderson, and Thomas Brassey, with power to select any port west of the Atrato to Punta Mosquitos as the Atlantic terminus. Again in 1859 appeared on the scene Captain Fitzroy, entering Port Escoces, or Caledonia bay, north of the gulf of Darien, and discovering the river Savanah flowing into the gulf of San Miguel, Panamá bay, a route not mentioned by Humboldt nor hitherto mapped by any one. After a careful examination of the country, Fitzroy concluded that this was the best place for a ship canal, and so reported to Lord Palmerston and the London Geographical society. The Isthmus here is 33 miles wide, or by way of the Savanah, as the canal would go, 39 miles. The harbors at both termini are good.

In the opinion of Dr. Cullen, who examined the ground, a canal might, with no great difficulty, be cut from the source of the Savanah through a ravine three leagues in length to Caledonia bay, say from Principe, or from the mouth of the Lara, to Port Escoces, a distance of twenty-two miles. It would be without locks, the water of either ocean flowing freely in and out, governed by the tides and the time of transit from sea to sea would be six hours. A survey was also made by a competent engineer, Lionel Gisborne, who reported the conditions favorable in every respect. If the several reports of surveyors and engineers, made at different times and under widely different auspices, are to be relied upon, it is safe to say that this route combines all the advantages of all the Isthmus crossings, namely, shortening and making direct course, excellence of harbors and low elevation of interior, good climate, no locks and expeditious service.

It was with difficulty that most of these surveys were made. Everywhere the natives, fierce and jealous, interposed obstacles and threatened life, as upon the attempted ascent of the Paya river by Mr. Wheelwright in 1837, and later

by Dr. Cullen. In like manner Mr. Hopkins was turned from his journey up the Chepo toward Mandinga or San Blas bay. The savages also feared the diseases of civilization, especially small-pox.

Upon the discovery of gold in California steamship lines were established between New York and San Fran-
transits over the isthmuses of Panamá, Nica-
Tehuantepec, though the last named route was
ned. Overland stages were set running west-
'he Mississippi river, following for the most
trapper and emigrant trails. The first over-
within the United States was completed in

was formed in 1853 under the auspices of
build a railway across from Punta Mico,
ot begun on it.
ade in 1866 in Chiriqui by the United
r a railway through the cordillera, with
pard on the Atlantic and Golfo Dulce on
nini, was favorably reported on by Com-

of the late French undertaking was at
graphical science held in Paris in 1875.
was organized under General Tiirr, and Lieu-
nant Wyse of the French navy was sent to the Isthmus. The Colon-Panamá line was selected, a grant was obtained from the Colombian government, and construction placed in the hands of Ferdinand de Lesseps. One hundred and twenty million dollars it was thought would complete the work, but two hundred millions were spent before failure was admitted and the effects sold for forty millions. De Lesseps died and was buried; and Frenchmen cursed him because he lost at Panamá the money he had made for them at Suez.

Whether the route selected by the French was or was not the best it was assuredly the most available. The question was not, for how small an amount could this work

be done, but could it be done at all? Could the money for it be obtained? And could two hundred millions be secured for construction along the line of a railway and over a beaten path easier than one hundred millions to be expended in unknown and almost impenetrable morass and jungle?

When the proposition came before the United States government there was no question raised as to routes; it was to take for forty millions what had cost the French two hundred millions and dig where they had dug—that or nothing. And it makes no difference now to know or not to know that a canal can be constructed for half the cost and operated at one-quarter of the expense on some other than the De Lesseps line, though it may be well for the next canal-builder to bear this in mind. Indeed, so far as the United States alone is concerned, Nicaragua would have been more advantageous than any place at Panamá; but for the use of all the world the latter is more central and convenient.

It was time the work should be done, and there was no one but our government to do it. Time enough had been spent over it by the European governments, and also by the American Congress, considering how small the outlay which was to produce such great results. So Rameses II., as we are told, meditated long beneath his pyramids and his Sphinx over the plan which came to his mind of doing the work at Suez himself, which he finally left to Frenchmen to do, the question of time or the world's waiting two or three thousand years not making apparently much difference to him.

Our Congress likewise enjoyed its Pyramids, and its Sphinx, in the corporate interests and political influence that obstructed its efforts.

Napoleon Bonaparte thought of cutting through the Suez isthmus, but when informed by his engineer that the Mediterranean was thirty feet higher than the Red Sea he reflected upon the evils which might arise from disturbing

the equilibrium of the world's waters and considerately desisted.

On another occasion the Corsican obtained better advice, though he acted on it no more than on the other. Asking Decres, one day, what he should do about the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the minister replied, "If the isthmus of Panamá is cut through some day it will occasion an immense revolution in navigation, so that a voyage around the world will be easier than the longest cruise to-day. Louisiana will be on the line of this new route, and will be of inestimable value. Don't give it up."

The brilliant consummation, on the part of the United States government, of preliminary measures favorable to the Panamá enterprise assured the speedy construction and permanent security of an interoceanic waterway at this point. It is not probable that this could have been accomplished at this time by any other nation. No other influence would have improvised a responsible government with which to deal, and one favorable in every respect; no other power could have thus secured the necessary authority on the Isthmus, the necessary land and its dominion, harmonizing conflicting interests and silencing conflicting tongues.

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